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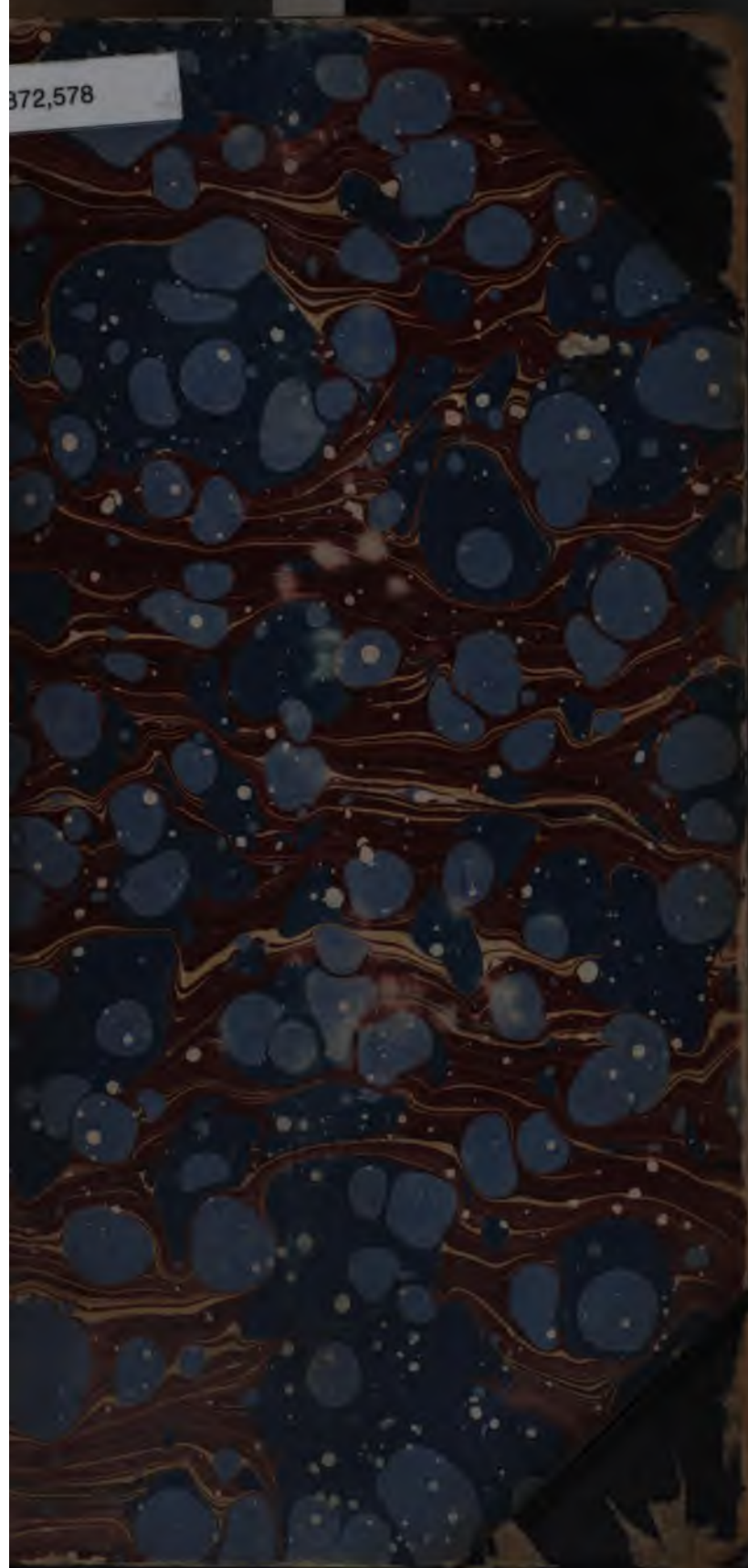
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THE DUBLIN REVIEW.

JULY, 1886.

ART. I.—NOVELISTS AND NOVELS.

“Novels, as they were long manufactured, form a library of illiterate authors for illiterate readers; but as they were created by genius, are precious to the philosopher.”—I. D'ISRAELI.

NOVELS form so large a portion of the literature now published, and hold so wide a circulation among all classes of society, that a sweeping condemnation of novelists and their works would be at variance with the pronounced verdict of the literary world. In truth, all writers have considered fiction as one of the most appropriate methods of imparting to mankind great principles and important moral lessons. The reason is obvious. The writer of fiction has at his command many charming illusions in which to drape the most unpalatable truths of religion or morality, and thus present them in a form attractive to the most fastidious. Seeds of goodness are thus easily sown broadcast in the world, and as the novelist can play largely on the softer passions, he may by a judicious management so warm the heart as to produce an artificial hotbed in which the germs of virtue fructify, strike root, and develop into the finest exotics that the garden of our soul is capable of producing.

But fiction has another advantage, which, as it is less generally known, deserves to be the more carefully considered. On studying the psychological constitution of man, we find that his education, especially his earlier education, depends very much on the power of the phantasy or imagination. It is this faculty which receives, aids to reproduce, separate, and combine those sensible pictures (*phantasmata*) on the fecundity, clearness, and brilliancy of which the success of intellectual operations greatly depends. Without a rich and strong imagination the orator

would be feeble and the artist barren; the author would fail to write with graphic lucidity, and the poet would no longer charm us with the beauties of fancy; the philosopher would be unable to ascend to the heights of speculation, and the inventor would never produce his marvels of skill and ingenuity; in a word, all the politer arts would be paralyzed, and the lower branches of industry would suffer in proportion. It is therefore easy to understand how great is the necessity that the imagination should be cultivated and perfected while it still retains the flexibility of youth. To this end fiction is eminently suited. Its characteristics are animation of language, brilliancy of description, richness of colouring, excitement of incident, and play of passion; all of which powerfully excite the imagination and urge it to take that exercise which is necessary to its development and perfection. The novelist causes the young reader to wander through the wildest plains of romance, such as can be crossed only by the springs and flights of fancy, and thereby supplies to the mind what physical exercise gives to the body.

The object, therefore, which the writer of fiction should always hold in view is to exercise the phantasy in pleasant but lawful subjects, to fill it with novel and happy images, and by this indirect, as well as by a direct, appeal to the heart, so to temper and control the passions as may be most suitable to the formation of virtue and the extirpation of vice. For this reason, his representations should be chaste, his sentiments pure, and his leading characters noble-minded and virtuous.

The great variety of virtue which the human soul can acquire place at the author's disposal so many springs of action by which the plot may be kept moving, and so many labyrinths of sentiment through which the reader may be conducted, that the novelist never need look beyond the sphere of every-day life for his subjects, nor fear to weary by harping on the often-touched strings that run through every heart.

It will, of course, be understood that the representations of virtue are usually accompanied by the descriptions of vice. The author must follow the same principle as the artist. His high lights must be brought out by shadow, and the brightness of his picture be toned down by judicious shading. But in the introduction of human weakness, crime, and sin, he must be realistic in his moral, and, as he cannot conduct the reader beyond the stage of this world, he must anticipate the final end of sin, and this is misery.

In connection with the depicting of vice there is a point in which vitiated writers constantly offend. As concupiscence is rooted in fallen nature, and as its desires are inflammable and violent, allusions to this passion and descriptions of its play are

among the most frequent means by which indifferent authors seek to arouse their reader's interest. Yet no literary process is more opposed to the principles of art and morality. The office of the artist is to raise and elevate, to excite a hatred of the bad and inspire a love for the good, to aid mankind in overcoming sin and in winning virtue. Moralists, however, unanimously agree that the lusts of sensuality are not to be conquered by pondering on their lowness and brutality, but by ignoring their existence, by occupying the mind with other subjects, and turning a deaf ear to their seductions. To introduce the reader, then, to vices that are not named in polite society, and to surround them with all the seductive paraphernalia of love and beauty, is to quit the path of art and to violate a well-founded rule of ascetical life. The virtue of innocence is, in fact, like a highly polished mirror, before which no dark object can pass without casting a stain on its burnished surface, and sullying the lustre of its brightness. Immoral books present the greatest danger to the frailest virtue. This fact, acknowledged by all that have had a painful experience in such matters, is easily explained. Shame hinders such as are not entirely abandoned from indulging freely in licentious talk, but the book is a companion so confidential and private that modesty is soon reconciled to its language. The spoken word, too, is transient, and its meaning often ambiguous; but the printed page is durable, and may be studied until its full sense has thoroughly penetrated the mind. The one, moreover, is mostly the product of the moment, but the other is long premeditated, artfully composed, carefully coloured and dressed, so that innocence is lost before the peril is fully remarked. The former, again, has only a narrow circle of auditors; but the latter can speak to thousands in the present and in the future. The reproduction by the press can give it a multitude of tongues, and the pens of translators can teach it as many languages. Without a conscience, remorse, or fear, the book as readily betrays the innocence of youth as it pampers the sensuality of old age; and, reckless of consequences, it produces in the world confusion of ideas, loss of principle, knowledge of sin, perversion of morals, irreligion, and practical paganism. There is a very charming fable illustrative of the permanent and widespread misery immoral books produce: A robber and an author are in hell; both are enclosed in huge iron cauldrons, beneath which fires burn; yet with this difference, that beneath the robber is continually decreasing, while that beneath the author is ever growing worse. The author deems his sins to have been less than those of his companion; he complains of the gods' injustice, and one of the infernal Sisters is sent to vindicate the sentence of Providence.

"Wretch!" she exclaims, "dost thou compare thyself with the robber? His crime is as nothing compared with thine. Only as long as he lived did his cruelty and lawlessness render him hurtful. But thou! Long ago have thy bones crumbled to dust, yet the sun never rises without bringing to light fresh evils of which thou art the cause. The poison of thy writings not only does not weaken, but, spreading abroad, it becomes more malignant as years roll by. Look there!"—and for a moment she enabled him to look upon the world—"Behold the crimes, the misery, of which thou art the cause. Look at these children who have brought shame upon their families, who have reduced their parents to despair. By whom were their heads and hearts corrupted? By thee. Who strove to rend asunder the bonds of society, ridiculing the right of authority and law, and rendering them responsible for all human misfortunes? Thou art the man! Didst thou not dignify unbelief with the name of enlightenment? Didst thou not place vice and passion in the most charming and alluring lights? And now, look! A whole country, perverted by thy teaching, is full of murder and robbery, of strife and rebellion, and is being led onward by thee to ruin. For every drop of that country's tears and blood thou art to blame. And now, dost thou dare to hurl thy blasphemies against the gods? How much evil have thy books yet to bring upon the world? Continue then to suffer, for here the measure of thy punishment shall be according to thy deserts." Thus spoke the angry Fury, and slammed down the cover on the cauldron.*

To the uses of fiction as a medium for education might be added its services for the purposes of affording relaxation and amusement, of enabling us to forget for the time the hard realities of life in the ideal pictures of romance. But what has already been said of novelists as teachers equally applies to them as providers of innocent recreation. We may therefore now pass on to consider several disadvantages that attend the perusal of novels, and that must accordingly be weighed by such authors as earnestly desire to improve their readers. The charms of fiction, in the first place, are calculated to kindle a love for the unreal and romantic, to make readers discontented with the dull routine and the burdensome duties of their daily life. Thus the wayfarer through the world is removed from the sphere in which Providence has placed him, to a society and a life into which the fancy of the novelist has transplanted him. There he lives, and thinks, and feels. The affections of his heart, the light of his intellect, and the energy of his will—in a word, all that should be devoted to the benefit and the happiness of his fellow-creatures, is transferred to a set of beings that exist only in imagination. Thus are produced that listless, sentimental class of persons who are as much a burden to themselves as to the world in general.

* "KriloF and his Fables." By W. R. S. Ralston, M.A.

Their energy, love, compassion have been squandered on the ideal, and for the reality of life, with all its misery and woe, they have no sympathy left. The heart that has become accustomed to the thrilling sensations of fiction no longer vibrates on contact with their counterparts in real life.

On mental training the continued perusal of fiction has an effect well worth notice. When we read for pleasure, we shall remark that we soon learn to skim the pages, and, like the butterfly in the flower garden, to fly from point to point in quest of honey. This is especially the case in the reading of fiction. The plot interests us; we wish to know its continuation, development, and termination; and in our interest in these points we are apt to skip over the intervening matter, and to consider as dry what is probably the most instructive portion of the book. In this way we readily fall into the habit of desultory and superficial reading, and this accompanies us when we turn to grave subjects, so that all serious study is rendered a work of infinite difficulty.

The novelist, then, who would as far as possible guard his readers against these dangers, must endeavour to give the mind and will a practical turn, to inspire a knowledge of life as it is and a compassion with actual miseries, and a desire to think and feel and labour for this world around us. Few writers, perhaps, have so fully grasped the true scope of fiction as Charles Dickens. We defy a reader to peruse his works without at least desiring to become a practical philanthropist. What Dickens wrote was in one sense apostolic, and what a former Bishop of Manchester judged of his writings was not far wrong. "I believe," he said, "that the literature of which he was the author has been pregnant with consequences of incalculable benefit to our people. It has made us see truly simple virtues under rugged exteriors. It has taught us the great lessons of Christian sympathy; and though in all things Charles Dickens is not what we might have desired or what he might have been, yet we are not his judges. We do not know the circumstances of trial through which his life was passed. But I feel that England owes a debt of gratitude to her great novelist for what he has done to elevate and purify the human life where it most needs elevation and purification."

But let me now turn to a specific disadvantage of novel-reading—a disadvantage arising from the prevailing character of modern novels. Frederick Schlegel remarked of the Press in his day:

The art of printing, in itself one of the most glorious and useful, has become prostituted to the speedy and universal circulation of poisonous

tracts and libels. It has occasioned a dangerous influx of paltry and superficial compositions, alike hostile to soundness of judgment and purity of taste—a sea of frothy conceits and noisy dulness, upon which the spirit of the age is tossed hither and thither, not without great and frequent danger of entirely losing sight of the compass of meditation and the polar star of truth.

These observations are eminently true of the present. We live in a realistic age, and realism in a bad sense has set its mark on the literature of fiction. The Press teems with realistic novels. To establish this fact by an exhaustive analysis of current works would here be out of place. I shall therefore rather seek to establish it by a process of classification. To begin with the incipient novel, the fairy-tale for the young. The libraries for youth are flooded at the present time with a class of juvenile stories fraught with evils. In these fanciful tales there are no fairy-like personifications of virtue, nor beautiful religious truths, nor charming moral fables, such as may serve to awaken and foster noble sentiments and generous love of goodness. The ideal in such books is Realism—Materialism. There is a plentiful supply of gold and silver, of feasting and love-making. The heroes and heroines are mostly princes and princesses, whose great business in life is to wed one another, after surmounting the difficulties that strew the path of love. The inspirations derived from such books are “the lusts of the flesh, the lusts of the eye, and the pride of life,” and the little readers, before they have scarce entered their teens, have learned from their perusal how to dress and flirt with all the art of a vain and amorous coquette. Heaven, it is said, lies about us in our infancy: what heavenly notions do these books inspire?

But it is in the novel, properly so-called, that realism is most apparent. A favourite theme for novel-writers of the present age is the realism of fallen nature. The novelist no longer chooses an idealized phase of life nor even the better and purer aspects of actual society; but, on the plea that the path of virtue is too sterile for fiction, or that the light side of nature has been sufficiently treated, he selects life as it is lived by the refuse of mankind. The insincerities of friendship, the arts of deceit, the frailties of love, the stratagems of intrigue, and the sensualities of debauch supply the material for his pen. These subjects readily find access to the soul of the reader. There is so much sympathy between the eye and the heart that what the one consents to read the other agrees to receive. Why should it not? What is printed cannot be so dreadful. It is perused by thousands: why not by us also? It is, after all, knowledge—new and curious too: why should we not know what others know? Thus the reader. And the author? He must of course live. Refined descriptions

of vice are easily written ; they require no originality, very little wit ; they stimulate curiosity, they flatter human weakness, and they sell : so they are written. Authors throw the responsibility on the public, and the public casts it back on the authors. Yet both are guilty. For how can man conscientiously give or seek knowledge of a society that he is bound to avoid, or risk attachment to vanities and sins which he has vowed to renounce ? If an individual has already reason to deplore his own vicious inclinations, will they become less by familiarity with the vices of others, and by initiation into the mysteries of iniquity ?

There is, however, another type of novels still more injurious because more seductive, and this is the realistic art novel. Here the author—usually a woman—appears as the artist. As a word-painter the writer professes to follow in the footsteps of the sculptor, the modeller, the painter, and delineates in writing the outline, the colouring, and the *plastique* of human, and chiefly feminine beauty. Pages and pages of graphic sensualism are laid before the reader's eye ; the bath, the dressing-room, the sleeping apartment are thrown open, and the technology of the purveyor of the toilet, of the costumier, and even of the anatomist, are exhausted in depicting the charms of a Juliet or Romeo. It is needless to say that realism is here, as elsewhere, a degradation of art and a departure from its right principle. True art everywhere aims at depicting the ideal and spiritual side of nature, and it uses the material only so far as is necessary to render the immaterial sensible and intelligible to the human mind. To invert this process is to flagrantly violate all that the great masters have laid down on art under whatsoever form. The refined realistic or sensualistic novel is some way more pernicious than the vulgar, obscene compositions in which all regard to decency is abandoned, and the expressions of slang must supply the deficiency of recognized language for the turpitude of the contents. Obscenity may revolt us by its grossness, but covert impurity, decked in sprightly, brilliant language, allures with the voice of a siren. How many a reader, bewitched by its enticements, has said :

“ Sing, siren, to thyself, and I will dote.”

Besides those classes of novels which have just been mentioned there are certain religious—or, more properly, impious books which are more distinctively characteristic of French novelists. There are several writers who can make no other use of religion than to clothe vice. They place guilt within the very pale of the Church ; their sinners rave in the words of Scripture, and invoke the Deity in the act of sin ; their unconverted Magdalens dream of the sacred ceremonies of the altar and the sanctuary,

and mingle a polluted love with all that is most pure and holy ; their stories of dark crime are whitewashed with a mock sanctity, and all that mankind is most bound to revere is suborned to prostitute the creature and to blaspheme the Creator.

There is, in regard to the practical effect, scarcely a distinction between these works and the professedly antichristian tendential novels, in which the mysteries of faith are cast down, and in their stead the most fantastic systems that have ever sprung from misguided reason are set up for the worship of mankind.

Few as the above remarks are, and briefly as they have been stated, they may perhaps in some way serve both novelists and novel-readers. The author of fiction has a great field and a great work. Both are increasing. There is now an inseparable connection between reading and every sort of education. Not so many years ago, books, except in the highest education, were unusual ; but nowadays they are general in all branches of instruction. If not the widest, at least one of the most important spheres of mental and moral training lies within the range of fiction. Men are social beings, destined to live and work in society. A vast portion of their duties are thus social obligations, and as such are best learned from and in contact with society. It is this conjunction with society that novels are mostly destined to affect : they should treat of life as it ought to be conducted ; they should inculcate social lessons that purify and refine, raise and ennoble mankind. Did novelists understand this task and attempt conscientiously to fulfil it, there might be fewer works of fiction, for high-class, moral, yet interesting novels require study, knowledge, and talent ; but the world would be better for such as were written, and would gratefully endorse of their authors the words of Lockhart on Scott. " We may picture to ourselves in some measure," he says, " the debt we owe to a succession of books, unapproached in charm, and all instilling a high and healthy code ; a bracing and invigorating spirit ; a contempt of mean passions, whether vindictive or voluptuous ; human charity as distinct from moral laxity or from unsympathizing austerity ; sagacity too deep for cynicism, and tenderness never degenerating into sentimentality ; animated throughout in thought, opinion, feeling, and style, by one and the same pure energetic principle, a path and savour of manhood ; appealing to whatever is good and loyal in our natures, and rebuking whatever is low and selfish." To such tributes of grateful esteem authors may in their lifetime be indifferent, but there will surely come a moment when they would desire to say, with the great author of " Waverley " : " I am drawing near to the close of my career. I am fast shuffling off the stage. I have been, perhaps, the most voluminous author of the day ; and it is a comfort to me to

think that I have tried to unsettle no man's faith, to corrupt no man's principles, and that I have written nothing which on my deathbed I should wish blotted out."

But it must not be supposed that the public are altogether innocent of the frequent abuse of literature by novelists. Did readers refuse to open the book that was not fit to pass the censorship of a moralist, writers would have little inducement to abuse their art. Yet how many reasons have not readers to maintain the purity of fiction. It is this class of literature which is widest spread and most perused, and as such is one of the most powerful formatives of society. Both young and old are readers of fiction: no age, no position, is so reduced or so elevated as not to owe its highest pleasures to the sentiments of the heart and the conceptions of the mind, nor is there any character which is impervious to the influence of novels.

Speaking of the moral power of a single book, Benjamin Franklin has said: "When I was a boy, I met with this book.* . . . It gave me such a turn of thinking as to have an influence on my conduct through life; for I have always set a greater value on the character of a doer of good than any other kind of reputation; and if I have been a useful citizen, the public owes the advantage of it to that book." Franklin has but expressed what with still greater truth applies to the influence of novels on novel-readers.

C. C. LONGRIDGE.

ART. II.—THE PROGRESS OF NIHILISM.

VARIOUS observers, not given as a rule to admiring the works and ways of the Catholic Church, have begun to wonder why the French Republic persecutes it with such deadly and increasing violence. A notable answer has been suggested in the columns of the *Spectator*. It is there said that this new fanaticism springs from a new religion; that Republicans look on the Church as thwarting their religious even more than their political propaganda, and *hinc illæ lacrymæ*; that is why Christianity, as represented in the universal and living system which has its centre at Rome, must be destroyed root and branch. A new religion, not a sect of the old, which might arise to-day only to come to an end

* "Essays to do Good."

to-morrow ; a religion as dogmatic, peremptory, exclusive in its claims, as full of promises and threatenings as Christianity itself, and much more level to the capacity of the multitude which both address. If, on the negative or protesting side, we term the French Republican system Atheism, we shall go not a step beyond its adherents, whose boast it long has been that in their discerning eyes every belief which transcends the earthly and the visible is superstition. To what lengths their impatient zeal has carried them against all that is worshipped or called God the public journals bear witness ; nor is it a part of my undertaking just now to dwell on it. For I would rather call attention to the human, ethical, and social aspect of that most portentous movement of our time, which would effect little and last but a moment, did it not substitute its own beatitudes for those of the Sermon on the Mount. Denying God, it affirms the rights of man ; it aims at a present heaven ; and its official name is the Religion of Humanity. It cannot rest within the borders of France. It has spread East and West, creating Socialism beyond the Rhine and the Alps, and in Russia making of the young, the enthusiastic, the better educated, that forlorn hope of this new crusade which fought under the banner of Nihilism, and hurled the lightning upon its adversaries till itself also was utterly consumed. What else has it wrought ? It has broken down the party walls between nation and nation, outstripped the wings of culture, discovered or made its own the most formidable agencies of science, swept away local associations, traditions, and rivalries, absorbed or compelled to serve its designs the older societies, such as Freemasonry, which arose in the Deistic stage of the movement, and, as a token of all this, has ranged side by side on the Paris barricades in 1871 men of every nation under heaven. Its disciples are Poles and Italians, Germans and Russians and Irishmen, whose sole bond, they tell us, is that all alike have been trodden under foot by the mighty world-rulers. And it is found everywhere.

Here, then, are signs of a false religion coming to the birth, surrounded and followed by its diabolic martyrs, confessors, workers of lying marvels and prodigies, to whom no enterprise seems impossible, and the round world is a field for their sowing and reaping. Of what kind the harvest shall be, whether of life or death, is indeed the question. But they do not falter. A type of them is that insignificant mortal (his name history has already forgotten) who, when his comrade cast the horrible fire between the feet of Alexander II. of Russia, stepped forward, and, to make all sure, flung a second phial, which as it burst shattered the Emperor and killed himself. A belief that kindles such enthusiasm—

Atque metus omnis et inexorabile fatum
Subjecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari—

may well be deemed the instrument of boundless good or ill, according to its nature. This creed, which I propose to consider in its origin and prospects, is not good but evil; a doctrine of anarchy, and a spectre menacing civilization with a bloody hand. But it fascinates men and women alike. The revolutionary frenzy has its Mænads, its Furies, its loathsome Harpies, unfeminine bearers of the dagger and flaming torch, to whom murder, fire, and rapine appear the natural means of inaugurating a golden era. Protestantism, as we know it, is a weak reminiscence of the faith from which it revolted, a negation for the most part, or, in the words of Dr. Fairbairn, a method rather than a religion. But anarchy is positive, rests on its own foundation, and appeals to facts. We may grasp the meaning of it, if we lay to heart such words as the following, written by Thomas Carlyle, forty-three years ago, of England, but now too sadly applicable to most European countries:—

The condition of England [he says] is justly regarded as one of the most ominous, and withal one of the strangest, ever seen in this world. England is full of wealth, of multifarious produce, supply for human want in every kind; yet England is dying of inanition. With unabated bounty the land of England blooms and grows, waving with yellow harvests, thick-studded with workshops, industrial implements, with fifteen millions of workers, understood to be the strongest, the cunningest, the willingest our earth ever had; these men are here; the work they have done, the fruit they have realized, is here; abundant, exuberant on every hand of us: and behold, some baleful fiat as of enchantment, has gone forth, saying, "Touch it not, ye workers, ye master-workers, ye master-idlers; none of you can touch it, no man of you shall be the better for it; this is enchanted fruit."*

Carlyle compares our civilization to Midas, whose touch, turning all things to gold, left the too covetous rich man to die of hunger. For he could not eat gold. As I think of another characteristic of our age—of the blatant rhetoric which finds acceptance with so many—I am tempted to say that it resembles Midas, not only in his power of creating the precious metal, but in the pair of asses' ears with which mythology has garnished him. As much talk as gold, and little wisdom with either. Franchise, free trade, compulsory education, whatever be the worth of these things, it remains true that, in a world teeming with resources, endlessly fruitful, with a blue sky over it, and the

* "Past and Present," introduction.

great ocean ways bringing wealth to every land, the multitudes must not only work, but too often must work and starve. Or say merely—for my argument requires no more—that the relations between work and wealth on one side, and work and want on the other, appear at first blush to many in the highest degree anomalous and unjust. It is this feeling which has called up from the deep the red spectre of Nihilism.

Political economists talk, in their easy way, of the accumulation and distribution of wealth, assigning its laws to each. But they are not alive as yet to the great fundamental difficulty of their science, or rather of human society, which they disguise and turn to an abstraction by their terms of art. Here is the problem. One set of men accumulate wealth by their hard labour, and another, much smaller set, distribute it more or less according to their good pleasure. The new religion—call it anti-religion if you please—begins by asking, “Why should I toil that thou mayest eat? Is it not fairer that both thou and I toil, and then we may both eat the fruit of our labours?” “*Paucis vivit humanum genus*,” it has been said, either as a cynical piece of philosophy or the statement of an undeniable fact. Whichever way we take it, I cannot think that reason will approve. Each man should live for himself and for his fellows; and no man simply for another who happens to have chained him up in a mill and bidden him grind. Liberty! That is the first word of the Revolution: the right to live for oneself. We may ask how far we, as Christian men, can allow such a right, how it is to be distinguished from selfishness. But at present what we shall do wisely to observe is the striving in every land for a liberty which shall go beyond the too often ridiculous power of voting at a Parliamentary election. Men having tasted of that so-called franchise, begin to ask, as the philosopher does of a new system when he comes upon it, “In what can you help me?” Nor will the satisfaction of reading your member’s speeches in St. Stephen’s make up for an empty cupboard, want of work, a cold hearthstone in winter, and tools in pawn to furnish the children with a morsel of bread. Dives has long gone clad in purple and fine linen, while Lazarus lies, full of sores, at his gate. True; but Lazarus during many, many ages could only lie at the gate: he was helpless, ignorant, isolated. A mighty change has come over the world. There is a social organism forming in the depths, with its own laws, instincts, powers, and sentiments. We may, if we will, see these new barbarians—for so they have been called—rising up towards the light, armed and confederated, aware that they have been nothing, and convinced that when they choose they can be everything. It is a part of their creed that the aristocracy overturned the

throne, the middle classes the aristocracy, and that fate has chosen them to overturn the middle classes. They believe in reading and writing, in science, in a social philosophy of which the outlines, to their thinking, may be clearly sketched; and they do not believe in religion, art, culture, refinement, manners, marriage, political forms, inequality of birth, poetry, or anything whatsoever of the ideal order. The things they do not understand they despise. Long acquaintance with misery in its acutest forms has made them impatient of the delicate observances with which we veil over our common infirmities; and they are gross, cynical, violent, and unclean. It is their delight to know only so much of history as will warrant them in pulling down the Tuileries and turning its site into a potato garden. The chivalries and courtesies of mediæval usage are to them more than suspect; they irritate and madden like beauty when it disdains an ill-favoured suitor. The French proverb says, "Les absents ont toujours tort." Revolutionists say, "Les riches ont toujours tort." They quarrel as vehemently with capital in the stocks as with property in land; both are in their moral teaching, robbery, sins against mankind such as shall never be forgiven. They look down upon a soldier as the vile creature who forgets that he is a man, and suffers himself to be made a machine and a weapon in the hands of injustice. And a priest is to them only a baser species of soldier, wanting in the courage to face artillery, but seduced by the prospect of an easy life to become the defender on the altar-steps of institutions which perpetuate slavery. The Pontiff and the King—whoever cares to know what the new religion has to say of them, how it compares and how it condemns both, let him read a book which prophesied half a century ago of what has since become an international propaganda throughout Europe—let him read, "Les Paroles d'un Croyant," by the unhappy Abbé de Lamennais.

For these men are not only the new barbarians; they are the new Mahometans, warring against established religions as being a part of the doomed *régime*. A logic as clear as it is pitiless compels them to recognize in the preachers of any and every supernatural doctrine their resolved opponents. Priests, they say, offer the people Heaven as a bribe to be quiet and submissive; the churches take this world to themselves and leave the next to any one who can get thither. It is no part of the revolutionary tactics to treat hoar antiquity with reverence, to distinguish between the teaching of Christianity and its corruptions, to be just, or discriminating, or generous in assailing social order. The very name Nihilism, which truly expresses the genius of the whole movement, is a fiery sign, threatening to burn up good and bad alike. Its power is intensified by the melancholy which

has inspired it. The Nihilist philosopher is subject to an unheard-of disease, which is, to use Aristotelian language, the excess of a healthy feeling; he suffers from *Welt-schmerz*, the pain of the world; and this, it will be granted, whatever its direful effects, is in the beginning of one nature with philanthropy. But "virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied." The feeling for our kind, which, going beyond creed and country, embraces all that suffer in this lower world, is noble, human, Christ-like. It has made saints and heroes; it is, perhaps, the one quality which softens and exalts that hard English character so little loved by foreign races. In the English man or woman it shines out in its clearest light; but abroad, especially among down-trodden peoples, to whom hope has been denied for ages, it takes on the colour of pessimism, and despairing of individual efforts under a cast-iron system, appears lawless and even unfeeling. Like Orestes about to slay Clytemnestra, it becomes "pitiless, not to lose pity." Its idol, which tends by a very strange reaction to become that mere phantom, "the people," instead of the millions upon millions of suffering creatures whose sad contemplation first gave rise to the "pain of the world," cries out without ceasing for blood. And blood has been given it—the blood of friends and enemies. Neither passive obedience nor passive resistance will content it. The "sacred right of insurrection" has been developed into a yet more terrible right of assassination. Tenderness for the famine-stricken has armed itself with dynamite; a kind of frenzied passion to right all wrong has sent on every pathway the modern Don Quixote, sometimes ridiculous to look at, often pitiable and even cowardly, yet a danger to the world which no Government is able to control.

And these men hate religion with a deadly hatred. They see in it the main hindrance to realizing their hopes. Nor is there a form of religion they detest as they do the Catholic Church, for it preaches order, obedience, authority, and has long been associated in the popular mind with the powers that be. It is looked upon as essentially Conservative; and the overthrow of the Pope's temporal sovereignty was brought about in large measure by those very societies which have since shaken the world to its foundations. Though once and again the Church has been involved in disputes with secular Governments, these have seldom arisen, since the Middle Ages, on questions of popular rights; they were diplomatic quarrels between high contending powers, and, like thunderstorms on the Alps, broke out in regions too lofty for the common man. This is the great, unmistakable, portentous fact, which few of us can as yet have grasped, that to multitudes Church and State in European lands appear as two functions of the same authority, equally foreign and equally

opposed to the classes held in check by them. Astonishing confusion, it will be said. I answer, No, not so astonishing if we look at things from below, which is all the multitude can ever do. Their dim vision is not exercised in perspective; what they feel is that the State presses them on one side and the Church will not let them put forth their power on the other. Hence they conclude that churchmen and politicians are all in a tale. Now comes this dangerous, enthusiastic, secret propaganda, abounding in sympathy and troubled with no scruples of conscience, asserting that the whole order of things is unjust, that it is nothing but organized selfishness in State policy, organized hypocrisy in religion, offering the round world and the fulness thereof to men whose bread has never been sure, declaring that the obligation to labour carries with it the duty on the part of rulers to find work, and reiterating Fourier's demand, that employments shall be made proportionate to capacities; in fine, scorning the golden age of the poets as a fable, laughing at Eden as a myth, and bidding all men look forward, instead of backward, to the true golden age which is yet to come. Is not this a religion in its power to move, to excite, to create man to its own likeness, in its bold affirmations, and swift diffusion, and readiness for the combat, and tremendous anathemas, and appeal to what is deepest in the human heart—to love, and pity, and hunger? Let us consider it well; for the problem of the future must be solved here, in the chaotic tumult of class against class, and not in windy debates, where the eloquent Premier "cannot tell what o'clock it is under half a column," and then does not know. The question is not, "Who is to vote, and whom is he to vote for?" but one far more elementary, "What is there to devour, and who shall devour it?" Wolves against wolves, such are men as the philosophy of the revolution pictures them.

But stay a moment. Is there not a watchword of the Revolution called Fraternity? How does that allow of man becoming a wolf to his fellow? The paradox is only apparent. This new religion does really look upon men as brethren one of another; but it requires a condition precedent. They are all brethren, if all consent to be equal, to labour in the same society on the same terms, to abdicate the privileges which caste, and riches, and education have bestowed on a few and denied to the millions. Fraternity is the badge, if I may venture on the similitude, of that great religious order, commensurate in idea with mankind, which every one is called to enter, but of which none becomes a member without renouncing property and the distinctions of the past. These are the brethren; and those who cling to their privileges are to be hewn down like heathen or heretic, until not one of them is left. Such was the fraternity of Marat, of

Robespierre, clothing these hideous creatures with a terrible beauty in the eyes of their followers even now. Anarchy is its prelude and its condition; but we shall understand it better if we bear in mind that anarchy is to the Nihilist what "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war" have long been to the ambitious statesman, a necessary means for working out his plans. Were we not accustomed to the sight of uniforms, the parade, and glitter, and martial music which fill the everyday life of cities, especially foreign cities, with colour and sound, we should perhaps find it no less difficult to acquiesce in the notion of war, as a normal function of the State, than we do to comprehend anarchy as the beginning of an immense social regeneration. Count von Moltke loved, as a Christian, the French regiments that his artillery overwhelmed at Gravelotte; but he blew them out of existence all the same. And such is the genuine, not satirical, meaning of Chamfort's gloss on Fraternity, as he saw it applied in 1793—*Sois mon frère, ou je te tue*. The sword of Mahomet gave a similar choice; but his God was transcendental, the Creator; whereas the God of the Revolution is one we can see and feel, Humanity.

On a previous page I have written the word *caste*. It is well known that in India, where we may view the thing most clearly, caste is founded on the deepest race-distinctions, going back beyond the dawn of history. But learned men have lately suggested that our European social order rests on the same foundation, and that the ruling classes, taken as a whole, are of different descent from the ruled, both in town and country. In the great foreign aristocracies, Aryan blood predominates; the common people represent, on the other hand, populations which entered Europe before the Kelts or the Pelasgi. And the remarkable movements of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, which may be summed up as so many *Jacqueries*, or revolts of the peasants, and which paved the way for the Reformation, are now looked upon as uprisings, in large measure, of the pre-historic peoples, consequent on the decay of Norman and Frankish blood. However this may be, it is impossible to deny that the barriers to intermarriage between class and class, of whatever origin, have in course of time distinctly led to the formation of sub-races, so to call them, whose instincts are antipathetic and between whom fusion is now almost hopeless. There has even grown up a royal caste, to which every reigning family in Europe, whether Catholic, Greek, or Protestant belongs, and of which the "clannishness" could perhaps no more strongly be indicated than by the circumstance that our own royal family speaks, not English, but German, within the domestic precincts. It is, in fact, a High German caste, with

marked characteristics, such as Mr. F. Galton may some day think it worth his while to note.

Now the races which are breaking away from Government, whether political or religious, have in them a definite, perhaps prevailing, tendency to split into numberless factions. They have hardly come under the modifying influences of education, their constructive genius is little, and guided much more by passion than by interest or reflection. Their Christianity, also, has consisted very much in traditional observances, without insight into the spirit or meaning of the New Testament; it has been, and still is, largely compounded of the superstitions of a bygone time, of crude paganism, and in many parts of Europe of devil-worship. Literary education, rare until the Revolution even in Germany, and in England not quite a matter of course as yet, has touched the working classes of our great cities, but remains in that opening stage when the lowest branches of knowledge seem the most certain, and Materialism makes its way as a pre-eminently intelligible and therefore true philosophy. These phenomena may be studied in Florence or in Berlin; they are not peculiar to one country nor lacking under any form of the Christian faith. Whole Protestant populations around us are sinking into heathenism; the artisan class tends to be fiercely and fanatically anti-Christian; it has been said, and, so far as I can see, with entire truth, that, "despite the efforts of the churches, the speculations of the day are working their way down among the people;" and again, that "those among the working class who eschew the teachings of the orthodox, slide off towards, not the late Mr. Maurice, nor yet Professor Huxley, but towards Mr. Bradlaugh." But we should greatly err if we supposed that only Protestant populations are thus falling off. The French *ouvriers*, descended from Catholic grand-parents, are Positivists, and born with a passion for anarchy. Catholicism among the Irish race, all the world over, is passing through a difficult crisis. It has been in conflict these many years with the new forms of unbelief on both sides of the Alps; whilst the Slav peoples are the very hotbed and focus of that incendiary Nihilism which, most energetic in Russia, has spread a flame of discontent far and wide into the neighbouring States. Evidently we see here the outcome of causes which lie beneath the whole order of things, and are at work in every church. If one is to blame, all are to blame. But, instead of discussing an idle question, and raking up the ashes of the past, our duty is to fully estimate the forces ranged against religion, and then to ask how they should be met. For we have not, even now, exhausted the resources of anarchy.

One of the most formidable, in a sense I shall proceed to ex-

plain, is, to my thinking, education. Let it not be supposed for an instant that I would shut up a single school, or deny one poor man in this world the right to educate his children. But we must bear in mind that, as the invention of printing revolutionized Europe, so the spread of education will do even more. It will assuredly create a new world; we can see it now making an end of dialects and village customs, abolishing superstition, and eliciting individual traits, whilst bringing men into the closest intimacy and kindling sympathies where before there were none. It stands to reason that the development of mind under the most imperfect education will make a man less dependent on authority than before; he will often require to be persuaded as well as commanded; and the method of government suited to him will be more human and less mechanical. With the multiplication of books and newspapers we enter on the reign of "public opinion;" and a despotism, tempered in France by epigrams, in Turkey by the bowstring, cannot but be seriously modified when its acts are discussed by millions on both sides of the Atlantic with entire freedom. "The fierce light that beats upon a throne" is the light of education, which has almost done away with privacy, and opens a window from the street into every man's house. But observe the danger. In what degree a man is educated, in the same he becomes critical of existing institutions; he cannot help trying them by the standard of his own judgment; nay, he feels a pleasure in doing so. His knowledge of what the world is like grows from day to day; and he begins, even if domestic troubles and privations do not force him, to inquire into the reasonableness of social arrangements and to note their defects. Suppose him young, ardent, unselfish, with little or nothing to lose, his affections not bound up in any form of religion, whilst the course of his education has divested him of the old unconscious loyalty to King or Kaiser which survives among us from earlier ages—is not this the very stuff of which Nihilists are made? Educated they must be, but only in a certain degree; members of a class that hangs loosely upon society, as being a voluntary profession, not a rank inherited; and they must feel with those who have no privileges, nothing assured for the morrow or old age. "The pain of the world" comes as natural to a man of this stamp as political ambition to a peer, and earth-hunger to a French or Irish farmer. He sees just far enough to comprehend that many things of long-standing name and venerable appearance are simply relics of the past, with neither life nor spirit in them. The unreality, the hollowness of social arrangements is what strikes him, not the necessity which created and still accounts for imperfect institutions. His eyes, fixed on a distant ideal, overlook the everyday faults,

limitations, and ignorance of most men, who make so little progress because they are incapable of serious sustained thought and original action. I am taking the pattern Nihilist, endowed with the qualities for which he gives himself credit; and of such a one I say that it is the very passion of pity which turns him to evil courses, awakes murderous anti-social instincts, and deafens his ear when the shocked and outraged conscience of mankind cries aloud that no wrongs endured will justify the vengeance or the acts of war in which he engages. What we must endeavour to grasp is, therefore, the undeniable fact that education, in its earlier stages and divorced from religion, tends to anarchy with as great a force as culture tends to individualism. It is love that says with the Buddhist, "Thou art I." Intellect throws each man back upon himself, into a solitude from which he looks out with absolutely strange eyes on society. And if the spectacle touches him, if it rouses interest and compassion, his feeling will be for those tender ones of the great human flock whom the shepherds shear, and starve, and sell, but do not feed.

Imperfect education makes the rank and file of revolutionists; but from time to time a leader steps down to them out of the highest circles—a Mirabeau, a Rochefort, a Prince Krapotkine. The desire of the sons of anarchy is, indeed, to dispense with leaders; for since all men in the formula are equal, it is unreasonable that one should lead rather than another. I believe there are curious revelations to come of the attempts which have been made repeatedly in this direction, by Nihilists, to carry on war without generals; and perhaps the failures of Socialism in several countries are due to the unnatural effort. Leaders there must be, men of science, learning, marked individual character, and indomitable genius; and though M. Rochefort is little more than a journalist, and Prince Krapotkine has been described as an uninteresting, be-spectacled German professor, these high-born conspirators against society are evidence that the spirit of revolt will find a way into the most exclusive circles, and there make its disciples. No doubt the aristocracies of the world are a serried rank, but we should deceive ourselves if we supposed that all the riches, science, education, and social training are on their side. Science, that mighty engine of change, has made a present of dynamite to anarchy, and its loud explosion has startled, if not thrown down, our cities. As usual, men have looked for the greatest consequences where there was most noise. But dynamite is not the chief product of science, nor the worst revolutionary weapon. Science breeds thought, strips off illusions, brings out the true and exact bearings of one thing upon another, makes it impossible to narrow one's convictions to party issues, shows that words like

Liberalism, Conservatism, Radicalism, are mere labels, not definitions, and cannot stand as the final account of society or even of politics. It helps, therefore, in the general process of dissolution begun by bad government, famine, ignorance, irreligion, and the other thousand causes which led to '89 and '93. Science is now a potent factor in the world, and who will say that it testifies to the reasonableness of existing forms or is altogether friendly to the establishments under which men are governed? The study of the physical sciences gives a rude shock to many deep-seated conventionalisms. It has again and again suggested the application of its own methods in politics, and discovered affinities with Jacobinism and the more mechanical or Spartanlike forms of Socialist theories. And what may be called the Social Sciences—for we are a long way off any such grand generalization as would be entitled to the name of *the Social Science*—have enabled us to criticize with severity the haphazard, make-shift, and too often hopelessly unjust laws and institutions which are all that mankind has to show after its thousands of years upon earth. The scientific genius, like the poet, looks forward. He observes that “the processes which have brought things to their present stage are still going on, not with a decreasing rapidity, indicating approach to cessation, but with an increasing rapidity that implies long continuance and immense transformations;” and to him there follows “the conviction that the remote future has in store forms of social life higher than any we have imagined; there comes a faith transcending that of the Radical, whose aim is some re-organization admitting of comparison to organizations which exist.”* And though, as would be easy to prove in its place, there are reasons why a man of science cannot, if he is loyal to his own teaching, abet anarchy, or wish to promote revolution with its senseless pulling-down of Bastilles which have long been empty of captives, his analytic instinct, if left unchecked, may easily make of him a partisan on the destructive side; or at least one of the indifferent multitude whose coldness in the day of battle means victory to the anarchist. Meanwhile, the feeling which has spread into many lands, that there exists an essential affinity between science and revolution, warns us of a real and a growing danger. For the common man (perhaps even more than the cultivated) believes in science as holding the keys of truth. Infallibility, ascribed of old time to religion, has found, he thinks, a new seat; it appears to him as an attribute, not of science in the abstract, but of the science which is actually taught in our universities, and to a large extent of the men

* H. Spencer, “Study of Sociology,” p. 399.

that profess it. Thus public opinion, in one of its most formidable shapes, has begun to pronounce that science and anarchy are one in principle, differing only as action does from "the bookish theoretic." Is it not indeed a token of at least a passing alliance between them that the same horrible formula will express unbelieving science and Nihilist politics, the war-cry so often raised of late years—*Ni Dieu ni maître*? And so we come round to what I said at the beginning: there is a new religion, but it denies God; it is a militant Atheism, which has for its purpose, if not to make all things new, at any rate to make an end of all things old. And the oldest thing now existing in Europe is the Catholic Church.

Let us see how the matter stands. When I say anarchy, I do not mean the unorganized lawlessness that has ever been in the depths of society. Vulgar, unprincipled thieves, murderers, *chevaliers d'industrie*, may be dealt with by the police; and although, as should be well known, these outcasts tend to form a society of their own, intermarry, and transmit their evil propensities through a series of generations, they have but an accidental connection with anarchists, and know nothing of philosophic systems. We must think of anarchy as a sect, a religion, a crusade. It is not the insurrection of entire peoples against their rulers, which happens only once in a century, and is at all times of the briefest duration. It corresponds rather to the old Gnostic propaganda throughout the Middle Ages, with one important distinction—viz., that, owing to the spread of education, many more are capable of becoming intelligent proselytes of a secret movement than was the case in any former time. And like all societies which go below the surface, it has degrees of initiation, of membership and enthusiasm; it has friends, and half-friends, and well-wishers, and enemies who do not quite know what to make of it. The Templars, the Assassins, the Freemasons, the Carbonari, suggest parallels, but on a local or merely national scale, to that immense and confused (because not completely organized) movement which at one side of the globe becomes visible as Nihilism and at the other as Fenianism, traversing all the grades between, of comparative guilt or innocence, to arrive at the two extremes which concur in the worship of nitro-glycerine. Their common principle is dissatisfaction with government. They are against the powers that be. It is their aim to sweep them away and begin a new era, when society shall govern itself, and kings, aristocracies, oligarchies—whether official like the Russian, or hereditary, like the Austrian and English—shall cease to exist. But with the new federation must come, they say, not a fresh distribution of property, but its abolition. All things shall be in common; not land only, but

every species of capital; nay, the very labour exacted from each shall be regulated with a view to the good of all. The destructive formula, as we have seen, is "neither God nor master;" the constructive is already a hundred years old, but has not been realized. "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity"—such is the *aurea cetâs ventura*.

And what of the Catholic Church? It is only just to remember that while the anarchist hates Catholicism, he does not hate it alone. He means, if possible, to get rid of "all religion and all religiosity;" and he includes in the common destruction every sect which turns men's thoughts away from earth to what he calls "the priest's heaven." An admirable specimen of this anti-religion among ourselves is Mr. John Morley; from his writings, tempered as they are with English gravity, we may estimate with what raging fanaticism the anarchists of the Continent pursue religion to its last retreat, and would fain put the knife to its throat. Indeed, a philosophic atheist has rebuked his violent brethren for "hating God as if He really existed." They certainly do, and thereby excite a suspicion that "religion and religiosity" have still some terrors for them. But whilst breathing out threatenings and slaughter against every Church, they look upon Rome as the head and front of that which they mortally detest. If they could employ the language of the Apocalypse, we should be astonished at the likeness between their way of thinking and that with which we are so familiar when the Scarlet Woman of Babylon is identified with Rome, and is seen making drunk the kings and rulers of the earth with the wine of her fornications. The Scriptural language is become obsolete in these men's mouths; but the spirit which dictated its application stirs in their bosoms. They are the offspring of the earliest Protestant fanatics and law-abolishers, of the Lollards, Hussites, Poor Men of God, and of the Anabaptists whom Luther savagely trampled upon, though he could not extinguish them. The filiation is easy to establish; the aims are not dissimilar; and a bold theorist would say that the Atheism which in our day is manifest was latent yet active in these great Antinomian outbursts. We cannot overlook the remarkable fact that in all of them the reigning religion was assailed on social rather than spiritual grounds. It has been recently pointed out, with as much acuteness as accuracy in my opinion, that there is a close kinship between Wickliffe and Mr. Henry George. The attack five hundred years ago was directed against the feudal system, daily becoming more oppressive and, in the growth of civilization, less defensible. But with the system of land tenure, and service the Church seemed to be inextricably bound up. Monasticism, too, was feudal; the bishops were

barons, abbots sat in the House of Lords, and tithes had become a kind of rent. We know what the end of these things was : the feudal system perished, and the monasteries were pulled down. But the great mass of the people gained little or nothing by the change. What the Church lost was on the whole lost to them. Still, it seemed, down to the French Revolution, that, however kings might smite and plunder her, the Church would shield them with her sacred text, "Nolite tangere Christos meos." She became identified in the minds of the educated vulgar, and in many places of the uneducated also, with a system of absolute rule and never-ending injustice. She was taken to be a part of the *ancien régime*. The prejudice is still against her, and after 1815 was for a time strengthened. Legitimists claimed the Church for their own; the Bourbons forgot that she had crowned Napoleon; and King Ferdinand of Naples was not antiquarian enough to remember that his own dynasty was steeped to the lips in Febronianism. Despite her priesthood taken from the people in France and Ireland, the Church was summed up and characterized as anti-popular, aristocratic, a tool and mouthpiece of so-called paternal governments when they wished to terrify their subjects into obedience by means of the pulpit.

Certain it was that Rome condemned anarchy in all its forms; she began to cry out against the secret societies ere any government was well aware of them; and she has kept up her protest from Clement XII. to Leo XIII. She has held out the right hand of fellowship to Courts which take a perverse delight in refusing her advances; and at this moment she is making treaties, or striving to keep them, with Germany, Russia, and France—countries in which her existence for years has been a lingering martyrdom. No wonder that anarchists in Paris as in New York detest a power which they see always at work to repress their efforts, and which they have no means of propitiating. Nor is it perhaps more wonderful if, in their hatred, they cannot distinguish between her principles and the methods of the Governments which, as a matter of fact, she helps to maintain; nor discern the spiritual elements in her teaching that enable her to acquiesce in the most unsatisfactory forms of social organization, while she is incessantly occupied in diffusing those true ideas whereby even the most imperfect may grow better. On this point I wish to lay the utmost stress. It is the premise of my reasoning that we must distinguish between what is temporal in the Church and what is eternal, between the accidents of an age and the message entrusted for all time to apostolic keeping. And, therefore, those grievously misunderstand our faith, be they friends or enemies, who cannot see that the alliance between

Rome and any mere human institutions is of its nature transitory. Rome cannot be the bond-slave of an imperial house; she is not for one people against another; her politics are not a part of her infallibility, and we should err in taking them for a guide as to her future action. She was obedient to Constantine the Great; she shook from her the yoke of his feeble successors on the throne of Byzantium. She acted a bold part all through the Middle Ages, and told Cæsar his place and warned him within his limits. Her theologians, in tracing a prince's duties, make him, not indeed the delegate, but yet the designate, of the nation's voice. And when absolute monarchy erected its crest in Spain—a disastrous day for Spain as for the world—there were found religious men to qualify its claims, not only by insisting that the end of government is the public good and not the king's private pleasure, but, as in the illustrious example of Suarez, by declaring, that while all power comes from on high, society, as a whole, is invested in the beginning with the right to choose its depositary.

This is no anticipation of the "Contrat Social" of Rousseau. It is something better; it implies, once for all, that men are neither brutes nor chattels; that reason, not violence or caprice, is the originating principle of the social organism, and should determine the place of every member in it, from the least to the greatest. It is the direct negation of that doctrine of passive obedience and unlimited divine right which was for so long the badge and the disgrace of the Church of England. A wise and good man, the late Dr. Arnold, used to say that there was a text in the Psalms which no English Churchman could read without blushing. How did it run? "Loquebar de testimoniis tuis in conspectu regum et non confundebam." The Church of Henry, of Elizabeth, of Charles II. was silent in the presence of kings, or opened its mouth only to extol their sacred and inviolable majesty. Not so has it been with the Catholic Church. For good or for evil, that contest between the Sacerdotium and Imperium which fills so many pages of history, is a standing demonstration that Rome had a stern message to the highest of crowned heads, and delivered it with the straightforward eloquence of a prophet. It is no part of my contention that in all disputes the Holy See had reason on its side; nor that it spoke at all times when the duty of speaking was, so far as events have since declared, imperative on it. I do not conceive that theology requires or the facts will allow such an assertion. But this, I think, no candid student of the past will deny, that, even when her interests seemed knit up with those of absolute monarchy, the Church kept her old free doctrine, set a limit to arbitrary power in the State, and, in her parochial clergy and many Orders of religious

men and women, showed that tenderness to the poor and miserable which, in a less degraded time, was her chief characteristic. But she did more. She preserved the Gospel teaching for an epoch when, human authority being at its lowest ebb, there is an urgently felt and growing need that the kingship of Christ should be everywhere acknowledged, and become the keystone of social order. The *ancien régime*? It is nearly extinct in the outward forms by which men knew it; but that centralizing despotism which was its heart survives as ever, and keeps many nations in bondage. England alone, of European lands, has till now been free from it. But was the Church ever a friend to the system which made the estates of the realm a tool in the hands of Richelieu and Mazarin, as it now prostrates the noble and long-suffering French clergy at the feet of a Minister of Public Worship, who is not even a pious heathen, let alone a Christian? So much for the political alliance imagined between Rome and her inveterate foe, State Absolutism. Had it been part of the Socialist effort to break down that overweening power, then, putting aside the question of means, we cannot fancy the Church disapproving. But no, the Socialist would make it sheer omnipotence; his State is to be everything, and the individuals composing it automata. He cannot rise to the idea of rational freedom, and though his brother, the Nihilist, recognizes no leader, and his creed is absolute equality, yet he too is a despot over the souls and bodies of men.

But now look at the question of questions, which concerns not political supremacy, but the distribution of wealth. How stands the Church towards that multitude which is learning from Nihilist and Socialist that in the coming era there will be neither rich nor poor? To every man draws near this Red Spectre, and, showing him the kingdoms of the world and the glories thereof, whispers, "All this will I give thee, if, falling down, thou wilt adore me." What countervailing promise has religion to make? And here when I speak of religion I am thinking of Christianity and its historical embodiment, the Catholic Church. No vague sentiment will cope with the power which has given itself a shape, and taken deadly weapons in hand, and wrecked palaces, and assassinated emperors, and sent a thrill of expectant horror through civilization, as though the last hour of European society were come. Neither can I believe, on the other hand, that a power which is merely military or secular, which has no religion to hallow it, will in the long run hold up against a fanaticism that has arisen from the nether deeps, and is infra-natural and diabolic. The sword alone cannot lay this spectre. If it has the nature and peculiarities of a religious propaganda, there must be religion

to meet it. The question of the day requires a double solution, for it is a twofold problem; it concerns the spirit as much as the flesh. And the beginning of social redemption is ever a change of ideas. I believe, indeed, that other and far-reaching changes are destined to follow, of which hardly any man has more than a dim presentiment. But we need not fear the greatest material changes, if they are undertaken in accordance with Christian principles. Our confusion and distress this moment are due, in my opinion, simply to this, that during the last hundred years spiritual progress, the true inward civilization, has not kept pace with physical. We have been enriched by science, by the planting of colonies, and discovery of gold in two continents; the disparity of condition, however, which these new and multiplied resources should have lessened, has to a fearful extent been increased; while, to borrow an apt though exaggerated saying of Mr. Bright's, "The lower classes have not known the Ten Commandments, and the higher have not kept them." We want, therefore, a Gospel for the nineteenth century; not a new one, for it has been in the world this many a day, but to have that brought home to the millions "of the word of life which we have seen and handled" from the beginning. There is a "word of life" in the treasure-house which we call God's Church; and there is a whole world of poverty, crime, and spiritual ignorance waiting for it.

The message uttered by Divine lips eighteen hundred years ago must have sounded strange in the ears that first heard it; for it was like a two-edged sword. It began with consolation, "Beati pauperes;" such was the healing exordium; but it went on solemnly as the prophetic warning that judgment was at hand, "Væ vobis divitibus." Mark then how Nihilism has taken to heart the second part of the message, imagining that it understood and had received a command to fulfil that woe upon the guilty. Blind and passionate, how could it enter into the mind of Christ, or comprehend that He meditated no vengeance, but would have saved the rich from the consequences of their injustice and luxury, as He taught the poor how from their sufferings they might reap salvation? If we may venture to speak of a master-principle in the New Testament, surely it is this: "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil by good." What is the Nihilist principle? It is the old hard doctrine, "Smite him back that smiteth thee." With astonishing patience, founded on a knowledge of its own power, Christianity has forborne to alter the decaying or corrupt institutions with which it has come in contact. It found slavery in the world; and slavery must cease if the brotherhood of all men in Christ is to be realized. Yet the New Testament will not

directly assail slavery ; and an apostle contents himself with saying, " Art thou a slave ? care not for it." The need of the day was a sense of spiritual freedom ; when that was gained, all other freedoms would follow, as we know they did. It is the great mistake of Socialism to underrate the individual, to begin at the wrong end, by endeavouring to create a public order for which, supposing it an indefinite improvement on the present, men are not prepared, and to see in a change of material conditions that path to happiness which lies only in the bettering of the human character by religion, virtue, and self-sacrifice. The processes of Nature are slow, yet irresistible ; they are silent, and achieve their ends little by little. Christianity in this is like Nature ; a silent, inward, continuous power, acting always, equal to every fresh emergency if the spirit does not refuse its aid ; building up a new character, line upon line, till the old is utterly transformed. It destroys as little as possible ; and what some have considered a blot on historical Christianity, that it absorbed into itself so many of the customs, usages, festival rites, and family institutions of the pre-Christian world, is to me a proof of its wise largeness and acquaintance with human nature. " A people is no more capable of suddenly receiving a higher form of religion than it is capable of suddenly receiving a higher form of government." There is so much truth in this sentence of Mr. Herbert Spencer's, that it would serve to condemn the methods of Socialism, taken at its own valuation, and whether looked at as a form of religion or a scheme of politics.

Yes, of course ; but I do not hold that Christianity, addressed as it is to the individual, and proceeding by ways of peace, contains no message to society at large. It is meant for all tribes, and tongues, and peoples, and nations. It is not too high for the Australian savage, whom St. Benedict is even now taming and civilizing under the Southern Cross. Nor is it too low for the pioneers of science or the ruling spirits in the Press and the Senate. It must therefore contain social principles applicable under all forms of government and independent of them. It has nothing to say about franchises, or the laws which regulate supply and demand, or even about the rate of interest—in themselves. These things are the subject-matter of their own sciences. Where it gives light is in the spirit ; first, by showing the true value of this phenomenal world—for it has a true, but only a relative value ; and next, by insisting that self-interest shall not be the standard of judgment in legislation. I might illustrate my meaning in detail, were it necessary, and point out that the Christian axiom, " Do as you would be done by," has a worth for society as for every member of it, and is incumbent on all. But I would rather indicate how large a field is here for

theologians and practical workers, as yet unoccupied. It is not enough to recognize that a Christian "social science" is possible; we must endeavour to ascertain its elements. Without advocating the introduction into our pulpits of those perplexed questions, on which the wisest may differ, touching land, capital, and labour, I would remark that Socialists are spreading their catechisms and fly-leaves broadcast, and that religious teachers would do well to note it, and, while there is time, to supply the antidote. Our position is one of great difficulty, standing as we do between Governments which are far from corresponding with the Christian ideal, and visionary fanatics ready to draw a blank cheque on the future, who delude the people with golden promises and involve the Church in one condemnation with the State that has tyrannized over her. Such is our danger; we are assailed on both sides. But see the resources of Christianity. It makes no promises about this lower world; it discourses of the kingdom of heaven, and tells men to renounce all things. Poverty and obedience, say the Socialists, have been the necessary conditions under which a few flourished on the toil and sufferings of the multitude. And the Gospel makes of poverty a beatitude, and of obedience a counsel. Does it, then, perpetuate the servile past? Let history, a faithful witness, give the answer.

In that mysterious way which is proper to a living organism, the Christian faith seems to combine impossibilities. It is severe, unworldly, ascetic; and yet it has built up, by virtue of its own principles, a civilization which abounded in wealth, individual energy, and artistic power, and which, moreover, possessed in itself the germs of progress since unfolded. The crisis of that civilization is upon us; and only those principles which created will preserve it from ruin. Christian poverty does not mean starving millions; nor does the obedience of the saints imply a cowardly yielding to the powers of darkness in high places. The fever-dreams of Socialism are but reminiscences of a fair ideal, which religion alone can bring down from heaven to earth. On the venerable gates of Notre Dame at Paris one may read, in the coarse print of the Republic, "Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité;" as if the new religion would proclaim in these words, set up in such a place, its triumph over the old. What a strange, suggestive thought! For if we desire to learn the sense of that much-abused formula, and how it may become real in the lives of men to their lasting good, we must pass through the gates of Notre Dame, and listen to the Gospel which resounds in its far-echoing aisles. But they are few that enter. The stream of nations sweeps by; and to most who catch sight of the words on the portal it seems that

Christianity is yielding to a more humane if less imposing creed. Our duty, then, is unmistakable. We may not preach a sensual or earthly doctrine, as neither do we need ; but preach we must that the beginning of the kingdom of heaven is here and now. Redemption from sin brings with it social regeneration ; for mankind, as for the individual, there are sacraments of healing. We have long taught that "One is our Father in Heaven ;" it is required now to prove by every means in our power that men are brethren. Point by point we must take the Socialist doctrine, which assumes to start from this very principle, and show that its conception of man's brotherhood, however like in terms to that of the Gospel, is diametrically the opposite, because it does not recognize the deepest foundation of our nature, which is spiritual. The same Gospel which condemns inhuman greed of wealth, teaches us that we cannot live by bread alone. But the supreme social duty is justice, apart from which neither rich nor poor can be what they ought to be, servants of the Eternal.

"What is justice? That, on the whole, is the question of the Sphinx for us." The Gospel does not enter into infinite detail ; but surely, even now, in a time when "men and nations perish as if without law," it is possible for Christian teachers, thinking steadily over the matter, to deliver righteous judgments on the problems under which we stagger. This, I say, it is our bounden duty to attempt. We have no message to the thirteenth or the sixteenth centuries, now gone before God with all their imperfections on them. Our message is to our own day or to no day. We cannot pretend that it may be learnt by merely opening the Bible, quoting the Fathers and Doctors, or uttering by rote what is affirmed in schools of theology. A living doctrine reveals itself only to a living spirit which is constantly engaged in translating the dead words of the past into such language as men will understand. What is more, the grander that past, the larger the inheritance it has bequeathed us, so much the more likely are we to sit down contented with the thought that it is all there, and we need trouble no further to make it ours. Between possessing the faith and comprehending it lies the whole immense difference which divides the implicit from the explicit, or, in plainer terms, the acorn from the oak under whose wide-spreading leafy branches a host may find shelter. There are in the Christian social doctrine a multitude of unfolded germs, waiting to be tended and made to yield their increase. Religion has raised up the saints who devised and propagated Monasticism ; the saints who consecrated to Christian uses Greek philosophy and Latin literature ; the saints who sent out missionary orders all over the world. At this day we are sorely in need of loyal and devoted spirits, filled

with enthusiastic love for the brethren, who shall discern the signs of the times, and help to make that new social order which is surely coming "the kingdom of God and His Christ." It will not resemble the state of things we have hitherto known; it can be founded neither on slavery nor on a *prolétariat* crowded into unwholesome cities, neither on aristocracies that do not work and are wanting in light, nor on military despotism: so much, I think, we may safely affirm. If, as high authorities hold, the law of progress is from status to contract, from fixed hierarchies, where each man abides as he was born, to the largest individual freedom, then it is clear the Gospel principles of justice, charity, and brotherhood will be needed more than ever. Equally clear it is that the problem of their application, becoming so much more complex and delicate, will demand a higher wisdom than politicians as yet have dreamt of. The ultimate purpose of industries, inductive sciences, and the whole machinery of civilization is, we know well, "the glory of God and the relief of man's estate." Socialism, which takes not into account God's glory, can do nothing for man except plunge him into war with his kind till confusion reigns without check. But the Gospel, in revealing a Divine Incarnation, has given us principles which establish the only true social order and union of each with his fellow in wealthy rest. I do not say that words without the "chivalry of labour" will avail much. But yet, again, "it is so easy to act, so hard to think." There will go a great deal of strenuous thinking to this task of getting the multitudes imbued with a genuine Christianity, and convincing rich, as well as poor, of sin, and justice, and judgment. It means no less than the second conversion of Europe, and is "work for a god." Yes, truly. But it remains to be done. "The sooty hell of mutiny and savagery and despair can, by man's energy, be made a kind of heaven; cleared of its soot, of its mutiny, of its need to mutiny; the everlasting arch of Heaven's azure overspanning it too, and its cunning mechanisms and tall chimney-steeple, as a birth of Heaven; God and all men looking on it well pleased." This noble vision of the day when science and industry, consecrated to God, shall make an end of Nihilism, is for times, alas! far distant. But there is a Catholic Church in the world; and it will be due to blindness, cowardice, self-indulgence, and disloyalty to their own ideal on the part of Catholics, if, sooner or later, it be not in a measure realized.

WILLIAM BARRY.

ART. III.—THE FUTURE OF PETROLEUM.

1. *The Region of the Eternal Fire.* By CHARLES MARVIN.
London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1884.
2. *Report by Consul Lovett on the Petroleum Trade of Baku.*
Parliamentary Papers. 1882.
3. *The Petroleum Industries of Europe.* By HERBERT
TWEDDLE, JUN. *Engineering*, Jan. 29, 1886 *et seq.*
4. *Petroleum and its Products.* By A. NORMAN TATE, F.C.S.
London: John W. Davies. 1863.

THE allegories by which popular fancy has in all ages symbolized the mineral wealth of the earth seem in this realistic century translated into sober fact. The dragon-guarded gold of Teutonic fable, the jewel fruits of Aladdin's garden, the Nibelung's shining hoard, the treasure of Morgana's realm, are fetched from the nether world, no longer by gnomes and sorcerers, but by adroit financiers and speculative joint-stock companies. These modern wizards wield spells not less potent than those of the older necromancy, for steam-perforator and dynamite charge are as efficient rock-openers as were ever magic wand or mystic chafing-dish. Nature's subterranean treasure-house still holds the secret of a charm as powerful as that conferred by lamp and ring on the fortunate son of Mustapha the tailor; nor are the genii of the cave less active and zealous now than in those days of yore in ministering to the will of those who have divined the method of their subjugation.

But folk-lore dealt only in such glittering spoil as suggested riches to the eye no less than to the mind, and would have scorned fairy gifts in the unprepossessing form of pitchy oils or petrified charcoal. Yet nature in these latter has conferred boons on man more substantial far than in largesse of dazzling gem or yellow ore, for while the so-called precious stones and metals have a purely adventitious value, the reserve of light and heat stored in the more unpretending mineral deposits is an indispensable auxiliary in the battle of humanity.

Rock-oil and rock-carbon, or petroleum and coal, are in a sense rivals, since they vie in the same field of usefulness; while many contend that the reign of the latter is passing away, and that to the former will fall the chief share in controlling the economic future of the world. Though closely resembling each other in their chemical constituents and products, these two carbon compounds differ essentially in outward and visible characteristics.

Petroleum belongs to the class of substances generally known as bitumens; a group of hydrocarbons varying in density and darkness of colour in the direct degree in which oxygen or products of oxidization enter into their composition. At one end of the scale is solid bitumen, or asphalt, and at the other, naphtha—a light and volatile fluid, perfectly limpid or tinted only with pale straw-colour; while intermediate between the two, and passing into them by insensible gradations, are maltha, or mineral tar, a dark and pitch-like substance as its name implies, and petroleum found in its natural state in varying degrees of density from that of molasses to that of fine olive-oil. Its hue, which has also many gradations, is due entirely to the intermixture of impurities; its true constituents being absolutely colourless. Among these a large place is filled by paraffin, which derives its name, *parum affinis*, from its refusal to combine with any other body. Of the distinctive properties of petroleum the most striking is its fluorescence, or capability of rendering visible the ultra-violet rays of light, shown in a blue glare from its surface wherever massed in considerable quantity.

Chemists are at issue as to its origin, for though obviously a product of organic life, it is an open question whether it be due to animal or vegetable decomposition. The actual manufacture of similar oils from the artificial distillation of coal seems to countenance the supposition of its having been derived from a similar process naturally carried on. Its origin is thus referred to the distillation of coal and other bituminous minerals at very low temperatures, and it is asserted that though frequently found remote from coal deposits, carbonaceous shales are always discoverable in its neighbourhood.

Another conjecture seeks its genesis in the decay of woody fibre; a process in which are evolved such volatile hydrocarbons as marsh-gas, parent of the familiar will-o'-the-wisp, and typical of a large class of the constituents of petroleum termed hydrides.

Those who see in it a resultant of animal life base their theory on its occurrence in the lower palæozoic strata, where no traces of land plants exist, and where its formation is supposed to be due to marine organisms. But whatever the process carried on for its elaboration, it is probably still in operation, since a substance, whose lighter constituents are so easily volatilized, could scarcely continue to subsist in the liquid state in situations whence the gases evolved from it frequently find an outlet to the open air. It is, as a rule, thicker and heavier when near the surface, from having undergone partial evaporation, and more fluid when found at greater depths, since it has not there parted with its lighter elements.

In colour it is generally dark-greenish, brown, or nearly black,

from the presence of impurities, eliminated by a protracted process of refining. Exceptionally, however, it is drawn from the well as bright and limpid as the best purified oil. Such a spring exists at Smith's Ferry, Pennsylvania; others in the Caspian region yield naphtha clear and pale as Sauterne, and much of the Persian oil is devoid of colour, and fit to be burnt crude. That of Rangoon, on the contrary, is dense and dark as pitch, and that produced in Africa is equally heavy. In odour, too, it is not less distinctively varied, Canadian oil being remarkable for a peculiarly offensive smell, like that of garlic.

Petroleum is not, as commonly supposed, explosive, and as long as it remains in the liquid form will, even when ignited, burn gradually and steadily. It is the inflammable vapour evolved from it, which forms a fulminating compound in combination with oxygen or atmospheric air, and even this mixture requires contact with actual flame to kindle it, the passage of a spark or of incandescent metal not being sufficient. The fitness of oil for domestic use is determined by the temperature at which it gives off inflammable gas, technically known as its "flashing-point," and various methods have been devised to apply this criterion. The earliest used was the "open test," so called because the oil, with a thermometer immersed, is heated in an open vessel, above the surface of which a flame is passed. As soon as the volatile vapour is given off in sufficient quantity, a pale-blue flash or flicker follows, proving the oil dangerous at that temperature. The Petroleum Act of 1868 prescribed a flashing-point of 100° Fahr. by this test, as the minimum for safety in general use. The "close test," invented by Professor Abel in 1876, consists of a covered vessel, an orifice in which is disclosed at intervals by a slide, at the same moment that a lamp swings across it. The vapour thus confined breaks into flame much sooner than when in free contact with the air, and a flashing-point of 73° Fahr. in the Abel apparatus, corresponds to 100° Fahr. in the open test.

It is a curious fact that petroleum has an affinity for lightning, which frequently explodes the surface gas and kindles the oil. Ordinary conducting-rods are found useless as a protection, and from April to August 1876, 242,412 barrels were thus destroyed in the United States, the tanks struck being invariably those with wooden covers.

Though deposits of mineral oil and bitumen are widely distributed over the globe, the great petroleum zone, where it is found in large quantities, lies mainly between the 35th and 45th parallels of north latitude. Within these comparatively narrow limits, it can be traced at intervals round the entire circuit of the earth, with a focal point, or centre of greatest production, in each hemisphere. The line of the prodigious deposits of the

Caucasus is thus continued westward across the Black Sea to the Crimea, Roumania and Galicia, and eastward beyond the Caspian to Turcomania, Tashkend and China; while the great western oil-fields of the Alleghany slopes have outlying prolongations in Upper Canada, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Tennessee, Colorado, Oregon, Montana and California, giving a total area of bituminous production estimated at 63,000 square miles. In both hemispheres, again, the main belt throws off feebler ramifications to the south; following in Asia the peninsular formation of Burma to reappear in Java, and in Europe, that of Italy reached through intermediate connecting links in Dalmatia and Zante; while in America it tracks the main axis of the continent to Mexico, and outlines the intermittent land ridge enclosing the Caribbean Sea by appearances in Cuba and Trinidad. The island of Java is the only portion of the southern hemisphere where it is yet known to exist in any appreciable quantity.

With petroleum deposits are associated other evidences of mineral activity, such as natural gas-jets, brine and sulphur springs, beds of asphalt and asphaltic limestones, gypsum, rock-salt, salt lakes and mud volcanoes. In regard to the geological distribution of rock-oil, it is not easy to generalize, since though found principally, according to Mr. Herbert Tweddle, in the cretaceous formation, it exists in every formation from the granite and volcanic rocks to the highest and most recent deposits in the Aral-Caspian region.

It is thus assumed [he says] that one or more great cracks or faults in the earth's surface run east and west from a point in the central Caucasus, where the uplift attains its greatest height. . . . There can be little doubt that petroleum exists more or less freely along the base of all the great volcanic uplifts. Its great fluidity and the enormous pressures under which it is produced, diffuse it through strata which it can penetrate for long distances from the cracks by which it can find a vent to reach the earth's surface. In the bituminous schists and argillaceous rocks it is absorbed and held fast, while in the sandstones and sands enclosed by impermeable rocks, it is stored up ready to be released by the miner's drill.

According to this theory it percolates underground, often for long distances, until stopped by impermeable strata, and the accumulation at any given spot may represent the subterranean drainage of a large area. The oil-bearing stratum in the Old World is generally a bed of sand, and the last slope of a mountain range where it subsides into sea or plain, is almost invariably the spot where the deposits approach the surface.

Somewhat different are the geological conditions of its existence in the New World, where the rocks of the oil districts

belong principally to the Silurian, Devonian, and Carboniferous series. The wells are for the most part sunk in the sandstones; but the oil-springs of Ohio and Western Virginia rise through the coal measures overlying the Devonian strata, and the oil-wells of Enniskillen in Canada are sunk in the Hamilton shales, overlying the Devonian limestone.

Among superficial signs of oil are inflammable gas-jets, surface oil floating on water or impregnating the soil, and in many cases brine-springs. In the Crimea its presence is supposed to be indicated by the colour of the vegetation, showing in bands of more vivid green in spring, and of sicklier yellow in summer than elsewhere. The oil-belts in America run in roughly parallel lines from north-east to south-west, while the petroleum cells are supposed to lie in transverse fissures inclined obliquely to the surface. Immediately above the oil is a layer of gas, which generally escapes first, and below it one of water, whose appearance heralds the failure of the supply. This order may, however, be reversed according to the point of the fissure first reached by the boring.

The Pitch Lake of the island of Trinidad, three miles in circumference and of unknown depth, is one of the most singular asphaltic deposits. The bitumen, which is supposed to float on water, is solid on the surface, but spongy when cut into, and perforated with cells containing petroleum. At one point it wells up freshly as though from a subterranean source, and flows over the more compact masses.

As the semi-fluid and sulphureous mineral advances [says Dr. Gesner]* and is exposed to the atmosphere, it becomes more solid, but ever continues to advance and encroach upon the water of the harbour. The surface of the bitumen is occupied by small ponds of water, clear and transparent, in which there are several kinds of beautiful fishes. The sea near the shore sends up considerable quantities of naphtha from submarine springs, and the water is often covered with oil which reflects the colours of the rainbow. In the cliffs along the shore there are strata of lignite, in which it has been supposed by some the bitumen and naphtha had their origin.

Mixed with grease this natural pitch is found useful for caulking the sides of vessels, but does not seem to be turned to account in any other way. Of a somewhat similar character is the bituminous region of California, where oil of a tarry consistence is produced, and the principal well, thirty feet in diameter, kept in constant ebullition from the escape of marsh-gas, occupies the centre of a field of asphalt nearly a square mile in extent.

* "A Practical Treatise on Coal, Petroleum, and other Distilled Oils." By Abraham Gesner, M.D., F.G.S. New York. 1861.

The tardy modern development of the natural supply of mineral oil seems the more strange, as its utility has been recognized from the earliest ages. A bituminous cement, still traceable in the remains of ancient Babylonian buildings, was drawn from the fountains of Hit, on the right bank of the Euphrates, visited as a natural curiosity by Alexander, Trajan, and Julian. Bitumen, mixed with saline sulphurous water, poured forth from this source, may still be seen floating on the surface of the Euphrates, and is turned to account in caulking the wicker coracles in use on that river. A passage in Herodotus is supposed to refer to the still existing oil-springs of Zante, and Pliny and Dioscorides mention the oil of Agrigentum, commonly burned in lamps in Carthage and elsewhere, under the name of Sicilian oil. Petroleum was known to the Chinese from the date of their earliest records, and the fountains of the Caucasus are described by Marco Polo as furnishing the oil supply of all the neighbouring countries.

Yet it is only within the last quarter of a century that rock-oil has begun to figure largely as an industrial product, owing to the impulse recently given to its use by its discovery, in extraordinary abundance, in two localities—the slopes of the Apalachian ranges in one hemisphere, and of the Caucasus in the other. Should the prodigious drain on the first of these sources, amounting, since 1859, to two hundred million barrels, or thirty million tons, tend in any measure to exhaust the supply, it can be indefinitely supplemented by the illimitable resources of the second centre of production, which far transcends it in copiousness. Petroleum seems thus likely, in a very short time, to take as large a place in all industrial enterprise as has been hitherto held by coal; and the New World, which has played the part of pioneer to the Old in so many of the arts of modern mechanical civilization, has also led the way in the introduction of the new combustible.

The existence of petroleum was well known to the aborigines of North America, and under the names of Seneca and Genessee oil it was recognized as possessing valuable curative properties. The idea of searching for it systematically never, however, occurred spontaneously to any one, and it was in boring for brine-springs that it was first accidentally tapped in Ohio in 1814, and in Kentucky five years later. Its appearance, so far from being welcomed, was looked upon as an unfortunate intrusion, since it impeded the flow of brine, and necessitated the abandonment of the wells. But it was not till 1829, in a well drilled for brine, near Cumberland County, Ohio, that the first great outflow took place, 50,000 barrels having here gushed forth down to 1860. Even on this hint, however, no one suspected that Fortunatus's

purse lay waiting to be picked up among the grimy ooze of the Alleghany valleys, and the black treasure scaked away unheeded, only a small quantity having been bottled for sale as a liniment, under the name of American oil. The talismanic words "struck oil" had not then acquired their significance, and thirty years were yet to elapse ere the drilling of Drake's Well made an epoch in the industrial history of a continent.

Oil Creek near Titusville, Pennsylvania, was the scene of this experiment, a favourable report by Professor B. Silliman, of Yale College, on specimens of oil from the district, having led to the formation of a company for its extraction, with Colonel E. L. Drake as its organizer and guiding spirit. How the preliminary difficulties were overcome, and labour and machinery started in a wilderness—how springs and quicksands presented apparently insurmountable obstacles, and perseverance, nevertheless, triumphed in the end, is now matter of history. On August 29, 1859, the iron-pipe after being sunk only 69 feet, suddenly dropped six inches into a crevice, and the drill-hole next day was found full of oil, which nowhere in the entire district could have been met nearer to the surface. The great "oil rush" followed. Pennsylvanian farmers left the plough in the stubble, and New York merchants the ink wet on the ledger, to seek a readier road to fortune, with drill and boring-rod. Land in the favoured districts rose to fabulous prices, and before the close of 1860 over 2,000 wells had been sunk near Oil Creek, seventy-four of which were giving an aggregate daily produce of 1,165 barrels, worth 10,000 dollars.

Meantime the manufacture of illuminating oil from petroleum was already a branch of trade, having been established in England as far back as 1847, by E. W. Binney of Manchester, with James Young and others, from crude material scantily furnished by the sources at Alfreton in Derbyshire, and Bathgate in Scotland. Introduced into America, it had languished there for want of raw material, until it received a vast stimulus from the result of the operations at Titusville.

The speculative fever in the oil districts runs through regular and recognized phases. The first preliminary to opening a new district is the sinking of an experimental, or "wild cat," well, whose progress is eagerly watched not only by those immediately interested, but by an outside public waiting to calculate their own chances. No sooner is oil struck than a wave of vagabond adventurers surges over the spot, to give place to more substantial speculators, and an epoch of steady development, after the really productive districts have been defined by their haphazard labours. The hustle of a great workshop, with its machines and engines, resounds in the silent valley, and towns spring up in the wilder-

ness, with names such as Oil City or Petroleum Centre, suggestive of their origin. Last scene of all is the stage of exhaustion and decay, when mushroom cities wither as rapidly as they had grown, and the unsightly wreck of abandoned machinery shows ruin robbed of every element of the picturesque.

Finally [says the writer in the "Encyclopædia Britannica"] the wave passes over, and nature restores, as she restores after the ruin of battlefields. A visit to Pithole City, which in 1865 was, next to Philadelphia, the largest post-office in Pennsylvania, showed, in 1881, fields of maize and timothy where some of the most famous wells had been; and of the city, a score of houses, tumbling to decay, and not a single inhabitant.*

Meantime colossal fortunes have been won by the fortunate prize-holders in the great lottery, and all the vicissitudes of the gaming-table have been enacted round the greasy wells. The rapidity of these changes is illustrated by a characteristic anecdote, telling how a tardy suitor on proposing at last to his fair one was met by the prompt and crushing rejoinder, "You're late, James. Father struck oil yesterday."

The land is usually leased by the oil-speculator for thirty years, the proprietor receiving a royalty of from a tenth to half the produce, and sometimes a bonus of some thousands of dollars as well. Land with show of oil in West Virginia and Pennsylvania, originally worth 20 dollars an acre, rose to 200 or 1,000, according to probabilities of productiveness. The first process in well-sinking is the erection of a derrick, a wooden framework steeple 40 feet high, shaped like a factory chimney. This is rigged with a pulley at the top, to which are attached the boring-rod and drilling machinery, resembling those used for artesian wells, and worked by a steam engine. The boring, which continues night and day, progresses, under favourable circumstances, 6 to 8 feet in twenty-four hours, and the cost of sinking 600 feet is estimated at 7,000 dollars.

When drilling has been completed [says the writer last quoted] the well is torpedoed. From one to twenty-five gallons of nitro-glycerine are lowered into the well in tin cylinders, and exploded, usually by percussion. The effect of firing such a large amount of this powerful explosive is not apparent at the surface, but soon a gurgling sound is heard approaching from beneath, the oil rises from the well and falls first like a fountain and then like a geyser, forming a torrent of yellow fluid, accompanied by a rattle of stones and fragments of the canister in a shower of spray 100 feet in height. The generation of such an

* "Encyclopædia Britannica." Ninth edition, vol. xviii. Art. Petroleum.

enormous volume of gas in a limited area, the walls of which are already under a very high gas-pressure, and which is held down by 2,000 feet of motionless air, must be followed by an explosion into the porous rock, that drives both oil and gas before it until a point of maximum tension is reached. The resistance then becomes greatest within the rock, and reaction following, oil and gas are driven out of the rock and out of the well, until the expansive force is expended.

As soon as the spontaneous outflow ceases, the oil is raised by pumping, and when the source is sucked dry, the boring is carried down deeper. Some of the wells in the Bradford region have now reached depths of from 2,000 to 3,000 feet, and one in West Virginia approaches 5,000 feet. Five years is assigned as the average term of productiveness of a well, but while some run dry at the end of two years, others have been pumped for fifteen without showing signs of failure. The yield of individual wells has in some cases been prodigious. Thus a single farm in Butler County, Pennsylvania, contained twelve sources so prolific as to give an aggregate yield in ten years of three-quarters of a million barrels, 110,000 barrels having been drawn from one alone. Among historic founts is the great Shaw Well of Enniskillen, Canada, whose proprietor, in the morning refused credit for a pair of boots, was ere night the lord of millions. He had tapped a vein so copious, that its outflow, when it could be controlled and estimated, came to fifty-five gallons a minute, and its spontaneous flow during ten months gave a total of 35,000 barrels. Fate exacted a heavy penalty for the favour of fortune, as Shaw himself, not long after his success, having been lowered into a shaft to inspect some workings, fainted from the mephitic vapours, and was drawn out lifeless. Within a year thirty wells were drilled round Shaw's, producing at one time 12,000 barrels a day, a single spring having started with a gush of 2,000 barrels in twenty-four hours. One of the Pennsylvanian wells has surpassed this figure by 1,000 barrels, but the average production of the whole Pennsylvanian region for the year 1861-62 was no more than 8,000 barrels a day. No preliminary symptom heralds the failure of supply, until a flow of brine instead of oil announces its total cessation. The average allowance of space is five acres to every well, but they are sometimes much more thickly planted.

The total production of the United States and Canada from 1859 to 1884 is set down at 250,000,000 barrels, and for the single year 1883 at about 35,000,000. This very exuberance of supply necessitated a revolution in the old methods of distribution, for facility of transport is the breath of life to the petroleum trade, dependent for profit entirely on vast and universal consumption. Its earliest vehicle, the barrel, containing forty gallons, and rendered oil-tight by a coating of glue inside, was soon

abandoned for carriage in bulk, barges on the rivers and tank-cars on the railways being its new modes of conveyance. The streams in the oil districts were dammed up to give the requisite depth of water, and in the artificial freshets created by opening the sluices, fleets of petroleum lighters were swept down to the great rivers. The railway tanks, originally wooden, are now invariably made of iron, and are cylinders 24 feet 6 inches in length by 66 inches in diameter, containing from 4,000 to 5,600 gallons.

But a fresh revolution in transport soon superseded these methods, and the bulk of the crude oil in the United States now flows through pipes, laid down from the wells to the great centres of commerce. Main lines of six-inch tubes jointed together like gas-pipes, and connected by branch lines with the individual wells, run from the oil regions to Cleveland, Buffalo, New York, Pittsburg, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. The oil is pumped into the pipes at a pressure of 900 lbs. to the square inch, and powerful pumping engines are stationed along the line at intervals of fifteen miles to maintain the propulsion.

Connected with the pipe-lines are 1,375 iron tanks, containing from 1,000 to 38,000 barrels each, and with an aggregate capacity of 30,000,000 barrels. In these reservoirs vast quantities of petroleum (estimated in 1882 at 30,000,000 barrels) are held in reserve, production in recent years having been in advance of demand. Such deposits of oil are liable to be fired by lightning and other causes, and are said to present when burning a spectacle of unsurpassed splendour.

The whole conditions of the petroleum trade have been revolutionized by the last change in the method of transport, and it is now conducted almost exclusively through the carriers by means of the system of pipe-line certificates.

When oil is received into the line from a well [says Mr. Peckham, the writer in the "Encyclopædia Britannica"] the amount is ascertained and passed to the credit of the well-owner in the books of the company, less three per cent. to cover loss in handling. When such an order has been accepted by an officer of the company, it becomes an "acceptance," or "certificate," and is then negotiable like a certified cheque. As the exchanges deal only in certificates of 1,000 barrels, they are made of that amount as far as possible. When oil is delivered by the pipe-lines, a pipage charge of twenty cents per barrel is paid, and a storage fee of twelve and a half dollars per 1,000 barrels per month must be paid at least once in six months. The issuing of certificates by the pipe-lines has made speculation in oil, brokerage, and exchanges possible to an extent vastly beyond the requirements of the trade itself.

The oil passed through the pipes is still in the crude state, and has to undergo a series of distillations in the refineries before

being fit for use. In the first process are given off volatile gases, which are solidified into two substances—rhigolene, an anæsthetic, sometimes substituted for chloroform; and cymogen, used for artificial freezing. The next product is crude naphtha, redistilled into gasolene, or light naphtha, and benzine, which combine into the substance known in commerce as turpentine substitute or petroleum spirit, useful for mixing oil-colours, as well as for dissolving india-rubber and waterproof materials, and as a solvent for grease. The third distillation gives the pure illuminant oil, variously termed kerosene, photogen, paraffin, petroleum, and mineral sperm oil, which is still further purified by being agitated in a vessel with sulphuric acid. A heavier oil used as a lubricant is next obtained, and from this, when treated with intense cold and pressure, is crystallized a white flaky substance called petroleum-wax or paraffin, from which candles are manufactured superior to wax or sperm in appearance as well as in illuminating power, while considerably lower in price. Vaseline and cosmoline, useful as healing ointments and especially efficacious in small-pox, are a form of petroleum jelly, obtained from some of the residues, purified by filtration in the liquid state through animal charcoal. The final residuum is a sort of pitch or coke, in America generally treated as waste. The proportions of the principal results vary in different analyses, but are approximately given as follows:—

	Percentage.	Price per gallon.	
Gasolene . . .	1½ . . .	9d.—18d.	Air-gas lamps.
Naphtha . . .	10 . . .	2d.—4d.	
Benzine . . .	4 . . .	6d.—8d.	Paints and varnishes.
Kerosene . . .	55 . . .	10d.—12d.	
Paraffin oil . .	19½ . . .	7d.—9d.	

A little powdered soap-wort (*Saponaria officinalis*) mixed in water, has the property of solidifying petroleum into a mucilage, which is again liquified by the application of a little phenol (carbolic acid). The superior forms of mineral oil are very powerful illuminants, and from experiments made by Dr. Chandler of New York, and others, it appears that the kerosene flame, in flat-wicked lamps of the ordinary size, has the same illuminating power as from eight to nine sperm candles; with the round wick (Argand), of from eleven to fifteen; with the dual burner (duplex), of from nine to seventeen; and that a gallon of oil, lasting from 59 to 109 hours, gives an amount of light corresponding to that afforded by 14½ to 20 lbs. of sperm candles. The relative degrees of inflammability, and consequent danger in use, of various forms of petroleum, are registered as follows in the Board of Health Ordinance, starting from 100° Fahr. by the open test as the safety minimum:—

	Flashing Point. Inflammable vapour evolved.	Burning Point. Oil takes fire.
Standard kerosene . . .	115° Fahr.	128° Fahr.
Astral oil	125° "	138° "
Mineral sperm	262° "	300° "

Although the first fever of oil speculation in America has subsided, the production goes on increasing year by year, and the export, calculated in 1860 at a million and a half of gallons, had risen in 1868 to ninety-nine millions, and in 1870 to a hundred and forty-one millions. This figure has since been more than quadrupled; the export for 1882 and 1883 having amounted to 475,796,482 and 498,381,219 gallons respectively. American oil is indeed an article of cosmopolitan consumption, being imported not only into all parts of Europe, but into North Africa and the East, including China and Japan.

But a formidable rival has of late years begun to dispute its monopoly, threatening by a phenomenal exuberance of production to oust it from many of its existing markets. The future centre of the world's oil supply will be the neck of land between the Caspian and the Euxine, where it seems as though an inexhaustible reserve of light and heat for the whole earth were hidden away beneath the foundations of the "frosty Caucasus." Here, on the verge of the great steppe region of Europe and Asia, a towering ridge runs transversely for 700 miles across the isthmus dividing the two inland basins, and along its axis, and following its submarine prolongations at either end, are subterranean reservoirs of oil on a scale hitherto never conceived of as possible. The deposits crop up most abundantly at both extremities of the chain, where it carries out a jutting spur of land into both seas, and there amid a Stygian landscape, charred and seared by the harsh forces of the under-world, the pitchy dregs of nature's mysterious distillations have flowed for ages, and the eternal fires fed by their gaseous exhalations have perennially flared and burned.

A spot so visibly consecrated to the divinity especially venerated in the East could not fail to be regarded as holy, and the blazing gas escaping from the rock-fissures in the Apsheron peninsula has been an object of adoration to Persian fire-worshippers for at least 2,000 years. Heraclius, indeed, in his campaign of A.D. 624, proscribed their rites, and destroyed their temples; while they were subjected to a still sterner persecution twelve years later, when Iran was converted to Islam by the sword of the Mohammedan conqueror. Yet nothing could obliterate the veneration in which the Surakhani shrine, the Mecca of the Guebers, was held, and hither down to our own times pilgrims still repaired to where the rock-fire was tended on the rock-altar

by the last priest of Zoroaster. It is only within the last few years that this long survival of the Magian worship has disappeared, and that modern commerce has finally elbowed ancient superstition from the fire-scathed ledges of the Caucasian scarp.

The Apsheron peninsula thus immemorially celebrated, juts into the Caspian for about seventy miles, and at its base where Baku lies on the southern shore, measures some twenty miles across. It includes, with its outlying shoulders, an area of 1,200 square miles of territory, so impregnated with naphtha and petroleum that in many places, if the sod be stripped off, the application of a match will kindle a flame, which if fanned by the wind will leap eight or nine feet high. Lime is habitually burned in this way, and the gaseous emanations are taken advantage of by the natives to cook food in the open air, over two or three hollow canes sunk in the ground from which jets of flame may be kindled. Nor is it only the soil of this strange region that is thus inflammable, for whole acres of the Caspian may be set fire to on a windy night by kindling the petroleum gas constantly bubbling out from the surface of the water. These flames are comparatively innocuous, and a steam launch has sometimes been experimentally driven through them without damage to herself or crew. The petroleum reef extends beneath the Caspian to the opposite shore, and the rocks wherever they protrude stream with oil. Holy Island, off the extremity of the Apsheron peninsula, was long the petroleum depôt of Persia, and Tcheleken Island, near the eastern mainland, is sodden and saturated with oil and earth-wax. The same rich vein continues through part of the Trans-Caspian territory, hence called by the Russians the "Black California," and terminates in the Neft Gora, or Naphtha Hill, a mountain block of petroleum and ozokerit, valued by the Russian Government at thirty-five million sterling.

The development of these remote sources of supply may be looked forward to in the future, but for the present Baku on the Caucasian mainland monopolizes the petroleum industry of the district, and has taken its place as the oil capital of the Old World. Mr. Marvin's fascinating volume gives a history of its growth and progress, which is not the least of the many wonders recounted by him. To-day a city of 50,000 inhabitants, the terminus of a railway and centre of a mighty trade, it was ten years ago a drowsy Persian village, all unconscious of its future; and its splendid crescent bay, seven miles across from horn to horn, sheltered only a few coasting smacks and a handful of native fishing craft. Now hundreds of ships crowd the anchorage, and eight miles of quay frontage and twenty-five great landing-piers scarcely furnish accommodation enough for the fleet of steam

cisterns that transport their liquid cargo to the mouth of the Volga.

Oil and its products are all-pervading; the sea is tarnished with a greasy scum, which seems nowise to disagree with the fish teeming in it; and the air is darkened with a pall of smoke from the two hundred refineries of the Tchorni Gorod, or Black Town.

The site of the actual wells is about eight miles distant, in the centre of the peninsula, where the Surakhani and Balakhani plateaus lie about 170 feet above the sea. Here within an area of two square miles are crowded together the 400 wells, which since 1832 have yielded the enormous total of four million tons of petroleum.

Geologically little is known of the conditions governing the supply, beyond the fact that the oil is found in tertiary beds overlying Miocene, and science has been utterly at fault in seeking to guide the engineer. The reports of two learned professors in succession, defining, the one 70, the other 150 feet, as the limits below which oil would not be found, have been utterly falsified in practice, as the irrepressible fluid is now flowing from a depth of 850 feet; and the rule seems rather to be that the deeper the borings the more copious the supply. The cellular character of the deposits is proved by the fact that notwithstanding the crowding of the wells on the Balakhani plateau, there are but few instances of two having tapped the same source, while borings only a few yards apart strike oil at depths varying by hundreds of feet. The Apsheron promontory is described as "honeycombed with thousands of oil cells," one of which, the Kokereff boring, after furnishing a million and a half barrels of oil, still yields as freely as when first reached by the drill. The oil-bearing stratum is a bed of light sea-sand, greenish in colour, the withdrawal of which often causes subsidences of the soil, as much as 10,000 tons having been ejected from a single boring.

Mr. Marvin describes the approach to the oil district as lying through a desert, where the stunted camel-thorn is the sole attempt at vegetation, and the only other variety in the landscape is afforded by the black patches marking some of the petroleum springs dotting the peninsula. Through this arid scene the track climbs upward, leaving the Black Town, with its smoke-belching chimneys, on the right, and giving a fine view of Baku Bay, with its multifarious shipping. The railway is crossed, and a tangle of pipe-lines met, running in irregular fashion to Baku, while over the hill-sides reservoirs are scattered, containing tons of oil. Not a single house or village is passed, but the road does not want for traffic, as donkeys and camels are

driven in strings along it, bringing pannier-loads of grapes and vegetables into the town from the gardens stretching along the sea on the northern shore of the peninsula.

Close to Balakhani [says our author] depressions are observed covered with a dazzling white efflorescence; these are salt lakes, of which there are any number in this part of the Caucasus. When one gets into Balakhani itself the white lakes are replaced by black ones—lakes of crude petroleum oil, in many of which there is plenty of room for boats to row. These lakes are often set on fire and burnt to get rid of the oil, while millions pine for more light and fuel in Western Europe. . . . After driving a few miles the traveller sees before him a whole series of wooden sentry-box-looking structures clustered together. These are the 400 derricks surmounting the wells of Balakhani. Should a fountain be spouting, a black cloud will be observed hanging over one of the derricks. The Droojba Fountain, which during the first few days spouted 300 feet high, I saw easily without a glass from some rising ground near Baku eight miles distant. It had the aspect then of the conventional eruption of Vesuvius. The roar of the oil could be distinctly heard two or three miles before I got to the derrick.

Following the pipe-lines, the traveller approaches closer to Shore Ozera, a saline lake five or six miles long by a mile and a half broad, flanking Balakhani, and after a detour finds himself on the Balakhani Saboontchi plateau, with a panorama spread before him of dingy tall derricks, low one-story Persian stone buildings, log shanties, iron reservoirs in shape like gasometers, and greasy wooden engine sheds, mingled in groups in inextricable confusion, and having no visible mark or barrier to separate the one property from the other. Throughout the plateau no intelligible road exists. In place of highways are innumerable paths and tracks, and these seam the oil-soddened surface in every direction, and, with a network of pipe-lines, petroleum channels, and ponds and lakes of oil, utterly bewilder the stranger. To make confusion worse, many of the well-owners, and particularly Nobel Brothers, have not got their wells all in one spot, but possess several in different parts of the plateau, which for administrative purposes is divided into about twenty "groups" of wells. To the west of the plateau is the village of Balakhani. This consists of several hundred white one-story stone houses of the Persian style of architecture, and is large enough to claim the designation of town. A considerable number of people employed at the wells live here.

Ground in this favoured locality now sells at from 10s. to £2 the sajine, or Russian fathom of seven feet. The original selection of the spot as the field of operations was doubtless determined by the loose and friable nature of the surface soil, consisting of mingled rock and sand. The greatest difficulty in working is experienced from the small boulders intermixed with the latter, which slip under the boring tools, and impede their action. The

bore-pipes are of sheet iron $\frac{1}{4}$ inch to $\frac{3}{8}$ inch thick, with a diameter of from 18 to 14 inches at the top, decreasing slightly downwards, and are subjected to a pressure of from 50 lbs. to 300 lbs. on the square inch. The cost of 600 feet of pipes of 16, 14, and 12 inches diameter, is £600, and that of the labour of sinking to that depth, £1,000. The workmen are usually organized in gangs composed of a foreman, two assistants, and ten men, whose aggregate wages are £30 a month. Employers prefer Mohammedans, both from their greater sobriety and the smaller number of holidays they indulge in. There are 400 pit-wells, not exceeding 50 feet in depth, but the 400 drilled wells range between 300 and 800 feet from the surface. The average depth, which is constantly on the increase, was placed in 1882 at 350 feet, a point at which oil rarely begins to be found in America. The practice of "torpedoing" used in Pennsylvania to promote the first discharge, is rarely resorted to, and a furious blast of hydrocarbon gas usually follows spontaneously as soon as the oil-reservoir is broken into. The blowing of the gas is the signal for withdrawing the boring-rod and fitting over the orifice a *kalpak*, or iron cap, with a sliding valve to regulate the outflow. The oil spouts after the first violent blast of gas in the form of finely divided spray, and continues to rise to the surface for some time under subterranean gas-pressure. When this force is spent, it is lifted by pumping cylinders, of ten feet long and as many inches broad, fitted with a valve at the bottom, which closes as the tube rises. Wooden troughs or channels conduct the oil into ponds, which are merely natural or artificial pits in the ground; and in these it is allowed to stand some time to deposit some of its impurities before being pumped into the great iron reservoirs, whence it is passed through the pipe-lines to the refineries at Baku.

In all these details of the routine of ordinary mechanical extraction, the Balakhani plateau does not differ essentially from the other oil-producing countries of the globe. The unique phenomenon of the Caucasus region, known only there and within recent years, is the occurrence of those gigantic oil-spouts, which deserve to rank among the great wonders of the world. That the earth's crust is traversed in places by veins, which on being punctured jet forth their liquid contents like a severed artery, is certainly one of the strangest facts revealed to us by modern discovery.

It was in July 1873 that the first oil fountain or spouting well was tapped at Baku, by the Khalify Company of Armenian merchants. On the subterranean reservoir being penetrated, the oil shot up with irrepressible fury, most of it being lost for want of storage. The commercial result was the permanent deprecia-

tion of the value of crude petroleum, which fell immediately from forty-five to five copecks the pood (36 lbs.), and has never again risen higher than ten copecks. Oil fountains have since then been a constant feature of the Balakhani plateau, and Mr. Marvin gives a detailed history of the more remarkable of the series. One of these, owned by the Company of Petroleum Participators, spouted 600,000 gallons a day during its brief but active career. At first an ordinary well, giving 8,000 gallons a day from a depth of 196 feet, it was only on the failure of this supply that Boormeister, the German engineer, proceeded to bore deeper.

At 250 feet [continues our author] he lost oil altogether, although plenty of gas came to the surface. At 315 feet he reached a bed of rock. This was so hard that he had to put on eight men to drill through it. Suddenly, on the 20th October 1875, the boring tool broke through the roof of the subterranean reservoir, and only one man was then needed instead of eight. To ascertain the cause of this sudden facility of working the tool was withdrawn, when a small fountain of oil began to spout. This ceased after a few minutes, and then the gas began to roar, accompanied by a sort of explosion below, producing perceptible tremblings of the earth round about the well. Afterwards oil and gas spouted at intervals. To keep both down a cap of half-inch boiler-plate was placed over the tube; but in the night the oil suddenly broke it off and began to spout 40 feet high. The next day oil flowed at the rate of 600,000 gallons in twenty-four hours. Four huge lakes were formed in the course of a month, the fountain not being closed over until the 23rd of November.

The following year the same company had another fountain. This was 280 feet deep, the tube being $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter and composed of $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch iron. Directly the oil was touched, it burst up into a fountain with a force of four atmospheres, lasting three months, during which it formed a lake which still exists to this day. None of the oil was sold, there being no market for it. The fountain spouted about 270,000 gallons daily for ninety days, and it was estimated that the lake contained twenty-four million gallons of crude petroleum.

Nearly double this quantity was belched forth in 1877, from a well 210 feet deep, with a bore of $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches, the property of Orbelovi Brothers. The explosive force having blown off the cap of the well, the oil gushed out, filling in half an hour a forty-thousand-gallon reservoir, and thence overflowing, to form a series of lakes. It continued to flow at a rate fluctuating between 40,000 and 1,200,000 gallons a day, the waste before it was controlled amounting to 40,000,000 gallons. One of Nobel's wells surpassed even this maximum, having at one time spouted nearly two million gallons a day from a depth of 582 feet, under a pressure of 200 lbs. to the square inch, and continuing to give a steady produce of a million gallons in twenty-four hours, long after its first impulse had spent itself.

In May 1883 a very violent eruption took place from a well on the Liozonoff property with a tube twelve inches in diameter.

At 430 feet in [Mr. Marvin's words] there was a terrific explosion of gas, which was repeated at 490 feet, the oil each time rising to the surface, but disappearing after the cap was fixed. The third time, at 546 feet, the explosion of gas was terrific, hurling the pumping cylinder into the air, and smashing the top of the derrick to pieces. Afterwards dry sand began to spout with terrific force, forming a fountain of grit from 350 to 400 feet high. Bits of rock were hurled so high as to be lost to sight. All the windows of the neighbouring engine-houses were smashed, and the metal roof of a boiler-house was broken through by a falling stone. This "sand volcano" lasted forty-five minutes, and was succeeded by a blast of gas which poisoned the atmosphere at Balakhani the rest of the day. After considerable time a cap was fixed on the tube, and directly afterwards the oil began to spout. There being no demand for crude petroleum just then, Lionozoff stopped the flow and left the well capped over.

But the most stupendous of these oil geysers was the Droojba Fountain, called from the name of the Armenian company that owned it, to their utter misfortune, as the sequel will show. We will let Mr. Marvin, who witnessed its first outburst, tell its story in his own spirited fashion.

In America [he says] there are over 25,000 drilled petroleum wells. Baku possesses 400. But a single one of these 400 wells has thrown up as much oil in a day as nearly the whole of the 25,000 in America put together. This is very wonderful; but a more striking fact is that the copiousness of the well should have ruined its owners, and broken the heart of the engineer who bored it, after having yielded enough oil in four months to have realized in America at least one million sterling.

"In Pennsylvania that well would have made its owner's fortune; there's £5,000 worth of oil* flowing out of the well every day. Here it has made its owner a bankrupt."

These words were addressed to me by an American petroleum engineer, as I stood alongside a well that had burst the previous morning, and out of which the oil was flying twice the height of the Great Geyser in Iceland, with a roar that could be heard miles round. The fountain was a splendid spectacle—it was the largest ever known at Baku. When the first outburst took place the oil had knocked off the roof and part of the sides of the derrick, but there was a beam left at the top against which the oil broke with a roar in its upward course, and which served, in a measure, to check its velocity. The derrick itself was 70 feet high, and the oil and the sand, after bursting through the roof and sides, flowed fully three times higher,

* A rough guess: the real value would have been £11,000.

forming a greyish-black fountain, the column clearly defined on the southern side, but merging into a cloud of spray thirty yards broad at the other. A strong southerly wind enabled us to approach within a few yards of the crater on the former side, and to look down into the sandy basin formed round the bottom of the derrick, where the oil was bubbling and seething round the stalk of the oil-shoot like a geyser. The diameter of the tube up which the oil was rushing was ten inches. On issuing from this the fountain formed a clearly defined stem about eighteen inches thick, and shot up to the top of the derrick, where in striking against the beam, which was already worn half through with the friction, it got broadened out a little. Thence continuing its course over 200 feet high, it curled over and fell in a dense cloud to the ground on the north side, forming a sandbank, over which the olive-coloured oil was running in innumerable channels towards the lakes of petroleum that had been formed on the surrounding estates. Now and again the sand flowing up with the oil would obstruct the pipe, or a stone would clog its course; then the column would sink for a few seconds lower than 200 feet, to rise directly after with a burst and a roar to 300 feet. Throughout the previous day a north wind had been blowing, causing the oil and sand to fall in a contrary direction from that pursued while we were there. Some idea of the mass of matter thrown up from the well could be formed by a glance at the damage done on the south side in twenty-four hours—a vast shoal of sand having been formed, which buried to the roof some magazines and shops, and had blocked to the height of six or seven feet all the neighbouring derricks within a distance of fifty yards. Some of the sand and oil had been carried by the wind nearly 100 yards from the fountain—the sand-drenched roofs of the adjacent buildings showed how far the cloud of matter had extended. From this outer boundary, where the oil lay an inch or so deep on the ground, the sand-shoal rose gradually, until at the rim of the crater it was about 20 feet deep, the surface being hard and soddened, and intersected with small channels along which the oil was draining off to the lakes. On the opposite side a new shoal was forming, and we could see the sand as it fell drifting round the neighbouring derricks and burying all the outhouses in the way. Here and there gangs of men were at work with wooden spades, digging and clearing channels round about the mouth of the well to enable the oil to flow away. Their task was no easy or agreeable one. Upon their heads and shoulders oil and sand never ceased to fall, and they had to be careful to avoid being drawn into and engulfed in the vortex round the base of the crater. Luckily no stones of any size were being thrown up with the oil. Sometimes blocks weighing several pounds are hurled up from the depths below, and then it becomes a dangerous matter to approach a petroleum fountain. Standing on the top of the sand-shoal we could see where the oil, after flowing through a score of channels from the ooze, formed in the distance a series of oil lakes, some broad enough and deep enough to row a boat in. Beyond this the oil could be seen flowing away in a broad channel towards the sea.

This prodigious oil-spout, hurled upwards from a depth of 574 feet, under a gas-pressure equal to thirteen atmospheres, played unintermittingly from September 1, 1883, when it first burst forth, until the 19th of the following December. The pipe having then become temporarily obstructed, it ceased to play for three hours, but having again cleared its throat, resumed its discharge, which continued for ten days longer. Meantime, all the resources of science were set at nought by the eruption; a congress of well-owners sat helpless at Baku, unable to devise repressive measures, and the engineer of the company broke his heart at his inability to check the devastation. The Government of St. Petersburg were preparing to intervene by the despatch of two engineers to the spot, when, on December 29, the fountain, by that time somewhat spent and weakened, was at last got under control. A *kalpak* was fitted on the tube by Zorgé, a neighbouring well-owner, and the struggling giant remained as securely throttled down in its narrow cell as the genie of the Arabian Nights in the leaden chest under Solomon's seal.

The discharge, which for some time after the first outburst amounted to from a million and a half to two million gallons a day, was in the middle of November still nearly a quarter of a million, and the total quantity of oil ejected by the well is variously estimated at from 220,000 to 500,000 tons, which in America would have fetched from £616,000 to £1,400,000 sterling. But the effect of such a glut on the local market was to render the article nearly valueless, the price of the pood (36 lbs.) which had previously been 2 or 3 copecks, falling to $\frac{1}{4}$ copeck. One merchant filled his reservoirs with 2,800,000 gallons for the sum of 300 roubles, or £30, but the rest was absolutely wasted, part of it being burned, and part turned into the Caspian to get rid of it. The owners, who did not possess sufficient land for its storage, had to pay heavy damages for the havoc it made on other people's property, and were thus literally ruined by the excessive bounty of fortune.

When one of these great oil-spouts catches fire, as occurred on September 3, 1881, it presents a spectacle of awful magnificence. For ten days the lurid fountain burned, playing in a pillar of flame 500 feet high, and trailing a pall of smoke forty miles out to sea. "The spectacle," says Consul Lovett in his Report, "afforded sightseers at Baku a perfect representation of an active volcano, and the conflagration served as a beacon to ships 100-verts out on the Caspian."

The ordinary course of the spouting wells is to become intermittent, after a continuous flow of from two to eighteen months, and finally to subside into ordinary pumping wells, from which the oil is lifted by cylinders. But owing to the low

price of crude petroleum, a great many owners prefer to keep their fountains plugged, and Nobel Brothers have as many as fourteen wells sealed up in this way, in expectation of the time when the price of oil must rise, with the extended market opened to it by improved communication.

A gagged fountain [Mr. Marvin tell us] has now become one of the sights of Baku. The visitor is shown a deserted derrick, in which, he is told, a *kalpak* keeps down with the grip of a vice millions of gallons of oil in the cellular basin, 600 or 700 feet below. On removing the slide of the cap there is a furious blast of gas, followed by an outrush of petroleum a considerable height; which is suppressed with equal ease by gradually closing the slide again. When Admiral Shestakoff, the Minister of Marine, visited Baku last autumn (1882) he was taken to see one of Nobel Brothers' gagged fountains. For ten minutes the gas roared so loudly that nobody could hear the other speak, and then the oil spouted higher than the derrick. When the Minister's curiosity was satisfied, the oil fountain was turned off as easily as the water fountains of Leicester Square.

The local value of Baku petroleum has been reduced almost to zero by the vast production of recent years, estimated in round numbers, in a paper recently contributed by M. Vassilieff to the Institute of Civil Engineers, at a million tons a year. Crude oil sometimes sells as low as a halfpenny the pood, or a few pence a ton, and the refuse is used to sprinkle the streets, being more abundant than water. The Baku industry, first heavily handicapped by restrictive legislation, and next by its isolation from the great systems of communication, has been hitherto unable to compete with its American competitor, which has gained the start in preoccupying the markets of the world. Originally a Crown monopoly, farmed out to a merchant named Merzoeff, the oil production of the Apsheron peninsula, in this stage of its development, never passed the figure of 24,800 tons in the year. When this system was abolished in 1872, the oil trade, though still burdened with heavy excise duties, made a rapid stride, and the production was multiplied nearly tenfold, reaching 242,000 tons. The emancipation of the petroleum trade in 1877 from all imposts or other restrictions, led to the still further expansion since witnessed, in which the last figure has been again quadrupled.

To this great development, however, another cause contributed as well, and the cosmopolitan importance now assumed by the Caucasian industry is due to individual energy and genius. Freedom from fiscal shackles was doubtless a preliminary condition of its growth; but even this was of secondary importance compared to the impulse received from that greater fosterer of commerce, cheap transport. To introduce this reform the

initiative of a creative brain was required, and few men have been more largely endowed with that potent fulcrum of progress than the Swedish engineer, Ludwig Nobel. The great distributive organization extended by him throughout Southern Russia is among the marvels of modern enterprise, and the outline of his career in Mr. Marvin's pages is one of the most fascinating chapters of industrial romance. He comes of a family among whom mechanical genius seems handed down as a birthright, entailed from generation to generation. The elder Nobel (Emmanuel) patented an improved torpedo for land and naval warfare; his son Alfred has gained world-wide renown as the inventor of dynamite; and the remaining brothers, Robert and Ludwig, are hardly less eminent as the creators of the petroleum industry of Baku in its present enlarged form.

Emmanuel Nobel, a Swede by birth, sold his patent to the Russian Government in 1838, and four years later, when his son Ludwig was twelve years old, removed his family finally to St. Petersburg. Here he established great workshops, in which the future oil king of Baku received his mechanical education, working with his own hands at the great forgings turned out during the Crimean war, when engines for the Black Sea flotilla, as well as submarine mines for Cronstadt and Sveaborg, were supplied to the Government.

But Emmanuel Nobel was not fortunate as a speculator. When the public requirements diminished, the vast scale of his establishments could no longer be supported; bankruptcy and ruin overtook him, and he retired to Sweden to die of a broken heart. His sons, however, were not made of the stuff that breeds failure. Alfred persevered in his own career as an experimental chemist, and Ludwig, after two years' employment in managing his father's concern for the benefit of his creditors, had saved a little capital of £500, with which he started as a manufacturing engineer on his own account. At the end of twelve years he had realized £400,000, and still more admirable to relate, had satisfied all his father's unpaid liabilities. When Robert Nobel, during a journey through the Caucasus in 1874, in search of walnut-wood for rifle-stocks, divined the great possibilities of the oil industry there flourishing, his younger brother was able to furnish him with capital to start a small refinery at Baku; and thus, in 1875, was laid the foundation of the business which now overshadows all competition in a mighty branch of trade.

The conditions under which it was carried on were then sufficiently primitive, as we gather from Mr. Arthur Arnold's*

* "Through Persia by Caravan." London: Tinsley Brothers. 1877.

description of the mode of carriage in vogue when he visited Baku in the same year :—

All day long petroleum rolls into Baku in carts of the most curious pattern imaginable. A Neapolitan single-horse two-wheeled carriage for fifteen people is unique, but it is commonplace in comparison with an oil-cart at Baku. Few men would have the courage to import a Baku oil-cart and drive it, even for a very high wager, through Regent Street or Pall Mall. Where is the man who would dare to pose himself there, perched and caged in a little railed cart big enough to hold one barrel of petroleum, and lifted so high on wheels seven feet in diameter that another tub can be slung beneath the axle, the whole thing being painted with all the colours of the rainbow, and creaking loudly as it is drawn by a diminutive horse, the back of which is barely up to a level with the axle? Yet the *exploiteurs* say that already they pay collectively not less than £100,000 a year for the cartage of oil in carriages of this sort.

Against this picturesque but inefficient mode of transport Ludwig Nobel immediately rebelled, and by the construction of a pipe-line on the American plan from the wells at Balakhani to Baku, inaugurated the first phase of the commercial revolution wrought by him. The superseded carriers were up in arms to defend their vested interests, and the line had to be guarded against their attacks by watch-towers, planted at intervals of every few hundred yards. In a single season it had repaid its cost of £10,000, and within a very short time the last arba or oil-cart had vanished from the road. There are now seven lines of pipes, with an aggregate length of sixty miles and a discharge of two million gallons a day, connecting the wells at Balakhani with the refineries on the Caspian, to the obvious economy of labour and money. The pipes are principally home manufactured, those produced abroad paying a duty equivalent to about £1,000 a mile.

Nobel's second reform was the introduction of an improved method of boring. This consisted of a modification of the American process to suit local conditions, resulting in the plan now in use known as the composite system, producing a yield of oil previously unprecedented.

These first innovations were felicitous adaptations of existing methods; but Ludwig Nobel, in carrying out his third great measure of reform, was himself the creator of the instrument by which it was effected. This was the cistern-steamer or floating-tank, by which water-carriage of oil in bulk superseded the clumsy and expensive system of transport in barrel. Among the drawbacks of the latter were the scarcity of wood, rendering the vehicle more costly than its contents, loss by leakage from the warping inevitable in so dry a climate, and heavy freight

charges for goods so inconvenient to stow and handle. Now the oil is constantly being pumped on board Nobel's steamers at the quays at Baku, the work being continued at night by electric light, and the entire load of 200,000 gallons is shipped in four and a half hours. The danger of the liquid cargo shifting is obviated by an ingenious arrangement of compartments, so constructed as to place no impediment in the way of loading. The first steam-tank, which appeared on the Caspian in 1879, cleared her cost, like the pipe-line, in a single season, and ere long the Swedish firm owned twelve similar vessels, some over 250 feet in length. Their rivals had perforce to follow their example, and the Caspian has now a fleet of seventy or eighty cistern-steamers, carrying each about 750 tons of oil. The system of liquid transport is fast spreading to other seas, and already the first tank-vessel has crossed the Atlantic with a cargo of oil in bulk.

The destination of the Baku oil steamers is the mouth of the Volga, where the shoal water of the Nine Foot Soundings compels them to transfer their cargo to steam barges or lighters for conveyance 400 miles farther to Tsaritzin, the first railway-station on the great river. Here the economy effected by the new method of carriage is shown by the fact that whereas oil as formerly conveyed sold at 9*d.* a gallon, it now realizes a profit at 1½*d.* But at Tsaritzin the Swedish innovator was once more met by his old enemy the barrel, still in use for railway carriage, and had again to wage war single-handed against the adherents of an obsolete system. The railway directors refused, as had the steam-boat company, to make arrangements for the liquid transport of the oil, and this had to be done by Nobel himself in the construction of tank-cars at his own expense. Of these he has now 1,500, each carrying ten tons of oil, constantly running in sixty trains of twenty-five cars each.

But another step was required to perfect the organization and meet the peculiar conditions of trade, described by Mr. Marvin as follows:—

In winter the Volga is frozen over, and no oil can be carried for four months from Baku to Tsaritzin. In summer, on the other hand, when the boats can run freely, twilight prevails all night long, and the public need no kerosene. As a result of this it was necessary to form in different parts of Russia great storage depôts where the oil could be collected in summer and whence it could be distributed in winter. The central place chosen for this operation was Orel, which is conveniently situated in Middle Russia, for distribution in the most populous districts. Here the reservoirs were made to hold 18,000,000 gallons of burning oil at the time, and with the oil station, the sidings, and the repairing shops for the tank-cars, cover several hundred acres of ground. Four other large depôts were erected at Moscow, St.

Petersburg, Warsaw, and Saratoff. Scattered between these, and between the Baltic and Black Sea on the one side, and Germany and the Volga on the other, are twenty-one smaller depôts. In this manner in summer the sixty oil-trains run from the Volga to the twenty-six depôts in every part of European Russia, including Poland and Finland, filling up the reservoirs, and in winter they change their base of operations from Tsaritzin to these depôts, and convey the oil to the various intermediate railway-stations where a demand exists for kerosene. No barrelling is carried on by the firm. They sell the oil by the train-load to the petroleum dealers in provincial Russia, who bring their own barrels to the railway-station and carry it away in this form to their stores. A fortnight is allowed for this operation. A remarkable fact is, that although Nobel Brothers are able to send to Russia over 200,000 tons, or more than 54,000,000 gallons of petroleum every year, not a drop is sold except for ready cash! By arrangement the railway companies undertake to receive payment for oil consigned to any station, receiving a small commission for their trouble, and until the money is paid to the booking-clerk the petroleum dealer is not allowed to touch the oil. At St. Petersburg large-scale maps are kept in the central office of Nobel Brothers, and a clerk is posted in charge, whose duty is to receive telegrams from the guards of the various trains, and note with flags on the maps their whereabouts. All the year round the sixty oil-trains are continually running over an area twenty times larger than Great Britain, yet at any moment of the day Ludwig Nobel can go into the office and see at a glance the actual whereabouts of every one of them.

The control of this great vascular system enables the Swedish firm, who manufacture more kerosene than the entire of the other Russian refiners put together, to rule the market at will, and undersell all competitors. They are said to use their power with generosity, in many cases preferring to come to friendly terms with their rivals instead of ruthlessly crushing them.

The scale of their business, carried on under the name of Nobel Brothers' Petroleum Production Company, may be judged from the facts that they dispose of a capital of £1,500,000, paying an average dividend of 20 per cent., and that out of the 400 wells at Balakhani they own forty, including fourteen "fountains," one of which spouted 112,000 tons of crude oil in a single month.

Their refinery [to quote Mr. Marvin once more] covers over a mile of ground, and is able to turn out daily, in the busy season, 220,000 gallons of kerosene or burning oil, 80 tons of lubricating oil, and 1,300 tons of liquid fuel; a yearly rate of 65 million gallons of illuminating oil, 27,000 tons of lubricating oil, and 450,000 tons of liquid fuel. Each of its large refuse reservoirs holds 4,000,000 gallons of liquid fuel at a time. On the Caspian the firm have twelve large cistern-steamers, costing over

£259,000 sterling, twelve steamers and forty barges on the Volga, and a dockyard at Astrakhan costing collectively £180,000; besides which they charter a large number of schooners and barges every season from other owners. At Tsaritzin, and twenty-six other points in Russia, they have established depôts for 35,000,000 gallons of kerosene, and have placed on the railways 1,500 tank-cars at a cost of more than £275,000. The railway freight alone they pay yearly exceeds a quarter of a million sterling. Altogether their organization gives employment to not less than 5,000 people, and at times this has been raised to double the number.

For their chief employés at Baku they have built a handsome suburb called Petrolia, with fifteen villas, giving accommodation to several hundred people, enclosed in a walled park, and provided with gardens, billiard-rooms, and a general library.

Meantime the system of liquid railway transport inaugurated by the Swedish engineer is rapidly extending. A German firm has concluded an arrangement for the importation of the Baku oil in tank-cars, and the Black Sea Navigation Company are now building a large fleet of tank-steamers to convey the Caspian oil to Europe. Thus Mr. Marvin seems justified in his anticipation of seeing petroleum trains running from one end of Europe to the other, and cistern-ships issuing from all the Russian ports with the produce of the Caucasian wells.

To facilitate these larger developments of the trade, added means of transport from the Caspian to the Black Sea are urgently required. The Baku-Batoum line, opened in 1883, already proves insufficient, constant congestion of traffic being caused by the steep gradients over the Suram Pass, 3,200 feet high, up which only a limited number of goods trucks can be drawn at a time. To meet this difficulty, the Government have already sanctioned a scheme for tunnelling the Pass, while a second line north of the Caucasus, from Novorossisk, on the Euxine, to Petrovsk, on the Caspian, is also in contemplation. The project of a pipe-line for the entire length of 560 miles from Baku to Batoum has been favourably entertained by the Russian authorities, but the recent Petroleum Congress at Baku inclined to Ludwig Nobel's alternative plan of a pipe over the Suram Pass alone, about a third of the whole distance. A concession for the transport of the Caucasus oil has meantime been obtained by the Austro-Hungarian Petroleum Company, and they have distributed 200 large tanks along the Baku-Batoum line.

Thus the markets of Europe are being rapidly opened up to the product of the Russian wells, which, from their more lavish production, must eventually prove formidable rivals to those of the United States. The best refined oil is sold at Baku for 1*d.* a gallon, while in England the prices range from 6*d.* and 8*d.* to

the most primitive methods. The boring is a simple shaft, into which an earthen pot is lowered, to be lifted to the surface by the movement of either two men or a horse harnessed to the other end of the rope, and retreating from the well to a distance equal to its depth. The vessel is emptied into a little pool, where the water settles to the bottom, leaving the oil to be skimmed off the top. About 2,000 lbs. a day is the highest, and 1,200 to 1,500 the average produce of each well. The purified oil is called belmontine, and the solvent for grease prepared from its more volatile constituents, sherwoodole.

The only considerable European petroleum fields are those on the slopes of the Carpathians in Roumania and Galicia. The deposits in the former country are lodged in beds of tough blue clay, with intruded veins of salt and gypsum, and from the principal wells, about fifty miles from Bucharest, with two other groups, there is a production of some sixty tons a day. The oil, extracted by the natives from time immemorial by digging pits into which it drained, is largely diffused throughout South-Eastern Europe as a lubricant for the shrieking axles of the country carts.

Petroleum in Galicia is even more strikingly associated with saline deposits than elsewhere, since in this province are found the greatest salt mines in Europe. It was the question of a protective duty in favour of this oil that caused the recent Cabinet crisis in Vienna (May-June, 1886) on the occasion of the renewal of the decennial treaty of commerce between Austria and Hungary. The latter country is interested in the importation of petroleum, for manufacturing which the Austro-Hungarian Petroleum Company has established two large and fourteen smaller refineries at Fiume and Pesth. The Russian oil, though part refined, was adulterated so as to pass as crude, and consequently paid only the inferior duty on the latter article, at the rate of sixty-eight kreutzers to two florins per 100 kilogrammes. The product of the Hungarian refineries was thus enabled to undersell the Galician oil as well as the American, the importation of which forms a lucrative branch of trade to the Austrian merchants at Trieste. The explosion of anti-Hungarian feeling called forth by this question in Austria as soon as the treaty came before the Reichsrath for ratification, was a revelation of the extreme tenuity of the bond which unites the dual empire. After threatening resignation, dissolution, and all the other terrors of political coercion, the Taaffe Ministry were compelled to accept a modification of the treaty imposing an enhanced duty on crude oil, which has yet to be sanctioned by the Diet of Pesth.

The two most recently discovered petroleum sources are those

a larger amount of light. In light-producing power, per gallon, the Russian article had the advantage of three out of every five samples of the ordinary American oil tested, and was in this respect but little inferior to the best high-priced water-white quality.

More important still, it stands a very high flashing test, usually ranging from 86° to 88° Fahr. by the close test, while the ordinary American oil breaks into flame at a much lower temperature. This superiority promises to secure it the German market, and measures are being taken to maintain the high character the oil has acquired abroad, by establishing a uniform standard for all descriptions exported from Baku. The Technical Commission have recommended as requirements for this, a specific gravity not higher than 0·821, and a flashing-point not lower than 77° Fahr., combined with water—white colour, and freedom from unpleasant smell. The larger firms at Baku sell as kerosene only the result of the third distillation, rejecting the lighter oils evaporated at lower temperatures, but the smaller manufacturers use these latter to adulterate the better qualities, lowering the flashing-point, and rendering them proportionally dangerous to use. A large foreign trade is already done in lubricating oil, of which four million gallons were exported in 1883. With enlarged facilities for transport, a great increase in the consumption of this article is certain to take place, as it can be produced at such a price as to render competition hopeless.

Should the Caspian oil district ever be worked out, a reserve supply, probably as great, exists at the opposite extremity of the Caucasus. Here the Taman peninsula, protruding into the Euxine, forms a pendant to the Apsheron promontory on the Caspian coast, and here, too, oil fountains have spouted forth from similar subterranean reservoirs. On its shore was the ancient city of Phanagoria, probably the port which supplied to Greece the petroleum enumerated among the ingredients of Greek fire. It is a forest-mantled country, intersected with numerous lakes and streams, and studded with mud volcanoes, many of them in a constant state of eruption. A vast oil-bearing district of two million acres, extending for 200 miles up the Kuban river, is held in concession by a French company, the Standard Russe. A pipe-line connects their principal workings with Novorossisk on the Black Sea, but the production as yet amounts to no more than 70 tons a day, only the light gravity oil, which is comparatively scarce, being fitted for pumping through the tube.

Among the petroleum deposits of Asia, that of the Irawadi valley comes next in importance to those of the Caspian region. The annual Burmese production amounts to over 10,000 tons, extracted from some hundreds of wells in and about Pagan by

the most primitive methods. The boring is a simple shaft, into which an earthen pot is lowered, to be lifted to the surface by the movement of either two men or a horse harnessed to the other end of the rope, and retreating from the well to a distance equal to its depth. The vessel is emptied into a little pool, where the water settles to the bottom, leaving the oil to be skimmed off the top. About 2,000 lbs. a day is the highest, and 1,200 to 1,500 the average produce of each well. The purified oil is called *belmontine*, and the solvent for grease prepared from its more volatile constituents, *sherwoodole*.

The only considerable European petroleum fields are those on the slopes of the Carpathians in Roumania and Galicia. The deposits in the former country are lodged in beds of tough blue clay, with intruded veins of salt and gypsum, and from the principal wells, about fifty miles from Bucharest, with two other groups, there is a production of some sixty tons a day. The oil, extracted by the natives from time immemorial by digging pits into which it drained, is largely diffused throughout South-Eastern Europe as a lubricant for the shrieking axles of the country carts.

Petroleum in Galicia is even more strikingly associated with saline deposits than elsewhere, since in this province are found the greatest salt mines in Europe. It was the question of a protective duty in favour of this oil that caused the recent Cabinet crisis in Vienna (May-June, 1886) on the occasion of the renewal of the decennial treaty of commerce between Austria and Hungary. The latter country is interested in the importation of petroleum, for manufacturing which the Austro-Hungarian Petroleum Company has established two large and fourteen smaller refineries at Fiume and Pesth. The Russian oil, though partly refined, was adulterated so as to pass as crude, and consequently paid only the inferior duty on the latter article, at the rate of sixty-eight kreutzers to two florins per 100 kilogrammes. The product of the Hungarian refineries was thus enabled to undersell the Galician oil as well as the American, the importation of which forms a lucrative branch of trade to the Austrian merchants at Trieste. The explosion of anti-Hungarian feeling called forth by this question in Austria as soon as the treaty came before the Reichsrath for ratification, was a revelation of the extreme tenuity of the bond which unites the dual empire. After threatening resignation, dissolution, and all the other terrors of political coercion, the Taaffe Ministry were compelled to accept a modification of the treaty imposing an enhanced duty on crude oil, which has yet to be sanctioned by the Diet of Pesth.

The two most recently discovered petroleum sources are those

at Sibi on the north-western frontier of India, and at Djemsaah on the Red Sea, where the Government of the Khedive hope to find a much-needed El Dorado in the sands. The use of rock-oil in Egypt is coeval with the Pharaohs, as mummy cloths have been found saturated with it, and its virtues as a specific for rheumatism and skin diseases have been always recognized by the natives. An isolated mass of dark rock flanking the western mouth of the Gulf of Suez, was presumably the source of supply, since its name, Djebel-ez-Zeit, is the Arabic synonym for Oil Mountain. Not till the close of last year, however, was a systematic quest organized here under the auspices of a Belgian engineer, of the name of Debay, with the Egyptian Government as paymaster up to March 1, 1886. A spot, about forty yards from the coral reef bay where the party landed, was chosen almost at haphazard, but with fortunate results, for success, with a touch of dramatic completeness, crowned the enterprise just as the last hours assigned as its term were running out. The drill had been descending only at the rate of half a mètrè a day, when, in the words of the *Times* correspondent*—

On the morning of the 28th of February, cursing the luck which had given them the shortest month in the year, the little colony went ashore to work conscientiously but despairingly for the last time. At noon the drill was still working with its irritating monotonous groan, when suddenly it fell 15 in.—a slight hiss, a bubble, and then the unmistakable sound of running liquid! Water or oil? A glance was sufficient—the brown turbid liquid showed them that at the eleventh hour they had “struck ile.” For that day they struck work, and contented themselves with bathing their hands in the precious liquid, smelling it and igniting it.

A hasty telegram summoned the Egyptian Premier to the spot, as fast as steam could bring him, to gaze fondly on the dark and greasy ponds which might perhaps furnish the ransom of his country from her latter-day plagues of financial controllers and commissioners. Further borings promise a yield of fifty tons a day of an oil, which a rough analysis on the spot, pending that of the experts of London and Paris, shows to be similar in quality to the petroleum of the Caucasus.

The interest of the British public in the mineral oil supply of the world, is represented by the increase in its consumption in England, during the decade 1871–1881, from eight million, in round numbers, to fifty-eight million gallons. The relatively smaller increase in value of the import, during the same period,

* “Petroleum in Egypt.” From our Cairo Correspondent. *Times*, April 24, 1886.

of from over half a million to not quite two million sterling, shows a very large reduction in price to have given the stimulus to the enlarged consumption. America has hitherto had a monopoly of the English market, but within the last year or two the Russian oil, and especially Nobel's brand, has begun to find favour there. British India has also been a very large consumer of American kerosene, imported direct from the United States, to the amount, in 1883-84, of twenty-one million gallons. Owing to the heat of the climate, a flashing test of 76° Fahr., three degrees higher than in Europe, is there considered requisite for safety in general use.

Meantime the oil trade in England has entered on the revolution, already accomplished elsewhere, in the substitution of bulk for barrel transport and storage. Early in the present year the *Crusader*, a timber-built barge of 642 tons register, delivered the first cargo of petroleum in bulk despatched from America to England. Her hold is occupied by forty-five cylindrical iron tanks with a capacity of 177,400 gallons, into which the refined petroleum was pumped at New York from cistern-lighters brought alongside. In London the converse operation was performed at the Regent's Canal Docks, where Messrs. Ingall, Phillips & Co. have constructed extensive reservoirs. Thence it is distributed to the metropolitan retail dealers in tank-waggons, now seen for the first time in the streets of London.

The forthcoming Petroleum Exhibition in St. Petersburg, of which the date is not yet fixed, ought to afford an opportunity for the display of the many English improvements in oil-burning machinery. Among these is the Defries Safety Lamp, so efficacious in use that it has superseded gas-lamps in some of the great provincial railway-stations. Consul Lovett points out in his Report that the best lamp for burning the Baku oil, which requires to be treated differently in some respects from the American, has yet to be invented, and suggests that if Birmingham could devise a suitable one—cheap, strong, and serviceable—the foundation of a very large trade might be laid.

The future of the Baku oil [he says] is promising in the extreme. The area of its utility is yearly increasing; it is now used in Warsaw and St. Petersburg, where by its reduced price it competes with American oil. At Bokhara and Meshed it finds a ready sale, and lamps of the most trumpery German description are imported largely into Khorasan, and sold at large profits. It is, moreover, expected by some that on the completion of the through line between Baku and Batoum (since opened) the Levant and Italy will be supplied from Baku. On the other side, the completion of the railway from Krasnovodsk to Geok Tepé and a cart-road to Meshed will enable

the inhabitants of Herat and Central Afghanistan to use the Russian oil.

Nor it is merely from its rapidly extending use as an illuminant that petroleum promises to prove so large a factor in the world's industry, but rather from the decision in its favour of the literally "burning question" of Liquid *versus* Solid Fuel. As a combustible, furnishing the motive power for steam-driven machinery, oil seems likely to supplement, if not to supersede, coal, particularly in regions remote from the natural supply of the latter. Here, too, the Caspian engineers have been first in utilizing and appropriating a discovery, to whose value Western science is only tardily beginning to awaken.

In the Caspian basin [says Mr. Marvin, in a valuable chapter on this subject] petroleum refuse is the only fuel used in the furnaces of steamers, locomotive and factory engines. Liquid fuel has throughout this region replaced wood and coal, and the use of it is now extending as far as Moscow on the north, Teheran to the south, Merv and Khiva to the east, and Batoum to the west. Baku is the centre of the liquid fuel system. It is the Newcastle of the Caspian. Ere long it promises to become the fuel source of the Euxine also, in which case there will be an end to the exportation of English coal to the Black Sea.

Neftiani astatki, or naphtha dregs, in Tartar mazoot, the heavier residue left after the distillation of kerosene, is the form of petroleum most advantageously used for fuel. As its price fluctuates between a few pence and half-a-crown a ton, while in a good hydrocarbon furnace it will, weight for weight, do nearly three times the work of coal, the economy of its use is obvious. The first attempt made in Russia to use petroleum as fuel was in the condensed form, solidified into pitch-like bricks burned in an ordinary furnace. To an Englishman named Aydon, and a Russian, Shpakovsky, belongs the credit of having almost simultaneously devised the apparatus for burning it in the liquid state, now, with sundry minor modifications, in universal use on the Caspian. This consists of the steam pulverizer, the principle of which is the discharge of oil and steam from two pipes on opposite sides of a diaphragm or plate. The oil, dropping in a continuous stream from the lip of the latter, is met and shattered by the steam jet, which blows it in a cloud of finely divided spray into the furnace, there to be vaporized and consumed. The steam blast roars like an on-rushing hurricane, and the fire-box is a vortex of leaping and whirling flame.

In May 1870 the *Iran*, a steamer of 45 horse-power, appeared on the Caspian, fitted with this apparatus, and her example was quickly followed by others. Four years later the

Russian Government adopted the system, and the engines of the Caspian fleet are now fired exclusively with *astatki*. The mercantile marine of the same basin, consisting of forty steamers, some over 240 feet long, are using the same fuel, as are also 100 steamers on the Volga. A modification of the pulverizer has been adapted to locomotives as well as to factory engines, and on the Trans-Caspian railway and in the principal refineries of Baku no other combustible is burned. The produce of the newly discovered wells at Sibi is likely to be utilized in the same way in the Indus valley, and all the Indian frontier railways will soon derive their fuel from this source.

The advantages of liquid fuel may be epitomized under the three heads of economy of space, of labour, and of money. As a ton of petroleum dregs, while little more than half the bulk, will in improved furnaces give nearly thrice the heat of a ton of coal, the gain under the first head is somewhere about 500 per cent. Facility of manipulation of a fire which needs no stoking or feeding, and can be controlled by the supply-cock as easily as a gigantic gas-jet, represents a saving of labour which speaks for itself. Economy in price is of course a varying quantity, dependent on distance from place of production and cost of transport of the fuel; but as the supply is practically unlimited, the area of its cheap diffusion will widen with increased facilities for carriage. It has the additional recommendation of undergoing complete combustion, so as to leave no smoke, soot, or other residue. Chief Engineer Isherwood, of the United States Navy, enumerates its chief advantages as follows:—

1. Reduction of 40·5 per cent. in weight of fuel.
2. Reduction of 36·5 per cent. in bulk.
3. Greater facility of storage.
4. Reduction of number of stokers to a quarter.
5. Greater speed in raising steam.
6. Fires can be extinguished instantly.
7. No smoke, no ashes, no waste.
8. No loss of heat from opening furnace doors to feed with coal.
9. Ability to command increased temperature without forced draught.

There are of course countervailing objections alleged against its use, of which its supposed liability to explosion is the chief. The experience, however, of fifteen years, during which it has been burned throughout Southern Russia in locomotives and steamers without the slightest accident, seems of itself to refute this argument. Petroleum refuse, moreover, the form best adapted for fuel, being heavier and less easily volatilized than the refined oil, bears a much higher flashing test, ranging between 176° and 270° Fahr., while even the high-test burning oils break into flame at 96°. Crude petroleum, also used as fuel, though more inflammable than *astatki*, loses so much of its

dangerous qualities from mere exposure to the air, that a fire-brand may be safely thrust into the oil-lakes of Baku. Crude oil that flashed at 104° when freshly drawn from the well, bears a test of 140° after standing for a week, or of 158° at the end of a fortnight.

Another argument against the use of the oil-furnace is the waste of power involved in kindling a preliminary fire to start the steam jet; but this is minimized in the Walker apparatus, in which hydrocarbon gas is stored for the purpose. Minor drawbacks, such as the deafening roar of the steam-blast, and the rapid destruction of the boiler from the intensity of the flame, are matters of detail which may be, and to some extent already are, remedied by mechanical improvements.

Even in England, public opinion, always slow to admit foreign innovations, is being gradually aroused to the advantages of oil as fuel. The establishment of Tarbutt's Liquid Fuel Company is in itself a proof that the subject has entered on the domain of practical speculation, and the adoption of the system in a trading vessel, the *Himalaya*, of 100 horse-power and 800 tons burden, with satisfactory results as far as her trial voyage was concerned, shows that the idea of its general applicability is gaining ground.

Experiments are being conducted with a view to the adoption of liquid fuel in the Royal Navy, and in this quarter, where economy of storage and labour are of supreme importance, its advantages are certain to prevail. In the merchant marine the change will be longer delayed, as the question of cost is here all-important, and oil fuel is still expensive in England, where the abounding refuse of the Caspian wells has not yet made its way. But the revolution now begun is certain to be a progressive one, and the eventual triumph of petroleum as fuel is assured.

The causes here touched upon as tending in the immediate future to render mineral oil so large a factor in the world's industry are, then, briefly three. 1. The opening up of the markets of Europe, by increased facilities of communication, to the illimitable fields of production in the Caucasus region. 2. The reduction in price and consequent increase in consumption everywhere effected by the substitution of bulk for barrel transport and storage. 3. The extending use of petroleum as fuel for all steam-driven machinery.

We thus seem to be on the eve of an age of oil, in which nature's second great reserve of accumulated light and heat material will be largely drawn upon. There is no use to which coal has been put for which petroleum is not equally available, and the wonderful economy of creation, in which organic decay is made to subserve the purposes of fresh organic life, will be as strikingly illustrated in the utilization by man of the one pro-

duct as of the other. In cycles of growth and destruction, in unrecorded cataclysms and silent abysmal throes of the nether world, in obscure processes of distillation continued through vast geological epochs, the latent energies of matter have been slowly stored up, to spend themselves yet again in the service of man in these latter days of ours, and wing with speed of elemental fire the toiling engines of the nineteenth century.

E. M. CLERKE.

ART. IV.—PRO VIVIS ET DEFUNCTIS: SOME REMARKS UPON FATHER AMHERST'S "HISTORY OF CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION."

I TAKE it to be a primary rule of sound criticism that a book should be judged, as far as possible, from its author's point of view. F. Amherst, in his preface to these two volumes, tells us how, eleven years ago, he accidentally discovered that the year 1874 was the centenary of the first Act of Parliament which relaxed the Penal Code against Catholics. This discovery suggested to him the idea of collecting all the facts which should come under his notice connected with the progress of Emancipation, and of the Catholic Church in England, during the last hundred years. A friend advised him to work these notes into a history. He took the advice. Hence the book now before us. F. Amherst confesses that his history is "very imperfect and very incomplete;" and that it is "most incomplete precisely where a history of Emancipation ought to be least defective"—namely, "in the details of the agitation in Ireland." Still, he hopes that if his attempt "should have no other value, it may at least induce some one of more ability, and of greater powers and opportunities of research, to enter more fully into the details of one of the most remarkable events of modern times."

Rigorous criticism of a work so modestly introduced to us would be out of place. The public is F. Amherst's debtor for thus making it partaker of the results of his note-taking. Nor can the sincerity and zeal to which every page of his volumes bears evidence be other than edifying. It seems to me, however, to be matter of regret that F. Amherst has given to his performance so lofty a title. "A History of Catholic Emancipation" implies a great deal, and, to be adequately written, would demand the exercise of some of the highest qualities of the historian. It

implies not only an accurate account of the actual facts and of their proximate causes, but a correct estimate of the spiritual and intellectual movements of which they were the phenomenal expression; of the principles which are the quintessence of the facts; the very law of their succession and connection, as manifested in their working. It demands not only the critical tact resulting from familiarity with the methods of scholarly research, but also that peculiar power of self-effacement whereby a writer is enabled to merge himself in his subject, and to let events tell their own story: that creative gift—poetic in the true sense of the word—which enables him to recreate a past phase of civilization: that philosophic balance of mind and judicial impartiality, raising him above the passions and prejudices of the hour, which enables him to view persons and things in the dry light of science. It is a pity that F. Amherst has bestowed upon his work a designation which leads us to think what a history and a historian of Catholic Emancipation should be. To try it, or him, by such a standard as that which is thus suggested would be unkind. His volumes belong to the class which the French call “*Mémoires pour servir*,” and contain many particulars of interest, gleaned chiefly from the works of Bishop Milner and Mr. Charles Butler, and from the *Orthodox Journal*, regarding the acquisition of civil rights by British and Irish Catholics between the years 1774 and 1820: for, curiously enough, F. Amherst’s narrative stops short by nine years of the passing of the Emancipation Act. They contain also many “reflections” as to which we may cheerfully allow the writer’s claim to say with King David, “*Credidi, propter quod locutus sum* ;” although, with regard to not a few of them, it must be added that, like the Psalmist upon another occasion, he has spoken “*in excessu suo*.” It appears that F. Amherst’s work was originally commenced “as a serial for ‘Catholic Progress;’” a periodical which I confess I have never seen, but which, as I learn, is especially designed for the edification of Catholic young men. I suppose this accounts for the abundance of the “reflections” which the author scatters throughout his volumes, and for the hortatory tone which pervades them. In what I am about to write I shall consider, first, F. Amherst’s historical method, and then examine one or two of his practical conclusions.

By way of exhibiting F. Amherst’s historical method, I will confine myself to one example, in which he may be seen both at his best and at his worst. In 1778 the British Parliament passed a statute which may be regarded as the first substantial measure of Catholic relief. To borrow Mr. Lecky’s succinct account, it abolished “those portions of a well-known Act of

William III. which related to the apprehending of Popish priests, bishops and Jesuits, which subjected them, and also Papists keeping a school, to perpetual imprisonment, and which disabled all Papists from inheriting or purchasing land. In order to obtain the benefit of the law, it was necessary that the Catholics should take a special oath, abjuring the Pretender, the temporal jurisdiction and deposing power of the Pope, and the doctrine that faith should not be kept with heretics, and that heretics, as such, may be lawfully put to death."* Now, in treating of this Act, F. Amherst tells us what Catholics, at the time, thought of it. And here he is at his best. He also tells us what he himself thinks of it and of them. And here he is at his worst.

F. Amherst enables us to see what British Catholics thought of the Act of 1778 by the very simple course—far too seldom adopted by him—of placing before us a few original documents, which tell their own story, and bring before us with singular vividness the condition of English Catholics a hundred and eight years ago. The first is the following Address, which was presented to George III. before the passing of the statute, and which no doubt largely contributed to secure its enactment:—

To the King's most excellent Majesty. The humble Address of the Roman Catholic Peers and Commoners of Great Britain.

MOST GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN,

We, your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the Roman Catholic Peers and Commoners of your kingdom of Great Britain, most humbly hope that it cannot be offensive to the clemency of your Majesty's nature, or to the maxims of your just and wise Government, that any part of your subjects should approach your royal presence, to assure your Majesty of the respectful affection which they bear to your person, and their true attachment to the civil constitution of their country, which, having been perpetuated through all changes of religious opinions and establishments, has been at length perfected by that revolution which has placed your Majesty's illustrious house on the throne of these kingdoms, and inseparably united your title to the crown, with the law and liberties of your people.

Our exclusion from many of the benefits of that constitution has not diminished our reverence to it. We behold with satisfaction the felicity of our fellow-subjects, and we partake of the general prosperity which results from an institution so full of wisdom. We have patiently submitted to such restrictions and discouragements as the Legislature thought expedient. We have thankfully received such relaxations of the rigour of the laws as the mildness of an enlightened age and the benignity of your Majesty's Government have gradually produced, and

* "History of England in the Eighteenth Century," vol. iii. p. 508.

we submissively wait, without presuming to suggest either time or measure, for such other indulgence as those happy causes cannot fail in their own season to effect.

We beg to assure your Majesty that our dissent from the legal establishment in matters of religion is purely conscientious, that we hold no opinions adverse to your Majesty's Government or repugnant to the duties of good citizens. And we trust that this has been shown more decisively by our irreproachable conduct for many years past, under circumstances of discountenance and displeasure, than it can be manifested by any declaration whatever.

In a time of public danger, when your Majesty's subjects can have but one interest, and ought to have but one wish and one sentiment, we humbly hope it will not be deemed improper to assure your Majesty of our unalterable attachment to the cause and welfare of this our common country, and our utter detestation of the designs and views of any foreign power against the dignity of your Majesty's crown, the safety and tranquillity of your Majesty's subjects.

The delicacy of our situation is such, that we do not presume to point out the particular means by which we may be allowed to testify our zeal to your Majesty, and our wishes to serve our country; but we entreat leave faithfully to assure your Majesty that we shall be perfectly ready, on every occasion, to give such proofs of our fidelity and the purity of our intentions as your Majesty's wisdom and the sense of the nation shall at any time deem expedient.*

This Address was drawn up by a committee of which Lord Petre, Sir John Throckmorton, and Mr. William Sheldon were the most active members, and was signed by the Duke of Norfolk, the Earls of Surrey and Shrewsbury, by Lord Linton for the Scotch, by Lords Stourton, Petre, Arundell, Dormer, Teynham, and Clifford, and by a hundred and sixty-three Commons. No doubt it faithfully expresses the feelings of the great majority of British Catholics. Butler,† in his "Historical Memoirs," describes the "general anxiety" of Catholics while the measure was in its progress through Parliament. And F. Amherst justly remarks that "the manner in which the Act was received by our ancestors will perhaps best appear in the two following Pastorals of the English Vicars-Apostolic, which cannot fail to be interesting to the reader":—

To all the Catholic Clergy, both secular and regular, residing in the Southern District of England.

DEAR BRETHREN,—The great Apostle St. Paul, writing to his beloved disciple Timothy,‡ and in him instructing all Christian pastors of souls, desires first of all, that supplications, prayers, intercessions, and thanksgivings (Eucharists) should be made for all men, for kings and all that

* Vol. i. p. 95.

† Quoted by F. Amherst, vol. i. p. 108.

‡ 1 Tim. ii. 2.

are in high station and authority; that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all goodness and chastity. For this is good, saith the Apostle, and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour. It is a duty we owe princes by His Divine ordinance, and the very principal part of that honour, which we are to give them, which is so much insisted upon in the Word of God.* Wherefore, dear brethren, that both you and we may religiously comply with the most indisputable precept of God's own law, we take this occasion of addressing these lines to you in this public manner, requiring that all and every one of you should offer up your most ardent prayers to the Almighty for our most gracious Sovereign King George III. and his Royal Consort Queen Charlotte, and all their royal family, and also that in your respective congregations (when you shall be able to meet, without danger to yourselves or your flocks from the many grievous penal laws which stand out against the Catholics of this kingdom) you shall recommend the rest of the faithful to offer up also their prayers for the same intentions: this being a duty which by the law of God all Christian people owe to their respective sovereigns.

Given at London this 4th of June, 1773.

+ Richard Deboren, V.A.†

+ James Birth.‡

Published and signed also for the Midland District.

+ John Philomel, V.A.§

+ Thomas Aconen.||

Published and signed also for the Northern District by

+ William Trachon, V.A.¶

To the Catholic Clergy, secular and regular, residing in the Western District of England.

DEAR BRETHREN,—The duty of praying for sovereign princes is fully recommended by the two great Apostles SS. Peter and Paul; and it has been the constant practice of the Christians from the first ages of the Church, as all ecclesiastical records testify. Moreover, the Roman Catholics of this kingdom have at this present time a further inducement to the same, arising from the extraordinary favour newly granted to them by the Act of Parliament. On these motives, therefore, we think it necessary to require that you offer up your fervent prayers to the Almighty for our most gracious Sovereign King George III., his Royal Consort Queen Charlotte, and all the royal family, and that you recommend the same to your respective flocks. We ordain that on all Sundays to the last Collect be added, “Et famulos tuos,” &c.; as in the London District. Let a memorial of the King by name be made every day in the Canon. Lastly, after the Divine Service in the morning on Sundays add Psalm xix., and the prayer as in the London

* Romans xiii.; 1 St. Peter ii. 13 seq.

† Dr. Chalmers. ‡ Dr. James Talbot. § Dr. Hornyold.

|| Dr. Thomas Talbot.

¶ Dr. Walton.

District. The great humanity of Government towards us suggests a propriety of behaviour on our part, in using the present indulgence with caution, prudence, and moderation. We, therefore, strongly recommend to you that line of conduct, and to be careful in avoiding what may tend to raise disputes or give offence.

+ Charles Ramaten, V.A.*

Bath, July 3, 1778.†

In giving us these interesting documents F. Amherst is, I think, at his best. In his comments upon them, and upon the measure of which they were the occasion, he appears to me to be at his worst. He remarks upon the "timidity, not to say obsequiousness, of the Address," while admitting, indeed, that "no fault can be found with those who composed or with those who signed it;" he takes exception to what he calls "the unnecessary praise of the Revolution which placed William III. on the throne," in the first paragraph, and is much in wrath at the use of the word "expedient" in the second and in the preamble of the Act. As it stands in the Address, he observes, "the word is rather suggestive of the idea that we thought the Legislature had some excuse for the ferocious laws which were enacted against the members of the Catholic Church."‡ As it stands in the preamble of the statute, it witnesses "that Catholics were relieved, not because relief was an act of justice, but because it was expedient to pass the Act."§ Let us consider a little F. Amherst's criticism upon the use of the word "expedient" in the statute. And then we will inquire how far the Address is open to exception for its praise of the Revolution of 1688, and for its admission that there was some excuse for the penal legislation of the last century against Catholics.

"The word 'expedient' in the preamble to the Act of 1778," F. Amherst writes, "was meant in its strict sense. It implied, and was intended to imply, that we had not a strict right to relief, but that under the circumstances it was a proper thing to relieve us. . . . The motive for relieving us was because it was expedient, and not because it was our right."|| This is a point upon which F. Amherst abounds *in sensu suo*. Thus in another place he writes, "Mark the word 'expedient.' Catholics were relieved in 1778, as they have been relieved at various times since that year, not because our right to redress was admitted, but because it was expedient,"¶ and so on, for half a page. And elsewhere he explains that relief to Catholics was thought expedient because our Protestant fellow-countrymen were afraid of us—"Fear has

* Dr. Walmsley, O.S.B.
§ *Ibid.* p. 111.

† Vol. i. p. 109.
|| *Ibid.* p. 113.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 97.
¶ *Ibid.* p. 98.

been the prevailing motive of all Acts of Relief.”* Now upon this I am led to remark that the phraseology of the preamble of the Act of 1778 is precisely that usually employed in our Statute Book. “Whereas it is expedient,” is the common formula. Into questions of abstract right the British Legislature does not enter. It leaves them to the doctrinaires of Revolutionary France. The whole of F. Amherst’s declamation about the use of the word “expedient” in the Act of 1778 is therefore beside the mark. But, more than this, it appears to me that F. Amherst is treading upon very dangerous ground when he asserts that, as a matter of principle, and upon *a priori* considerations, Catholics in England, in the last century, were entitled to equal political rights with members of the Established Church. The old theory of civil society, generally received throughout Europe until the French Revolution diffused another conception, was that the State has a conscience and should profess a religion. A common creed was regarded as the chief bond of civil polity. This was so in England, as elsewhere. Hence the well-known judicial dictum that Christianity was part and parcel of the law of this country. And, like Mr. Thwackum, when the learned judge said Christianity, he meant the Protestant religion, and not only the Protestant religion, but the Church of England. To the principle itself no Catholic theologian, as I suppose, can take exception, although he may of course deplore the application given to it in nations separated from Catholic unity. “The State,” as the present Pontiff teaches, in his Encyclical “*Immortale Dei*,” “is bound to satisfy its many and great duties towards God, by the public profession of its religion.” And unquestionably, if this be so, the State may guard its religion by its laws. Nor has any subject a right to complain if it visits him with *arquta*, or deprivation of political privileges, for refusing to profess its creed and to conform to its worship. If Mohammedanism be the established religion of the country, can any Christian reasonably claim, as a matter of right, to be a member of a polity based upon the law of Islâm? or can a Catholic maintain that it is unjust if he labours under civil disabilities in a polity professing the religion enshrined in the Thirty-nine Articles, or in the Catechism of the Assembly of Divines at Westminster? I conceive therefore that British Catholics in the year 1778 were well advised in not basing their claim for relief upon any ground of abstract right, and that the Legislature could not possibly have conceded the existence of such right in view of the theory of Church and State upon which the Constitution formally rested.

* Vol. i. p. 69.

That theory has gradually given way to another with which Locke first familiarized men's minds in this country, and which the legislators of the French Revolution first solemnly formulated and carried into practice: the theory that politics ought to be divorced from religion; or as the late Pope succinctly expressed it in his famous Encyclical "*Quanta Cura*," "that the best constitution of public society and civil progress, altogether require that human society be constituted and governed, without any regard to religion, any more than if it did not exist." As a matter of fact, it was under the influence of this theory—little as most of our legislators suspected it—that the Act of 1778 for our relief was passed. The new doctrine was, so to speak, in the air. The political Revolution in France, ten years later, was but the expression of an intellectual revolution which had been silently undermining the foundations of the old public order. In England, as elsewhere, the view expressed by the great poet of the last century, was winning its way into general acceptance:

For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right.

F. Amherst's own pages bear evidence—the significance of which he appears to have quite overlooked—how largely this new philosophy had taken possession of the minds of British legislators. It was to "the principle of civil and religious liberty," to the feeling in favour of "a universal toleration by law," to a detestation of "the cruel policy that reduced men, by nature free, to a state of slavery," that the advocates of the Relief Act of 1778 appealed, and appealed successfully, in its passage through the two Houses of Parliament. And Hume, one of the most clear-sighted observers of his time, describes the English people as "settled into the most cool indifference with regard to religious matters that is to be found in any nation in the world." As a matter of fact, every fresh concession of political privileges which has been made, whether to Catholics or to Protestant Dissenters, is due to the progress of the new irreligious theory of the public order, which is now triumphant throughout Europe. The secularization of the State is a most marked characteristic of the age in which we live. It is the special work of the French Revolution. In France itself, the great measure of the year X. of the Republic, substituted for a State religion the principle of payment of cults in proportion to the number of their adherents, and that principle is the direct affirmation of the incompetence of the State in matters of dogma. In the same country, civil marriage has replaced the Sacramental foundation of society by a purely secular contract; and baptism has lost its old significance in the eye of the law before which all citizens, Catholic

and Protestant, Jew and Atheist, are upon a perfectly equal footing. And what has been carried out most completely and systematically in France, has been done, in greater or less measure, throughout Continental Europe, and in England too. Everywhere the public order has been divorced, more or less completely, from the Christian law; everywhere the tendency is to reduce religion from an objective fact to a subjective speculation; to make of it a mere private thing for each man's conscience. This is what Cardinal Newman in his Address at the Palazzo della Pigne called "the great European apostasy," "one and the same everywhere," though "in detail and in character it varies in different countries." Of that apostasy the acquisition, by Catholics, of political privileges is a result. This is a fact which we should do well to recognize, and of which I find no recognition in the pages of F. Amherst, who, as we have seen, is of opinion that the relief accorded to us by our Protestant fellow-countrymen has been invariably prompted by fear. Most important is it, as it seems to me, that we should correctly apprehend the conditions of this new age, in which our lot is cast. I know well that, as Cardinal Newman tells us, in the Address from which I have previously quoted, "the liberal principle is forced upon us by the very necessity of the case." We cannot help ourselves. We must make the best of our position, and use, as good Catholics and loyal subjects, the prerogatives and opportunities which we enjoy. But, assuredly, we must be upon our guard against anything which may, even remotely, resemble an assent to the doctrine that a purely secular constitution of civil society is the best: that progress requires it. Assuredly not the least sacred part of our duty to our faith and to our country, is the bearing witness to higher conceptions of the public order than it is possible adequately to realize, in an age when expedience is set up as the one measure of right and wrong for the State, and temporal well-being as the sole end of its action. I am persuaded that F. Amherst would entirely agree with me here. But he must pardon me if I say that his argument, upon which I have been dwelling, may easily receive a contrary interpretation; and so seems dangerous to set before the Catholic young men to whom it was originally addressed, without explanation and qualification which I do not find in his pages.

I pass on to consider F. Amherst's strictures upon the language of the Address presented to George III. by British Catholics in 1778. He takes exception to what he calls "the unnecessary praise" which it bestows upon "the Revolution which placed William III. upon the throne." Here again I must differ from him. It appears to me that the eulogistic language in which the signatories to the Address of 1778 spoke of that

great event, as "perfecting the Constitution of the country," as "inseparably uniting the title to the Crown with the laws and liberties of the people," is strictly accurate and admirably well chosen. Perhaps I may be allowed to quote, on this subject, a page from a recent work of my own, which somewhat fully unfolds my view:—

The English Revolution was the death-blow, in this country, to the system in which the Tudors had embodied the political idea of the Renaissance, and which the Stuarts had fortified, chiefly through the help of a subservient clergy. It was a vindication of the old lines of the Constitution, which the Puritan Rebellion had unsuccessfully endeavoured to maintain. It was the proclamation to Europe that, in one nation at least, there were left freemen who would not bow the knee to the Baal of Absolutism. Time was it that a deliverer should come to the rescue of our perishing liberties, and preserve to the world one example of the free monarchy of the Middle Ages. Under James, the system of government in England had approximated very closely to the French model, which he loved. After the suppression of Monmouth's Rebellion, he had at his absolute disposal close upon twenty thousand regular troops. The judges, headed by Jeffreys, were his creatures. The corporations had been packed with his nominees. The House of Commons consisted, for the most part, of High Tories. The doctrines of immediate divine right and passive obedience still formed the staple of the teaching of the clergy. With such advantages, any monarch, endowed with ordinary tact and discretion, might have made his position practically absolute. James, instead of ordinary tact and discretion, possessed a dulness of apprehension and a dogged obstinacy of temper, for the union of which, in one man, it would be difficult to find a parallel in history. It was this character which led him to endeavour to compass his ends by the most hazardous means—means that alienated from him the support of the classes in which he most trusted, and exhibited him to the world as a prince devoid of faith and honour. Looking to the issue, Englishmen, as a body, certainly have no reason to complain of the policy which delivered them from the sway of a race incapable—as four successive monarchs had shown—of ruling constitutionally, and which substituted a Parliamentary title for a hereditary one. But there is one class of Englishmen—the class whose interests, after his own, James undoubtedly had most at heart—who owe mainly to him the withholding of their civil rights, and the continuance of oppressive laws, for more than a century. It is matter of history that the more weighty of English Catholics, at the time, disapproved of the arbitrary measures of the Sovereign. It was from converts, whose characters were doubtful, or whose motives were obviously open to suspicion—the Tyrconnells, the Castlemaines, and the Jermyns—that James found encouragement and approval. The saintly Pontiff who then sat in the chair of Peter, openly blamed his policy. It is a curious and significant fact that William of Orange, if not aided in his expedition

by the money of Innocent XI., which is a doubtful point, had certainly the Pope's sympathy and diplomatic support.* The immediate consequence, then, of the Revolution of 1688, so far as the internal history of our country is concerned, was to rescue from utter destruction the old mediæval liberties of England, still, thank God, so full of vigorous life; to expel from Great Britain the Renaissance idea of monarchy, and to divert her from the course in which the politics of the Continent were to flow unchecked for another century. The immediate consequence to Continental Europe was to bring about the organization of those powerful leagues which broke the power of Louis, dispelling his dreams of European dominion, and shaking his monarchy to the very foundations. These were the direct results of the Revolution of 1688. Its indirect results were even more momentous. There can be no doubt that by it, chiefly, we were saved from participation in the French Revolution of a hundred years later; and I think I shall be able to show reasons for believing that we owe to it, in large measure, the preservation of the masses of our people, during the next century, from the contagion of the last phase of Renaissance philosophy, so fatal to religion and morals throughout the Continent; and consequently the exceptionally large amount of Christian faith and practice at present to be found among us.†

Again, F. Amherst objects to the word "expedient" in the second paragraph of the Address. "We have patiently submitted to such restrictions and discouragements as the Legislature thought expedient." "The word 'expedient,'" F. Amherst remarks, "is suggestive of the idea that the Legislature had some excuse for the ferocious laws which were enacted against the members of the Catholic Church." Well, I confess I am of opinion that the Catholics of 1778 were right in thinking, and in owning, that the Legislature had "some excuse"‡ for the penal legislation against Catholics. And here again I shall cite what I have previously written, as it expresses my mature judgment upon the matter:—

It is certain that nothing would have been more agreeable to William III., both as consonant with his own wise principles of policy, and as acceptable to the Pope and Emperor, to whom he was under such great obligations, than the extension to his Catholic subjects of the same measure of religious freedom which he was able, in spite of Tory opposition, to secure to Protestant Nonconformists. "No

* Much exceedingly valuable information on this subject will be found in the seventh volume of Droysen's "*Geschichte der Preussische Politik*." It has long been known that Innocent saw with pleasure the downfall of James. But Professor Droysen's researches have thrown a flood of light upon the Pontiff's share in bringing about that event.

† "*Chapters in European History*," vol. ii. p. 86.

‡ The question is, it will be observed, of *some excuse*, not of a complete justification.

measure," Hallam justly observes, "would have been more politic, for it would have dealt to the Jacobite cause a more deadly wound than any which double taxation or penal laws were able to effect." And that was, probably, one of the main reasons why the High Tories persistently opposed it. So far as the Whigs were concerned, it is quite certain that their hatred of Catholicism was rather political than religious. They saw it, not as it had existed in the Middle Ages—the mother and nurse of civil freedom—but as it was presented to them in contemporary France, Italy and Spain, the accomplice and instrument of despotism; they saw it in the light in which James II. had exhibited it, as the object for which he had sought to overthrow the ancient liberties of England. The worst foes of Catholics at that period, as indeed often before and since, have been those of their own household. Their cause was identified in the popular mind—and not unreasonably—with that of the worst of kings; the shepherd of the people, whose favourite under-shepherds were Jeffreys and Kirke: the vassal of the tyrant who had revoked the Edict of Nantes and ordered the dragonnades. Still, as a matter of fact, terrible as is the show which the anti-Catholic legislation in force up to 1778 makes in the Statute Book, there can be no question that the position of the small and unpopular remnant that adhered to the ancient faith in this country, was far better than that of their brethren in any foreign Protestant land, except Holland and the dominions of the Hohenzollerns, and infinitely superior to that of the Protestant minority in any Catholic State.*

Mr. Hallam with justice observes, "The laws [of England against the Catholic religion] were perhaps not less severe and sanguinary than those which oppressed the Protestants of France; but, in their actual administration, what a contrast between the government of George II. and Louis XV., between the gentleness of an English Court of Queen's Bench and the severity of the Parliament of Aix and Toulouse."† Indeed, it may be worth while, for the sake of fairness, which, apart from the moral obligation to it, is always the best policy in the long run, to show how this matter presents itself to the judgment of one of the most able and impartial of living historians—most certainly he is not under the dominion of vulgar anti-Catholic prejudice—I mean Mr. Lecky. Thus does he deliver himself regarding it:—

There were, however, still two classes of laws upon the Statute Book, which were grossly persecuting, and which, during the early Hanoverian period, were entirely unmitigated. I mean, of course, those against the Catholics and the disbelievers in the Trinity. The measures against the former class may no doubt derive a very con-

* "Chapters in European History," vol. ii. p. 172.

† "Constitutional History," vol. iii. p. 173.

siderable palliation from the atrocious persecutions of which Catholicism had been guilty in almost every country in which she triumphed, from the incessant plots against the life and power of Elizabeth, and from the intimate connection, both before and after the Revolution, between the Catholicism of the Stuarts and their political conduct and prospects. Catholicism, indeed, never can be looked upon merely as a religion. It is a great and highly organized kingdom, recognizing no geographical frontiers, governed by a foreign sovereign, pervading temporal politics with its manifold influence, and attracting to itself much of the enthusiasm which would otherwise flow in national channels. The intimate correspondence between its priests in many lands, the disciplined unity of their political action, the almost absolute authority they exercise over large classes, and their usually almost complete detachment from purely national and patriotic interests, have often in critical times proved a most serious political danger, and they have sometimes pursued a temporal policy eminently aggressive, sanguinary, unscrupulous and ambitious. Nor should it be forgotten that, in the closing years of the seventeenth and in the first half of the eighteenth century, the spirit of Romish persecution, though gradually subsiding, was still far from extinct. Thus we find Stanhope writing from Majorca in 1691:—"Tuesday last there were burnt here twenty-seven Jews and heretics, and to-morrow I shall see executed above twenty more; and Tuesday next, if I stay here so long, is to be another *fiesta*, for so they entitle a day dedicated to so execrable an act." In 1706 Wilcox, who was afterwards Bishop of Rochester, but who was at this time minister of the English factory at Lisbon, wrote a letter to Burnet describing an *auto-da-fé* in that city, in which four persons were burnt in the presence of the king, and of these one woman remained alive for half an hour, and one man for more than an hour in the flames, vainly imploring their executioners to heap fresh faggots on the fire in order to terminate their agony. Every considerable town in England, Holland and Protestant Germany, contained a colony of Frenchmen, who, after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, had been driven from their homes by a persecution of extreme ferocity; a long course of the most atrocious cruelties had kindled the flame of rebellion in the Cevennes, and at the time of the Peace of Utrecht, 188 French Protestants were released by English intercession from the galleys. In 1717, an assembly of seventy-four Protestants being surprised at Andure, the men were sent to the galleys and the women to prison. In 1724, in the corrupt and generally sceptical period of the Regency, a new law was made against the Protestants of France, which aggravated even the atrocious enactments of Louis XIV. By one clause all who assembled for the exercise of the Protestant worship, even in their own homes, became liable to life-long servitude in the galleys, and to the confiscation of all their goods. Another condemned to death any Protestant minister exercising any religious function whatever, and to the galleys any witness who failed to denounce him. A third enjoined all physicians to inform the priest of the condition of every dying patient, in order that, whether he

desired it or not, a Catholic priest should be present at his death-bed. A fourth, with a rare refinement of ingenious malice, rendered any Protestant who, by his religious exhortations, strengthened a dying relative in his faith, liable to the galleys and to the confiscation of his goods. A Protestant pastor was hung at Montpellier in 1728; another would have suffered the same fate in 1732 had he not succeeded in escaping from his prison; and 277 Protestants in Dauphiny were condemned to the galleys in 1745 and 1746. As late as the Peace of Paris, a Protestant minister at Nismes wrote to the Duke of Bedford imploring the intercession of the English Government in favour of thirty-three men, who were in the galleys of Toulon, and of sixteen women, who were imprisoned in Languedoc, for no other offence than that of having attended Protestant assemblies. Many of them, he added, had remained in captivity for more than thirty years. Similar complaints came from Hungary, where the interference of the Emperor with the religious liberty of the Protestants contributed largely to the insurrection of Rákóczy; from Silesia, where the same interference prepared the way for the ultimate severance of the province from the Austrian rule; from Poland, where the persecution fomented in 1724 by the Jesuits at Thorn aroused the indignation of all Protestant Europe, and where the complete exclusion of religious dissidents from political power in 1733 was sowing dissensions that were the sure precursors of the approaching ruin. In the course of 1732 and the two following years, about 17,000 German Protestants were compelled by the persecution of the Archbishop of Salzburg to abandon their homes, and to seek a refuge in Prussia or in Georgia. Ten persons were burnt for their religious opinions in Spain between 1746 and 1759. Two persons were executed, and many others condemned to less severe penalties, by the Inquisition in Portugal in 1756. These things will not be forgotten by a candid judge in estimating the policy of the English Government towards Catholics. On the other hand, he will remember that the English Catholics were so few and so inconsiderable that it was absurd to regard them as a serious danger to the State; that they had in general shown themselves under the most trying circumstances eminently moderate and loyal, and that although the Catholic priests, whenever they were in the ascendant, were then, as ever, a persecuting body, Catholicism, as a whole, had ceased, since the Peace of Westphalia, to divide the interests of Europe.*

And now let us turn briefly to the practical conclusions which F. Amherst engrafts on his narrative. They are, mainly, that the Catholic young men of the present day are a very inferior race to the Catholic young men of F. Amherst's youth; and that the institution for the defence of Catholic interests, founded by desire of the late Pope, sanctioned by the Episcopate, and

* "History of England in the Eighteenth Century," vol. i. p. 268. I need hardly say that my citation of this passage does not imply my entire or unconditional acquiescence in the whole of it.

governed by the leading Catholic laymen of Great Britain and by the clerical delegates of the English and Scotch Hierarchies, I mean the Catholic Union, does not adopt the right way of accomplishing its objects.

First, then, as to Catholic young men. "Five-and-forty years ago," F. Amherst tells us, there was in young Catholics "joy and an eager desire for action;" "their minds and hearts had been prepared by Kenelm Digby's famous works, the 'Broad Stone of Honour,' and the 'Mores Catholici,'" although "narrow-minded and unenthusiastic people discouraged the reading of these most Christian books."* And "when the Catholic young men of those days had been thus prepared and were ready to act, they found older men ready to receive them and to welcome them to manly life. There was the loyal, the vigilant and practical Langdale, to show, in its greatest perfection, how clergy and laity could work together; there was the large-hearted Wiseman, whose abiding thought was not 'How can I, alone, discharging every one else, conduct English Catholic affairs,' but, on the contrary, 'whose services can be engaged to-day in the grand work, to forward which the services of all who can give help are needed?' There was the enthusiastic and energetic Pugin, who was enlisting all he could in a crusade to revive Christian taste, and banish the spirit of Paganism which was threatening to destroy the beauty of God's house; there was Father Ignatius Spencer, rallying all together in a holy league to pray for the conversion of England; there was Frederick Lucas arguing, beseeching, and upbraiding in the pages of his journal:"† there were also—to condense into a few lines F. Amherst's next half-page—the Oxford Movement, the Irish immigration, and the Cambridge Camden Society; and there were, on the Continent, "many signs of a Catholic revival." Now, all is changed! "I must deliberately say," F. Amherst writes, "that the action of the young Catholic men of England in Catholic affairs, at the present day, is mere idleness and sloth, as compared with the energetic action of their fathers." He adds that he says this "advisedly," and that "a layman, in every way qualified to judge, has made the remark that, as far as he can judge, the Catholic youth of this day is 'as worldly as his Protestant neighbour,' as shown particularly in his disinclination 'to giving up any of his time beyond his own personal enjoyment.'"‡ The expression "disinclination to giving up any of his time beyond his own personal enjoyment" is rather odd. Perspicuity would not appear to be among the endowments of this innominate censor of our Catholic young men. But F. Amherst's general meaning is clear enough. Throughout

* Vol. i. p. 2.

† *Ibid.* p. 2.‡ *Ibid.* p. 5.

his volumes his dissatisfaction with young Catholics is constantly indicated. Thus, in one place he complains, "the little interest which the Catholic young men of England take in Catholic affairs is a sad augury for the future."* In another, he deplures "the spirit of inactivity" which "pervades the mass of those who are almost of age to take their fathers' place."† And, again, he laments that "revulsion from the heroic is one characteristic of the present generation."‡ Not to multiply unnecessarily quotations, it is evident that F. Amherst thinks Catholic young men wanting in public spirit, in religious zeal, and in intellectual cultivation. The question is—and it is a very grave question—whether this dissatisfaction is warranted. I observe that F. Amherst writes from Stonyhurst. I do not know how far he is entitled to speak with authority regarding the young men sent into the world by the magnificent college directed there by the Fathers of the Society of which he is an ornament. But if his complaint is well-founded it should surely suggest serious misgiving to those devoted and accomplished men. It is a true dictum of a great poet :

'Tis education forms the common mind :
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.

The twig must indeed be bent amiss, if our Catholic young men are mere grown-up boys, with no sense of the obligation incumbent upon them worthily to uphold the august name of Catholic among a people separate from the unity of the faith, with no feeling of the responsibilities attaching to the position of an English gentleman, intent only on idle amusements and the frivolous gratifications of the passing hour. Radically wrong must be a system of which such is the outcome, for that, and that only, as a great English writer has told us, is "a complete and generous education, which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously, all the duties, both public and private, of peace and war." At the risk of being accounted "narrow-minded" and "unenthusiastic," I confess that I do not share F. Amherst's boundless admiration for "Kenelm Digby's famous works, 'The Broad Stone of Honour,' and 'Mores Catholici,'" although I am by no means insensible to the chivalrous spirit and exuberant fancy displayed in them. Still it is much to be desired that these treatises may find place in the curriculum of Stonyhurst and our other Catholic colleges, if it was the study of them which infused into the young men who were F. Amherst's contemporaries that "joy and eager desire for action" whereby they differed so favourably from the young Catholics of

* Vol. ii. p. 49.

† Vol. i. p. 205.

‡ Vol. ii. p. 122.

the present day. Certainly this, or perhaps some more drastic remedy, is absolutely required, if F. Amherst's indictment of our Catholic youth is well founded. But is it? So far as my own observation enables me to judge, I cannot help thinking that F. Amherst has written on this matter *in excessu suo*. I will concede to F. Amherst that the loss is immense which a young Catholic gentleman suffers, who is debarred from participation in the quite unique advantages of a University training. Even Stonyhurst, sustained, as it is, by the resources of the great Society of Jesus, provides a poor substitute—I am speaking, of course, from a secular point of view—for that “complete and generous education” which Oxford and Cambridge offer to those who know how to use the incomparable gift. But to me the wonder is that the youths, trained in our Catholic colleges, hold their own so well. It is my duty to testify that those young men of our leading Catholic families with whom I have the pleasure to be acquainted—and I do not believe that my experience is exceptional—are, for the most part, by no means deficient in zeal for the Catholic religion, in patriotism, or in skill and energy in the conduct of affairs, public or private. I shrink from mentioning names: or it would be easy enough to point to many young Catholics, who in Parliament, in the Civil Service of the Crown, in the Army and Navy, at the Bar, as country gentlemen, in literature, are quitting themselves like men, at once a credit to their faith and to their country: conspicuous examples, it may be said, of what young Englishmen should be. And well assured am I that among the older Catholics they will find laity as loyal, as vigilant, as practical as Langdale, prelates as large-hearted as Wiseman, architects as enthusiastic and as energetic as Pugin, priests as devoted as Father Ignatius Spencer, and journalists no less powerful than Frederick Lucas in arguing, beseeching and upbraiding; while of the “stern orthodoxy and manly spirit of the doughty champion Milner, who almost single-handed kept the lists against all comers,”* even a double portion would seem to have fallen upon the Most Eminent Metropolitan.

I go on to F. Amherst's second grievance. He is discontented with the Catholic Union of Great Britain. The reason of his dissatisfaction will be best seen if I draw out, in his own words, his ideal of what that institution ought to be.

F. Amherst lays it down that “when political parties wish to preserve their traditions, or to carry a certain measure, or to keep their followers together, when particular trades wish to preserve some special interest (like the Licensed Victuallers at the general election of 1874), they form what is called an

* Vol. i. p. 6.

organization."* "If we were to act as others who have a special interest to attend to, we should in reality be a very considerable power in the State."† "The fact is that, in the use of political power, we want educating."‡ And the first lesson which F. Amherst would have us learn is that "it is clearly the duty of English Catholics, not only to keep up a good understanding with our Irish fellow-subjects, but to interest ourselves in their affairs, and to value the power and influence of Ireland."§ "One great evil to be guarded against, and most carefully shunned by Catholics in the United Kingdom, is any serious difference between the Catholics of Great Britain and Ireland in any important matter, equally affecting both countries. If, on either side of the Channel, a disposition should be shown to allow the prejudice of nationality to weaken the spirit of Catholic union, such a disposition would be but a poor counterfeit of patriotism, and it would be treason to the Church."|| "The power and influence of Ireland is the power and influence of the Catholic Church in the United Kingdom."¶ "When the united action of Catholics shall make it expedient to grant to the Irish what they want, and what they reasonably demand, then, but not till then, will their undoubted rights be obtained."** "As it is desirable that Catholics should thoroughly understand their position in the United Kingdom, and amongst other things the motives from which concessions to them have sprung, it may be well, at the outset, to fix steadily in the mind, the truth that fear has been the prevailing motive of all Acts of Relief."†† "If the Catholics of the United Kingdom had been a united body from the time that a common interest should have bound them together, their numbers and importance would not have been, by fits and starts, a motive for fear, but they would have been continually in action."‡‡ Finally, the organization which F. Amherst dreams of must understand that its "most pressing duty is to attend to the registration" of voters.§§ It must "agitate,"||| must be "continually keeping up our protest and our claim,"¶¶ must "publish to the world all its proceedings,"*** and must be "always ready to bring political power to a focus."†††

One great blemish by which F. Amherst's many excellences

* Vol. i. p. 73.

† *Ibid.*

‡ Vol. i. p. 74.

§ Vol. i. p. 67.

|| Vol. ii. p. 47.

¶ Vol. i. p. 67.

** Vol. i. p. 99.

†† Vol. i. p. 69. Here F. Amherst has a note in which he explains that he does not mean fear "caused by the grossest violation of the laws of God and man."

‡‡ Vol. i. p. 73.

§§ Vol. i. p. 75.

||| Vol. i. p. 117.

¶¶ Vol. i. p. 119.

*** Vol. ii. p. 49.

††† *Ibid.*

are much marred, is the non-sequacious character of his composition. Hence I have been under the necessity of collecting and piecing together, from various parts of his volumes, these details, in order to exhibit the main outlines of his ideal of a Catholic Union. It will be seen that the organization which he desiderates is essentially political. His dream—and a bad dream it seems to me to be—is of a *Catholic party* in Great Britain; a party which, relying upon the power and influence of Ireland, shall intimidate the Parliament and people of this kingdom. I trust I may say, without offence, that when a man begins to advocate the formation of a Catholic party in Great Britain, I know at once what to think of him—*δηλος δέ μοῦσι σκαὶ ἐκλύσων στόμα*. Is it conceivable that any one at all practically acquainted with public affairs, with the facts of life, can regard as possible the political amalgamation of British Catholics, whether Liberals, Radicals, or Conservatives, and the followers of Mr. Parnell? What F. Amherst calls “the prejudice of nationality” is the deepest feeling of the Celtic people of Ireland. I do not know who has given more authoritative and perspicuous expression to it than their recognized leader. “Speaking for myself,” said Mr. Parnell at Mayo, on the 5th of November last, “speaking for myself, and I believe for the Irish people and for all my colleagues in Parliament, I have to declare that we will never accept, either expressly or impliedly, anything but the full and complete right to arrange our own affairs, to make our land a nation, to secure for her, free from outside control, the right to direct her own course amongst the peoples of the world.”* The brutal tyranny under which thirty generations of Irishmen have groaned has but served to root more deeply this aspiration for nationality in the popular mind, and with it a deep detestation of the tyrant. As Cardinal Newman has pointed out in words, each of which is as a groan wrung from his lacerated heart, the feeling of profound, ineradicable, deadly enmity against England, is universal among the Irish peasantry.

[An English visitor to Ireland] if he happens to be a Catholic [his Eminence writes], has to be recalled to himself, and to be taught by what he hears around him, that an Englishman has no right to open his heart and indulge his honest affection towards the Irish race, as if nothing had happened between him and them. . . . As to the population, one sentiment of hatred against the oppressor, *manet altâ mente repostum*. The wrongs which England has inflicted are faithfully remembered; her services are viewed with incredulity or resentment; her name and fellowship are abominated; the news

* I quote from the report of the speech in *United Ireland*.

of her prosperity heard with disgust; the anticipation of her possible reverses nursed and cherished as the best of consolations. The success of France and Russia over her armies, of Yankee or Hindoo, is fervently desired as the first instalment of a debt accumulated through seven centuries; and that, even though those armies are in so large a proportion recruited from the Irish soil. If he ventures at least to ask for prayers for England, he receives one answer—a prayer that she may receive her due. It is as if the air rang with the old Jewish words, “O daughter of Babylon, blessed shall he be who shall repay thee as thou hast paid to us.”*

Such is the fact. And it is not in the least altered by asserting that the grievances of Ireland are sentimental, traditional race grievances. Even if that were an entirely correct account of them—which it is not—such grievances are much deeper and much more enduring sources of enmity than personal injuries. They are “portions and parcels of the dreadful past” which is the sad inheritance of Celtic Ireland. But “the prejudice of nationality” is as strong upon this side of St. George’s Channel as upon the other. So far as my opportunities enable me to judge, the convictions on the Irish question which have found expression in the recent speeches of the Duke of Norfolk, are firmly held by no inconsiderable number of English and Scotch Catholics. They believe that it is our duty to offer uncompromising resistance to those whom Mr. Gladstone described, not so very long ago, as “marching, through rapine, to the dismemberment of the Empire, and even to the placing of different parts of the Empire in direct hostility one to the other.” They believe that the best reparation for past misrule in Ireland is to rule her justly, firmly, and beneficently in the present. They believe that to abandon this task, at the bidding of Mr. Parnell and his followers would bring a load of infamy upon the country, *che fece per viltate il gran rifiuto*. Whether these beliefs are right or wrong, I do not now inquire. I am, at present, merely concerned with the fact of their existence among us. What common political action, then, between Irish and British Catholics is possible, when so grave a difference exists regarding this most “important matter, equally affecting both countries?” “Clergymen, who understand the least, and take the worst measure, of human affairs, of all mankind that can write and read,” said Clarendon. He had in view, of course, the Anglican clerisy. It is surprising to find a member of the Society of Jesus in the same condemnation.

One of the special claims of the Catholic Union upon the Catholics of Great Britain is that from its foundation it has per-

* “Historical Sketches,” vol. iii. p. 259.

sistently eschewed this impracticable and dangerous chimera of a Catholic party. Efforts have been made from time to time to drag it into the political arena. But the firm resolve of the governing body, strenuously supported by the vast majority of the members, has always opposed a *non possumus* to these suggestions. The last time when they were prominently brought forward was at the Annual General Meeting of 1882, when the Rev. Dr. Laing emitted the aspiration "that the Catholic Union do make an agitation in the country," and two other speakers pleaded for a relaxation of the very stringent rule against party politics; one of them further desiring that the Union should undertake the duty of registering Catholic voters throughout the country, or at the least in London. These suggestions were received with much disfavour by nearly all the members present, and drew from many who were not present strongly worded letters of protest. One of these, addressed to the *Tablet* newspaper, and written with great ability and knowledge, but, if I may say so, with defective temper, I shall quote, only omitting certain personal references of questionable taste and of unquestionable injudiciousness:—

I have just received the July number of the *Catholic Union Gazette*, containing the Report of the recent Annual General Meeting. I am a resident in the country, and am seldom able to attend the half-yearly meetings of the Union in Willis's Rooms, and such is the condition of the vast majority of the members. Hence it is that, whilst there are some nine hundred names on the list, the average attendance at those meetings is confined to some thirty or forty gentlemen, mostly residents in London with time on their hands. The small attendance at these meetings is, indeed, in one respect, of little practical consequence, for, by the Rules, the whole power of administration is vested in the Council, a body elected by general suffrage of the members throughout Great Britain, by means of voting papers forwarded to them to be filled up and returned; so that the discussions at these General Meetings are of no more real account than are the debates in the Anglican Convocation. But, on the other hand, it might be supposed by the outside public, if no disclaimer were forthcoming, that members absent from these meetings acquiesce in views put forward by gentlemen present there; and therefore on behalf of myself and a good many of my friends resident in this part of England, I venture to offer a few remarks upon certain things said at the last Annual General Meeting of which the Report is before me. With most of the things said there I fully agree. I am at one with Mr. E. Randolph in his view—for which he adduced ample warrant—that "the Union does its best, according to the means within its reach, according to its powers" in the disposal of the business brought into its offices. I assent to Mr. Ryley's assertion that "good, great good, has been done by the

Union." But I totally disagree with two suggestions which were thrown out, and they are these, that the rule of the Union against the introduction of party politics should be abolished or relaxed, and that the Catholic Union should itself take up, and carry on, the registration of Catholic voters. I cannot think that the gentlemen who made and endorsed these suggestions were acquainted with the constitution and history of the Catholic Union. As to party politics, their exclusion from the proceedings of the Union is a *fundamental rule*, and, as is well known, was insisted upon, as such, by the Hierarchy, when the Union was originally established; and Mr. Ryley was well warranted when he said that if that rule were not in existence, and were not maintained, there would necessarily be an end of the Union. Then as to registration, surely the gentlemen who sought to bring up again that ill-omened spectre can hardly have known the trouble there was some years ago in laying it. In a very full discussion of the subject, embodied in the Annual Report of 1877, the Council explained and vindicated the policy of the Union on this matter, which, as they observed, from first to last has been consistent. That policy, they said, has been that the Union should "not itself engage in registration," but should "promote the formation of societies which should undertake that work." Every man of ordinary intelligence knows, and every man of ordinary candour will allow, that it is impossible to separate registration from party politics. Local Catholic Societies may engage in such politics if they will, and, as a matter of fact, they do so engage; but for the Catholic Union to take part in any election, in the preparation for any election, in the selection, recommendation, or support of any candidate, in the preparation of a register, in the making of claims for individual voters, or in conducting the defence of those claims, would, as Mr. Ryley well said, "put an end to any Catholic or other union among us." Let me illustrate from my own case what I mean. I am a Conservative. I certainly would not consent that an institution which I joined on the express understanding that it was non-political, should use my name, influence, and subscription in support of any candidate opposed to the Conservative cause. If it did so, I should at once withdraw from it; and my Liberal friends, with equal reason, would object to the Union giving any sort of countenance to the Conservative cause; while neither Liberals nor Conservatives would endure that the Union should be made a tool for strengthening the Home Rule movement, which certainly would be the real effect produced by any registration it might accomplish—for it would register none but poor Irishmen—and which, as I take leave to assert, is the real object sought by most of those who urge registration upon it. The Catholic Union was founded by the express wish of the late holy Pope Pius IX., and with the approbation of our bishops, upon certain well-defined lines. The wisdom and prudence of the illustrious President of the Union, and his very distinguished colleagues, whom we have elected from time to time on the Council, have so far guided the Union on those lines. Hence it is, if I may once more avail myself of Mr. Ryley's "old experience," that the Union has hitherto

accomplished satisfactorily—most satisfactorily—a very difficult task. Should the Union ever desert those lines, should it engage in party politics, or in registration, which is merely a form of party politics, I, for one, should immediately say, “Non hæc in fœdera veni,” and such, as I have good reason to know, is the general feeling among its members in this part of England. But this is a wild supposition, which I at once put aside. I have too great confidence in the governing body of the Union to suppose that they would allow it to be converted into a bad imitation of a Ritualistic caucus, or into a covert auxiliary to the Land League.

The *Tablet* commented upon this letter in a leading article of some length, which it may be well to present. I shall, however, take the liberty to abridge it somewhat:—

We print elsewhere in our present issue a communication from a correspondent who has contributed, from time to time, some very valuable letters to our columns. His theme, upon the present occasion, is “a proposed new departure upon the part of the Catholic Union,” which is criticized by him with a certain amount of causticity, not to say acerbity. We shall return by-and-by to his remarks. Let us first say a word or two about the work of the Catholic Union, as it actually is. We shall then be better able to follow our correspondent in his remarks upon the proposal for its starting upon a new line of action.

The Catholic Union of Great Britain, then, was founded eleven years ago, shortly after the late Pope, of glorious memory, was despoiled of his Civil Princedom. It was felt by the leading English Catholic laity—to adopt the words used some years later by the Cardinal Archbishop and Bishops of England—that “the cause of God, which the statesmen of this world call the Roman question, is not a matter which belongs as a domestic question to Italy, but is altogether Catholic and universal, and belongs to the jurisprudence of the whole Christian world.” Rightly, therefore, did the founders of the Catholic Union give to this great question the first and most prominent place, at the head of the statement of the objects of their Association, and rightly has it since then maintained that first and most prominent position. But besides the restoration of the Holy Father to his Civil Princedom, the promotion of Catholic interests generally—and *Catholic* interests alone—was declared to be the end and aim of the Catholic Union, and from time to time valuable and emphatic testimony has been given as to the prudence, zeal, and large measure of practical success with which its labours for the promotion of those interests have been conducted. We have ourselves in these columns dwelt upon this matter as occasion has suggested. And a few years ago the strictures of certain ill-informed critics elicited a public declaration regarding it, from a Catholic gentleman whose intimate association with the Union—he has from the first, we believe, been a member of its Council—no less than his great knowledge of the actual business of public life and of the conditions under which that business has to be discharged, gives

peculiar weight to his opinion. Speaking in 1877, in Willis's Rooms, Mr. Henry Matthews declared that "there was no great public event touching the interest of Catholics since the foundation of the Union in which the Union had not taken part, actively, prominently, usefully;" and his declarations were confirmed by some of the most distinguished of his colleagues then present. And certainly since that date the sphere of the action of the Union has not been contracted, nor have its operations been less earnestly or less fruitfully conducted. Of that, its Annual Reports, most of which, we believe, have been commented upon from time to time in these columns, afford ample evidence. And, in particular, if we turn to its last Annual Report, it is impossible not to be struck with the importance of the subjects which have been dealt with by it, the sagacity with which those subjects have been handled, and the good results which have been achieved. This indeed was fully admitted by the principal speakers at the last Annual General Meeting. "It will bear looking into," the member who moved the adoption of the Annual Report [Mr. E. Randolph] is stated to have assured his hearers, "and will meet your approval as satisfactory:" which, indeed, was proved to be a correct anticipation, for it was accepted without a dissentient vote. And again the same speaker, who had devoted considerable attention to his subject, having, as he said, personally inquired for himself into the working of the Office, expressed his surprise at "the number of matters which had been dealt with, and at the amount of labour they must have entailed." And so the speaker who came next—and Mr. Ryley will pardon us if we add that the speaker in question is usually a somewhat severe critic—bore testimony to "the good, the great good," that had been done; while the member who followed him observed that "the Council had taken up and pushed forward in a spirit of earnestness, during the past year, much useful and important work." That this is so, any one who will take the trouble to peruse the Report may easily see for himself, and therefore we need not dwell upon it further.

There were, however, members present at the Annual Meeting who desiderated "greater activity" upon the part of the Union. It is by no means a new demand. In 1879, we find, the same aspiration was expressed at the Annual Meeting of that year. "More energetic action" was then declared by some to be called for. It was upon that occasion, as we read in the report of the proceedings, that a member of the Union who has for some years taken a warm interest in its affairs—not merely a platonic interest, for he has devoted much valuable time to its service as auditor—made a remark, which is worth recalling, as to the real signification of that cry. "When I hear more energetic action called for," Mr. Gresham Wells is reported to have said, "I cannot help thinking that what those who raise the cry really mean is some form of *political* action." And so it appears that the greater activity which some of the speakers at the last Annual Meeting demanded imports the abolition or relaxation of the rule of the Union against the introduction of party politics and the direct and active

participation by the Union in the work of registering Catholic voters. This is the new departure which a few of its members desire for the Catholic Union, and it is against such new departure that our correspondent very strongly protests. And we must say that the reasons which he assigns appear to us to be quite unanswerable. "As to party politics," he writes, "their exclusion from the proceedings of the Union is a fundamental rule, and, as is well known, was insisted upon, as such, by the Hierarchy when the Union was originally established." And certain it is, considering how very widely Catholics in this country differ in political questions, that the entire avoidance of them, nay, of anything that touches upon them, is an absolutely necessary condition of any common action. Repeal or weaken that rule, and you most assuredly will convert your Catholic Union into a Catholic disunion, destined, inevitably and very speedily, to succumb, with more or less scandal, to the fate of every previous Catholic association of the same kind; for all, we believe, have split upon this very rock of party politics. Then, as to registration. The position and policy of the Union on this subject have from the year 1873 been very clearly and precisely laid down. In 1875 four important Resolutions regarding it were put forth by the Council, in one of which it is declared: "That the Council of the Catholic Union, having for its objects not local interests as such, but the general interests of the Catholic community, does not act in any sense as a local registration society, not even in regard to the metropolis, where it holds its sittings." The same principle was reiterated, with much emphasis, in the Annual Report of 1877, in words stated, at the time, to be due to the Marquis of Ripon, and in consequence the most prominent Irish members of the Union, who for reasons best known to themselves were very desirous that it should engage directly in the work of registration, at once left it. It is certain, however, that any other policy would have been followed by the loss of the great bulk of its English and Scotch supporters. Religion in England is one thing, politics are quite another. And that an institution ostensibly Catholic, and Catholic only, should use its influence in favour of any political party, would be a monstrous breach of faith and a fraud upon its members. To this we may add, in words which we find in the speech of Mr. Henry Matthews, from which we just now quoted, that for the Union which has continually to appeal to public bodies—most of them hostile—to take a part in political agitation, would be to make itself impossible. Considerations such as these seem to us to be altogether conclusive, and we do not for a minute doubt that they are felt to be so by the governing body of the Catholic Union.

It may be freely conceded, then, that the Catholic Union by no means corresponds with F. Amherst's ideal. The object of the late Pontiff in desiring its establishment, the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster has told us, "was not to form any political association, or any association of Catholics that should, in any way, dabble in politics. It was to promote the solemn

union of faithful Catholics for Catholic work and Catholic interests. And I believe"—his Eminence added, turning to the President of the Union—"I believe, my Lord Duke, that you have done wisely and well in gathering together so many earnest Catholics, who should learn how to serve our common welfare, not by engaging in conflicts in the Union itself, but by studying the relations of the Catholic Church to the commonwealth in which we live, and how they can be useful to the Church and the commonwealth with the greatest intelligence and the greatest force. I look upon the Catholic Union as an unconquerable section of our army." * Such is the Catholic Union as it exists and works: its ranks freely open to Conservatives, Liberals, or Home Rulers, who choose to lay aside, for the time, their Conservatism, Liberalism, and Home Rule, in common action for purely Catholic ends; its modes of operation not copied blindly from any political parties, nor from the Licensed Victuallers Association, but chosen with discretion, according to varying circumstances and exigencies. It agitates when good cause is discerned for agitation. For example, it organized the great meeting in St. James's Hall, which, with the proceedings consequent thereon, did so much to influence public opinion, both at home and abroad, in the matter of the Kulturkampf. It does not agitate where—as in the question of Primary Education—it knows that the highest ecclesiastical authority in this country considers other means of action to be more expedient. Most assuredly it does not publish to the world all its proceedings, or there would soon be an end of it and of them. But it does publish in its *Gazette*, from time to time, accounts of its transactions, which F. Amherst would have done well to consult before recording against it his judgment of malediction. He would then have found that it is daily engaged in doing—and doing successfully—many things which he censures it for not doing, while, on the other hand, its occupation is not in the least such as he is pleased to suppose.† Whether or no it is heroic, certainly

* Speech of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster in Willis's Rooms, Feb. 10, 1885.

† In his Introduction (p. 43) F. Amherst mentions a case of refusal by a Board of Guardians to provide for a Catholic priest, a room wherein to give religious instruction to the Catholic paupers of the workhouse; and adds, "As the Catholic Union was established, not merely to present addresses to the Holy Father, at particular times, but to attend to the general interests of British Catholics, such unfairness in the administration of the law as that mentioned in the text, and which, no doubt, frequently occurs, might very properly be taken up." "This case," he further observes, "is mentioned merely to illustrate the action of prejudice." As a matter of fact, the Catholic Union is constantly and successfully engaged in the redress of wrongs to our workhouse poor; and has been directly instru-

it is not mock heroic. It does not endeavour to work upon the overwhelming Protestant majority in this nation by the motive of fear. Its attitude towards them is not in the least that of the champion in the burlesque :

Whoever dares these boots displace,
Must meet Bombastes face to face :
Thus do I challenge all the human race.

On the contrary, it ever endeavours to guide itself by the wisdom, one note of which is peaceableness. Animated by that spirit, I content myself with these gentle animadversions upon F. Amherst's volumes. οὐχ ἡδεῖται δῆπουθεν Εἰρήνη σφαγαῖς.

W. S. LILLY.

ART. V.—PLATO'S "ATLANTIS" AND THE "PERIPLUS" OF HANNO.

1. *The Secret of Plato's Atlantis*. By LORD ARUNDELL OF WARDOUR. London : Burns & Oates. 1885.
2. *Mémoire sur le Périples d'Hannon*. Par AUGUSTE MER, Capitaine de Vaisseau en retraite. Paris : Perrin, 35 Quai des Augustins. 1885.

SOME time ago, Lord Arundell published a book in answer to Mr. Donelly on the subject of the Atlantis and the Deluge. The work was entitled "The Secret of Plato's Atlantis." We cannot at present pretend to offer any opinion on Mr. Donelly's work, which as yet we have been unable to become fully acquainted with. Judging from the quotations and from Lord Arundell's own opinions, its conclusions might be safely accepted. All that we are asked for are our own thoughts concerning Lord Arundell's theories. On this point alone does our judgment touch.

Lord Arundell proposes to himself two things. He wishes,

mental in vindicating their right to the use of the workhouse chapel for religious services—including Mass—on equal terms with other dissidents from the Established Church. Of addresses to Leo XIII., the Catholic Union has presented exactly one—namely, upon the election of his Holiness to the Pontifical throne—if, indeed, a congratulatory telegram can be called an address. It is somewhat singular that F. Amherst should take exception to this manifestation of our loyalty to the Pope. Unquestionably his remarks serve admirably "to illustrate the action of prejudice."

in the first place, to prove against Mr. Donnelly that the Mosaic Deluge has no connection with the submersion of Plato's Atlantis; in the second, to prove that the universality of the biblical cataclysm is established by the universality of popular tradition. To accomplish the first task, he undertakes to show—(1) That the submersion of Atlantis, accepted by Mr. Donnelly as historical, is nothing more than a pure legend; and (2) that this legend has for basis the Periplus of Hanno. To our mind, however, Lord Arundell establishes neither one nor the other of these two affirmations.

As regards the first: if it is not without reason that Lord Arundell refuses to attach a serious value to the testimony of the "old original" Cosmas, who, according to Mr. Donnelly, makes "the traditions of the first ages about the deluge point to the part of the world where the Atlantis was fixed," neither does he advance by any means his thesis by saying that Berosus, Josephus, Nicholas of Damascus, and St. Epiphanius pretend that in their time *débris* of the ark were still to be found on Mount Ararat, and in the country of the Kurds. All this is too uncritical and legendary to have any force for or against. The study of the direct arguments brought forward by Mr. Donnelly and based principally on Plato's account, is of greater importance.

Here the thesis presents a double aspect. After having tried to prove the reality of Atlantis, Mr. Donnelly starts from this as from a firm and solid basis, and then seeks to attach on to his hypothesis a certain number of ideas, which are not wanting in importance—for instance, the appearance of man and the localization of the terrestrial Paradise in the Atlantis, and the legendary character of the Mosaic Deluge. According to the author, this is only a distant echo of the submersion of the island, which occurred at a much remoter date than that indicated by Genesis. When Lord Arundell objects to these latter affirmations, his reasoning has a value which is undeniable. He shows well enough to his opponent that the greatest number of the reasons alleged for locating the terrestrial Paradise in the midst of the submerged island, can also agree with its localization in the plains of Mesopotamia. He has good reason also in stating that the diluvian tradition is not at all a recent variation of the catastrophe handed down by Critias to Plato; but what he fails to accomplish, is to prove that the engulfing of the island can have no connection with the deluge.

If we are to judge by his quotations, Mr. Donnelly seems to have formed a very wrong conception of the possibility of this connection. According to Plato, we see Poseidon occupied in Atlantis, enclosing the central island with zones of earth and sea alternately; and in the description of his palace there is mention

made twice of canals which he dug. These facts are necessarily prior to the subsidence of the island. If the traditions of the deluge of Cronos and Poseidon allude to these facts, says Lord Arundell, we must admit that we have traditions of the deluge anterior to the engulfing of the island. This he finds to be impossible; but perhaps he forgets that the deluge of Mr. Donelly is not universal, and that those who escaped may have been able to hand down traditions of earlier date than the deluge. However that may be, Lord Arundell seems at times to show very clearly that his opponent's proofs are weak and his deductions not in accordance with logic. But does he not likewise err as much himself, when, after having examined in detail the special arguments of Mr. Donelly, he concludes in a general manner to the absence of any relation between the sinking of the famous island and the deluge? This relation can be conceived in a very catholic manner, and quite different from Mr. Donelly's. In order that Lord Arundell might firmly establish his own solution, it was needful for him not only to destroy his opponent's arguments, but likewise every possibility of a connection between the two facts.

He endeavours to do so, but does he succeed? Let us judge for ourselves. To show the account of Moses and that of Plato as contradictory one to the other, he asserts that, according to the former and to tradition, the sole cause of the deluge of Genesis was the rain, whereas the geological catastrophe is due to a geological accident, a subsidence of land. Thereupon Lord Arundell courageously launches into a strange sort of argumentation. In order to identify the two facts, he says, we must recognize a geological cause for the deluge. But how can it be supposed that for 9,000 years people were ignorant of the truth of an event, about which all men have spoken, and that at the present day we have succeeded in discovering that geology and Plato are right, in opposition to every one else?

Truly, Lord Arundell astonishes us. Where then did he find either in Moses, or in the Fathers, or the ancient and modern exegetes, that the rain was the sole cause of the deluge? Moses does not speak only of the *cataracta cœli*, but he likewise speaks of the *fontes abyssi*, which burst forth. All tradition bears witness to it. If the Fathers do not read clearly beneath these words the mention of a geological displacement, the reason is that a knowledge of this kind of phenomena was not familiar to them. Instead of a subsidence of earth, produced by natural causes, they, like the exegetes of the Middle Ages, supposed the intervention of an angel or the hand of God himself; none of them, however, forgot to attribute, under some form or other, a large part of the work of a cataclysm to subterranean agencies.

As soon as these phenomena were perceived by science, exegetes availed themselves of them to interpret this passage, and with the exception of a savant like M. Moigno, one may seek in vain for a modern exegete of worth, even were he a partisan of the universality of the deluge, like Lord Arundell, who does not fall back upon a subsidence or rising of the earth—in some cases upon both*—for an explanation of the Mosaic words.

Lord Arundell is much surprised that after such a long time a new and correct solution should be found. This astonishment reveals a state of mind which explains his book, and several other works of his also, but which afford little guarantee for the value of his exegetical criticisms. Is it, then, the first time that such a thing has happened? And is a great effort of mind necessary to understand that geological science must exist before it can be made use of to interpret Moses? Lord Arundell then fails altogether to show that there can be no relation between the submersion of Atlantis, as related by Plato, under a more or less legendary shape, and the authentic narration of the deluge given by Moses.

If he succeeded in proving that the sinking of the island is a legend, his thesis would be valid all the same, for a connection cannot be admitted between two facts, the first of which is shown to be imaginary. Unfortunately, the efforts of Lord Arundell are in this case weaker still; we have not been able to find in his book a single valid argument against the reality of the submersion, and we acknowledge that we have never found a convincing one anywhere else.

At times he criticizes Mr. Donnelly with reason for details as to dates, or for facts which, though clearly legendary, are too easily accepted. But when it is proved that imagination has played its part in the narrations of Solon, Critias, or Plato, it does not follow that the facts contained therein are invalidated. A learned French writer, M. Th. H. Martin of the "Institut," in his masterly and celebrated work on the "Timæus" of Plato, has likewise endeavoured with incomparable erudition to reduce to nothing the "fable" of Atlantis. In spite of his learning and efforts, however, he succeeds only in discovering the errors committed on this subject and the legendary side of the recital of the Greek philosopher, without destroying the nucleus of the narration—namely, the existence of Atlantis.†

We may even remark *en passant* that, over and above the other reasons given by Mr. Donnelly, Lord Arundell must acknow-

* See the admirable article of M. Jean d'Estienne, in the *Revue des Questions Scientifiques*. Brussels, October, 1885.

† Vol. i. note xiii. p. 257 *seqq.*

ledge that he was struck with the passage in which the author gathers together a certain number of facts, which he remarks cannot rest on nothing, and which are susceptible of a very natural explanation on the hypothesis of the island's existence.

Upon that part of the African continent [he says] nearest to the site of Atlantis, we find a chain of mountains known from the most ancient times as the Atlas Mountains. . . . Look at it! An Atlas Mountain on the shores of Africa; an Atlan town on the shore of America; the Atlantis living along the N.W. coast of Africa; an Aztec people from Agtlan in Central America; an ocean rolling between the two worlds called the Atlantic, a mythological deity called Atlas holding the world on his shoulders, an immemorial tradition of an island of Atlantis. Can all these things be the result of accident? *

No! Lord Arundell on this point does not answer Mr. Donelly. Even if he did, the cause would not be gained, for at the present day it has many other aids and champions. Important scientific and historical works published in France, Spain and Germany, have given reality to the recital of Plato. It was only recently that we read a memoir presented in 1884 to the International Congress of Americanists in Madrid, by D. Fred. de Botella, who on this point upholds the conclusions of MM. Unger, Goffarel, Marcon, &c., in the affirmative. We believe that the reality of Atlantis is unfolding itself more and more from the mists of legend; and Lord Arundell, before passing to the positive part of his thesis, should have overthrown the arguments of all kinds presented by those who oppose him; otherwise the most he can do is to draw conclusions against Mr. Donelly—not, however, against Plato and his Atlantis. He does not do so; he asserts the non-existence, of the celebrated island, and tries to demonstrate that Plato's account is nothing more than a purely imaginative variation executed by the philosopher on the *Periplus* of Hanno.

Lord Arundell appears here more unfortunate than ever. Not one of the comparisons he attempts between the *Timæus* and the *Periplus* is substantial or capable of giving support to his strange hypothesis. Taken by themselves, they are more suited to establish the differences than the resemblances.

Lord Arundell has an exaggerated liking for this kind of argument. The most distant connections, the most hazardous comparisons, which are most insignificant and visibly accidental, form for him the strongest evidences of certainty.

The following are some of the grounds on which he rests his discovery.

* Donelly, p. 172; Lord Arundell, p. 8.

In Plato, Poseidon, to whom in the division of the earth made by the gods Atlantis fell, builds in this island a city fifty stadia distant from a hill where an autochthonous inhabitant, named Edenor, lives. Hanno founds upon the shore of the modern Morocco his first town called Thymoterion. The former is founded upon an island, the latter upon the shore; but as they are both foundations, the connection satisfies the author, for this reason, that at the foot of both the one and the other a plain extends. That which finally determines Lord Arundell is that the plain which Hanno speaks of was fertile, and that Poseidon made springs of hot and cold water to appear in Plato's plain. It must be added, however, that this last connection seems in the author's mind to be accompanied with considerable uncertainty; for he admits that Plato imagined this latter trait in order to reproduce the mythological tradition of Athens to the effect that Poseidon had called forth with his trident a well on the Acropolis. Accordingly, he is no longer copying Hanno. Hanno continues his journey, and at a little distance from the shore discovers a lake. Now, Plato says that Poseidon surrounded the hill of Atlantis with several concentric zones of water, which ensured its freedom from invasions. There is water and land in both countries, and in both narrations; therefore one is derived from the other! It would be impossible to be more easily satisfied.

Plato speaks of five couples of male children begotten by Poseidon, who divides his island among them. Now, Hanno, continuing his journey, establishes along the shore five new colonies, whose sites may be seen at the present day. Does it follow from this that the Greek philosopher, seeing the Carthaginians founding Caricum-Teichos, Gitte, Acra, Melitta, and Aramba upon the African coast, conceived the idea of giving to Poseidon ten sons, who divided among themselves one island?

Hanno finds elephants and other animals in his travels. There are also elephants and other animals in the Atlantis. It is Hanno, then, whom Plato has copied, says Lord Arundell. Would he otherwise have thought of putting animals into his island, immense though it was, and would he not rather have supposed it a desert?

The island of Cerne, discovered by Hanno, is five stadia in *circumference*; there is no palace in this African island; but the island in which is found the monument of Neptune in Atlantis is five stadia in *diameter*. Our author thinks this a sufficiently striking resemblance. In the same way the three harbours of which Plato speaks must be three islands signalized by Hanno under absolutely contrary conditions. One of them is in the interior of a gulf, which also encloses another islet. Notice that

these two last are some hundred miles from the other in the Gulf of Guinea. But little matter the distances, the positions, the situations, the differences, and even the contradictions, since the number *three*, by a skilful addition, is found in the two narratives!

This is not all. Hanno perceives wooded mountains where the savages at night light fires, around which they utter yells, accompanied by pipes, cymbals, and drums, in order to frighten the Carthaginian fleet. There are also wooded mountains in Atlantis. They are not savages who inhabit them, but good people who offer sacrifices; but in doing so, they burn the flesh of bulls, and the fires of these sacrifices recalls immediately to the mind of our author the fires of the savages. It is true that those of the latter appear only at night, and that the former are extinguished by the libations exactly at the time when the others were enkindled. However, since there are fires in both cases, the resemblance suffices for the learned author in spite of the contradictions which characterize them; and moreover, if the contradiction is increased by the absence of the cymbals, pipes, and drums, in Plato's account, "we cannot doubt," he says, "that they existed all the same." In short, Hanno, in continuing his journey, passes through a storm, and makes acquaintance with tornadoes in the Bights of Benin and of Biafra; then arrives opposite the crater of the volcano Camaroots, which he perceives in the distance. Plato says nothing like this; but since his Atlantis ends in a subsidence, "we may suppose," says Lord Arundell, "a volcanic phenomenon to be the cause, and thus recognize the same ending in both recitals."

If we were to bring out in relief the difference in the two recitals, we could certainly oppose all the similarities discovered by Lord Arundell. And how would it be if we brought forward the other numerous and palpable contradictions? In truth, it appears to us a strange thing to attempt any comparison between two such works. The work of Plato would be inexplicable. Would he have wished to deceive his fellow-citizens? "No," replies our author, "but to collect the traditions which prevailed on the subject of the Carthaginian admiral's voyage." Now, if we take the average of chronological differences, there is perhaps less than a century between the *Periplus* and the birth of Plato; the relation of Hanno preserved in the very language of the philosopher is still in existence, and yet the traditions have been altered to this extent! And people had come to believe that more than 9,000 years had elapsed since the submersion of Atlantis, that is, since the voyage of Hanno.

This is absolutely impossible, and we are not astonished that
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Lord Arundell has not found any one until now to express the idea of such a resemblance. The writer does not appear to us more happy when he attempts another hypothesis, namely, that Plato simply wished to reproduce according to his fancy the *Periplus* of Hanno. At such an epoch, so near to the time of the admiral, the thought would not have occurred to him, and the enterprise would have been very strange and very impracticable. Above all, he could not have dreamed that such a thing could be realized in this form. Moreover, Lord Arundell introduces a contradiction in his own work; for admitting this supposition, it is necessary to make the philosopher a forger, since Plato makes no apparent allusion to the *Periplus*, and he pretends to draw his history from the Egyptians through Solon and Critias.

The *savants* who have treated this matter most thoroughly, whilst they deny the existence of Atlantis, cannot help remarking the necessity of admitting that the tradition spoken of by Plato really came to him from Solon his ancestor, who had it from the priests of Egypt, who themselves already held it as an ancient tradition. Now Solon, not to speak of the priests of Egypt, lived probably before the time of Hanno's voyage.

We conclude that the first part of the work is without any solid foundation, and that the reality of the submersion of Atlantis, as also the possible connection it has with the Mosaic Deluge, has not been affected by the arguments of Lord Arundell.

The second part of the book must aim, we think, according to the intention of the author, at proving that the deluge of Noah and of Genesis is the real deluge—a deluge absolutely universal, according to the idea elsewhere expressed by Lord Arundell. But we acknowledge that we do not see how the writer arrives at this conclusion, even in accepting his argument; still less do we comprehend how such an argument can be admissible.

The author tries to find in the Indian festivals, and in those of the Greeks, a souvenir of the Mosaic Deluge; and by means of the system of interpretation he follows, he finds it to his own satisfaction.

Supposing he is right, Mr. Donnelly would easily reply that this only proves one thing—namely, that the catastrophe of Atlantis was not known in a direct manner in the Indian and Greek world, but indirectly through the legends to which it gave birth, legends resembling to a certain extent that which was known to Moses. Thus we cannot easily, by such reasoning, attain the direct end.

But it seems to us that the chief fault of Lord Arundell in this work on the diluvian traditions is not that of having failed in entirely refuting Mr. Donnelly's arguments, but in employing, in order to create traditions upon the flood of Genesis, reasons and

arguments which are wanting in logic and criticism. The mind of the learned author is certainly haunted by the spectre of the universal deluge, and he discovers in the countries which his vast erudition makes known to him everywhere reminiscences of the scourge. All the Greek festivals one would suppose to have been instituted in its memory. The principle from which he draws his conclusions is a very convenient one, but it does not suffice to affirm it, and needs a more serious justification than that which is presented in his work. The principle is as follows:—The primitive feasts consisted of sacrifices and offerings of fruits, and these sacrifices were originated in memory of the deluge. The second part, at least, of this assertion is not demonstrable to any one, and logic does not permit the author on the strength of it to affirm that the harvest feast at Athens related to the deluge, or that the feast of Ceres the Lawgiver, celebrated in honour of the institution of laws, had for primary object the re-institution by Noah of a regular order of things after the great flood.

Lord Arundell appears to us to fail still more completely in the attempt he makes to discover, in all the feasts, titles and portraits of Bacchus, the patriarch Noah, or his son Cham, for he hesitates at times on this point. Even his title of "god of tragedy and protector of theatres" can be explained by identifying the mythological being with the patriarch. All this is overdrawn, proves nothing, and recalls to our mind the pantheist maxim, "All is in all." But the learned author appears still more to exceed the limits of strict and forcible logic when he piles resemblances on resemblances in order to connect the Indian and Greek festivals with the deluge. It would take too long to follow him in detail on this point; we will confine ourselves to one of his arguments.

The Mandan Indians, at a certain time of the year, celebrate in one day three distinct ceremonies. The first seems to have some relation to the deluge; in the third they make their young men pass through severe trials to test their courage, for the purpose of selecting those who are deemed worthy to follow their chiefs in their warlike expeditions. Now, as it was at the feast of the *Apaturia*, in which there was also an assembly (but of another kind), that Plato heard the history of the submersion of Atlantis, therefore, the feast of the *Apaturia* among the Greeks is in memory of the Mosaic Deluge. Besides the violence done to history* and to logic in this page, let us add that Lord Arundell,

* Lord Arundell is quite mistaken when he supposes that Plato, at the age of ten years, heard the history from Critias. It was to the grandson of Critias, also named Critias, that the narration was made by Critias, then ninety years of age. Lord Arundell has confounded here the young Critias with Plato.

in using this comparison, is obliged to contradict himself, since he admits elsewhere that the narrative of Plato was his own invention, that consequently it was not related to him at the festival of the Apaturia, that it has no relation to the deluge whatever, that the submersion described is fictitious, and, in fact, that it is all simply the recital of a tradition on the subject of the Periplus of Hanno. In fine, the comparison of the feast of the Apaturia with the feast of the Mandans, *à propos* of the deluge, is the more strained from the fact that this feast (as the learned writer is aware) has an historical origin—an origin which relates neither to Atlantis nor to the narration of Moses—since its end is simply to commemorate the artifice* used by Melanthus, by which he succeeded in killing Xanthus in a duel proposed by the latter. Also the intervention of the children in the Greek and Indian ceremonies, by means of which our author endeavours to mark the connection between the two feasts, has no resemblance whatever. Among the Mandans, it is a ceremony to enrol the young adults into the army. With the Greeks it is the young boys and girls of "three and four years who come to be inscribed on the list of members of the same tribe," *φράτορες*, when the most studious of the children strive to obtain a prize by singing verses from the poets.† We repeat, then, this manner of conducting a thesis is altogether objectionable, both its course and its principle.

Lord Arundell is logical as soon as his principle and minor are admitted, but the latter as well as the former are unjustifiable hypotheses. It is no more certain that all the Greek feasts (except those which are historical) are only new forms of primitive feasts, than it can be shown that all the primitive feasts which honour Diana and Ceres relate to the deluge. It would have been more advantageous to Lord Arundell if he had devoted his profound learning to establishing these principles, instead of merely asserting them; but even had he done so, the conclusion would still be wanting.

He meets, in fact, with divinities upon his path, who seem to him new kinds of divinities—different to Diana and Ceres—Zeus, for example. What can he do with them? He employs a mere hypothesis—and an hypothesis already much weakened—in order to connect them with the deluge. "It is said," he writes, "that the deluge of Deucalion happened because of the anger of Zeus,

* The real etymology of the word *ἀπαρτίσις*, says M. Th. H. Martin, is that which derives it from *ἀπάρη* (treachery). He rejects the idea of deriving it from the word *ὁμοπάτρια*, and thus making it signify the assembly of the fathers to enrol their children. In either case, we are a long way from the deluge.

† "Timæus," by Th. H. Martin, vol. i. note ii. p. 249.

who resolved to destroy the human race. Hence the feast of this god is immediately connected with the Mosaic flood." Here is an *on dit* very convenient, but unhappily it is only an *on dit*. We would gladly admit it, but we are unable to see how the conclusion is drawn. It is necessary, first of all, to prove, against those who think the contrary, that the deluge of Deucalion was not a partial deluge, which is the opinion of many modern authors, and which the ancients themselves have declared.

A book recently published by Mr. Lang, entitled "Custom and Myth," furnishes our learned author with the matter and occasion for a new chapter under the name of "Recent Testimonies." It is impossible for us to follow him through the inextricable network of comparisons, often hazardous and arbitrary, which he adopts with a certainty we cannot share, in order to identify in the sense of a diluvian tradition the Mandan rites with the Australian ceremonies. In fact, it is always the same process and the same principles which are used.

There are three Mandan festivals celebrated in one day. One of them has the semblance of a diluvian remembrance; the others have no such semblance, and have a different object in view.

There are also feasts among the Australians; and because some of the details resemble more or less the Mandan feasts, which do not refer to the deluge, why conclude that the former relate to that event? Before drawing such a conclusion, with what probability could Lord Arundell have established the identity of intention and object in the three Mandan feasts? And to us he appears to have failed in doing so. To be frank, let us say at once more than this—namely, that the author, on the faith of certain writers, Messrs. Lang and Catlin, recalls the diluvian traditions which exist in several nations. But it would appear to us necessary to establish several things forgotten by Lord Arundell, in order to form a solid basis and to prove the universality of the deluge. He ought to have proved that the Mosaic Deluge, and not the local floods, was the subject in question. But failing in this respect with regard to several nations, the conclusion remains still uncertain.

No one doubts that here and there are to be found traces of diluvian catastrophes preserved as traditions, but who knows if partial and even gigantic floods were not of frequent occurrence on the globe during the quaternary period, which is the human age? Moreover, what would be proved by the existence of a tradition of the Mosaic Deluge spread over the inhabited face of the world, except the universal dispersion and the remembrance preserved in the memory of mankind through the recollections of the race of Noah?

But this is not the question which need be brought to light

in order to add strength to the traditional proof, which becomes less and less in spite of the efforts to preserve it.

Those who strive to establish it often commit, even in a Catholic point of view, a serious fault in giving to all the traditions duly verified an equal value. It must not be forgotten that there are two quite distinct traditional currents. The first is that of the Noachian tradition handed down by Moses; the second is that of profane writers and peoples. Now this latter in its course and in its transmission has not received the special assistance of Divine Providence, and it is easy to conceive that the remembrance of a gigantic inundation which was strongly impressed upon the terrified minds of the first witnesses, should in course of time be transformed into a universal cataclysm. These profane recollections, we must remember, take their chief value from their conformity to the Mosaic tradition. Now the Mosaic tradition, when properly understood, contradicts them, and does not in any way confirm them. It is Moses who, by his ethnographical table, his narrations in Genesis and other books of the Pentateuch, makes known his intention of speaking only of a deluge Noachian and patriarchal, but not universal. It is he, again, who explicitly informs us of the survival of the antediluvian races.* The recital of the sacred tradition contradicts in itself alone all the arguments, all the comparisons, so laboriously attempted by Lord Arundell. Let us conclude with a final consideration.

The learned author, up to this time, is not one of those who recognize in the writings of Moses the revelations of which we have just spoken. Let us for a moment consider these revelations as not having come to pass; his thesis would not on that account be in the least degree more demonstrable, even to those who desired to believe in the certainty of his teaching and of his identifications. He forgets, in fact, that in studying the Indians of the nineteenth century, and in consulting the traditions preserved by them, he does not go back to the primitive race and the source of Indians. The actual natives are conquerors who at the time of their post-diluvian immigration found these places inhabited by races different from and more ancient than their own. According to the latest works of celebrated missionaries, this race bears a stamp quite distinct from the present races; and let us remark *en passant*, this stamp has a singular likeness to all we know of the nations to which the Bible gives an antediluvian physiognomy. It is these traditions of this primitive stock which we ought to make use of. Did they know of the

* See "Le Déluge Biblique devant la Foi, l'Ecriture et la Science." Par Al. Motais. Paris. 1885.

deluge? We are told nothing of it; yet it is precisely this which it is important to know. Let us add, that even while resting on the traditions of a secondary date, we cannot help remarking that the belief in a universal deluge among certain distant descendants of Japhet recently made known to us, has considerably less importance in a question of this nature than the absence of traditions of the kind would have in a contrary sense among the Chamite peoples whose annals we possess from the most distant times, of which the science of Egyptology has investigated the archives.

To be brief, we shall have fully expressed our mind by saying that Lord Arundell's work, though very interesting in a certain point of view, does not appear to us to have succeeded in throwing light on any fundamental questions which he endeavours to elucidate. We consider his method faulty, and at best only capable of creating in the mind superficial ideas, mists and mirages, and we can scarcely doubt that the difficult path he follows will never lead to a clear solution of the problems laid down.

We have above had occasion to speak of the *Periplus* of Hanno. The readers of the DUBLIN REVIEW who are acquainted with this ancient document, also know how many different and even contradictory commentaries it has been the subject of. But it has lately been treated under conditions which we may call new, and which carry with them a guarantee of competency and correctness. Almost all the authors who have written upon the matter have studied the question upon maps, and in their own study. But to understand Hanno properly, to discover with certainty the places he visited, to recognize the traces of the colonies he founded, the various halts indicated in his narration, and the total extent of his voyage, it would be necessary to follow him, to certify *de visu* the truth of the information he furnishes—in a word, to repeat the celebrated *Periplus*. Now these excellent conditions have just been realized. M. Mer, the new interpreter of the story of Hanno, is not only a traveller, but a mariner, and a distinguished mariner. Formerly captain of a vessel, he has three times coasted Africa, and repeated the voyage of the celebrated Carthaginian. His book has not been written afterwards and from memory, but it was studied upon the spot. Hence it offers a particular interest to the geographer, and furnishes information of indisputable import.

Let us take an example.

Hanno speaks, towards the end of his narrative, of torrents of fire which rolled down into the sea. Most commentators have regarded this passage as badly translated, invented by the Greeks, or in any case fabulous. M. Mer, in traversing the same places, has witnessed the same phenomena, has described them with

exactitude, and has given with the explanation a proof of the perfect veracity and integrity of Hanno's narrative. In proceeding in this manner, that is as an eye-witness who has examined and verified for himself, M. Mer has proved that the Carthaginian admiral penetrated to the end of the Gulf of Guinea. He combats all the former contrary assertions by reasons which seem to us absolutely convincing. He indicates the places in which Hanno settled his colonies, seeks the river named Lixus, of which the narrative speaks, and considers it to be the Senegal. He proves that Cerne cannot be the island of Arguin, as has been said many times, still less the island of Fedal, which does not exist. Cerne, in his opinion, is the island of Goree, which exactly corresponds in everything to that described by Hanno.

The Theon-Ochema, or Car of the Gods, which throws up to heaven a stream of flames, as before mentioned, is no other than the volcano of Camaroons, then in activity, and which is 4,197 mètres high.

Lastly, the "western horn" is the river Benin, the southern, the mouth of the Calabar river, and the celebrated island Gorillas, the island of Fernando Po, where M. Mer himself re-discovered the hairy men and women of the Carthaginian admiral.

Notwithstanding his unexceptional competency to treat the subject, M. Mer has had the modesty to present his work to a *savant* who had already written on the subject. The objections which M. Felix Robiou has submitted to him have been the sources of fresh explanations, which enhance the value of the work. M. Mer has rendered, we think, a real service, and it is by labours undertaken in this manner that the difficulties of the text are elucidated. Old errors are corrected, and truth is firmly established. If the statements made by M. Mer are admitted by science, he says there will be some geographical errors to rectify upon the maps of ancient geography, and also in the history of discoveries. But, in any case, we thank M. Mer for having cleared up some dark spots, and freed us from erroneous opinions. Error is not a mental inheritance; truth alone enriches the human intelligence.

X.*

* We deeply regret that the talented and erudite writer of the above review died before he had an opportunity of seeing his article in proof. His death is a distinct loss to Catholic science, especially in France.

ART. VI.—THE FIRST CHINESE PHILOSOPHER;
OR, THE SYSTEM OF LAO-TZE.

I.

IT may perchance be asked, on reading the title of this paper, what interest the lucubrations of a Chinese who lived more than twenty-three centuries ago can afford to European and Christian readers, and if it be worth while to spend one's time in speaking or reading of them.

If we were to judge according to received ideas, the answer would certainly be negative. But I am convinced that those readers of the DUBLIN REVIEW who will peruse these pages will discover with me, that the meditations of the ancient doctor of the Celestial Empire are worth, at the very least, as much as those of a large number of the sages of Greece; that Anaximander, Anaximenes, Anaxagoras, Democritus, and others, who place the origin of things (primordial existence) in water, fire, or earth, are far behind the Chinese thinker.

However, that is not the real interest of the question, which is to be found especially in the opposite uses that have been made of the work of Lao-tze, and the consequences it has had for humanity. Some see in him a predecessor of Schelling and Hegel, the first father of the philosophy of the non-existent; others, a *déclassé* Epicurean. On the other hand, there are some who attribute to him Judæo-Christian ideas, the knowledge of the Trinity, of the Divine Word, and so make him into a witness to primitive revelation. On yet another side, an ignorance of the part played by Lao-tze has caused a false appreciation of certain facts, whence have been drawn false consequences dangerous to Christianity.

The Chinese is an atheist, it is said, and has always been so. We have clearly shown the falsehood of the second assertion.* Further on, it will be seen that Lao-tze was the first to attack the primitive monotheism of the Chinese.

Again, the rapid propagation of Buddhism has been loudly vaunted, and its astonishing extension throughout that vast empire of 400 millions of men. It was not known that Lao-tze had prepared the way and opened the gates for it, and, moreover, that Chinese Buddhism had scarcely anything in common with that of India—with the religion of Çakya-muni.

From all these points of view the system of the old Chinese

* "Primitive Religion of the Chinese:" DUBLIN REVIEW, July 1884.

philosopher presents the greatest interest. Unfortunately, it has been for the most part wrongly appreciated, as we have just said, and that because it has been expounded in an incorrect manner. However, this need not astonish us. The book which contains the *résumé* of the system, and constitutes the sole source whence its principles can be drawn, is of great obscurity, and that for a triple reason. The language, in the first place, is very obscure. The master, creating a new system, introducing into his country ideas altogether new, had to give to ancient words meanings which they had not of themselves, and that without leaving in writing an exact indication of these unusual meanings. Moreover, his disciples have altered his doctrine, and have not preserved by tradition the sense which the founder of the school had attached to them. Lastly, in the course of time Chinese had undergone notable modifications, which render many ancient writings partially obscure. Certain words and characters have changed their meanings, or fallen into disuse ; their exact value has been lost. Add to this the difficulties necessarily caused by the figurative character of the Chinese writing and the multiplicity of the meanings of words, and it will be understood how arduous is the task of seeking to interpret an ancient Chinese book. Happily, each new interpreter finds before him the works of his predecessors, which circumscribe his task, tracing a circle of ever-shortening radius. Again, the native commentators are often of great assistance.

We think, therefore, that we shall be doing a useful service in exposing anew the system of the most ancient Chinese philosopher. The interest inspired by his history is all the more legitimate, as there is not question of a fact whose influence has been limited to the Celestial Empire. "Taoism," the system of which we desire to speak, has not only exercised a decisive influence on the religious and political history of its own country ; it has also opened the way for Buddhism, allowed it to spread and take root in China, and to extend thence into Japan and countries farther still.

Probably, on hearing mention of the most ancient Chinese philosopher, it will be thought that Confucius alone can be meant by this title. It is not he, however, who is the object of this short study, but his rival, less known, but probably worthy of being more known, the "Old Boy," Lao-tze. This expression, which may have caused astonishment, has not been chosen without reason. For, on the one hand, Kong-fou-tze (or Confucius) is less a philosopher than a moralist ; on the other, his birth and the date of his first teaching are more recent than those of his rival, although he preceded the latter in the publicity given to his theories.

II.

To understand the part played by an historical personage, and the nature of the ideas which he diffused around him, we must, of course, realize exactly the medium in which he lived, the influences he underwent or against which he struggled. Let us therefore say a few words on the state of China at this time.

From its very origin, the Celestial Empire had had, more than any other country, a fortune both happy and unhappy at the same time; that of witnessing the succession to supreme power of dynasties which all began with kings as full of virtue as of talent, and all ended with princes who were imbecile, corrupt, and cynically tyrannical. The Chow dynasty, which in the seventh century B.C. had been reigning for well nigh 500 years, had been no exception to the rule. At this epoch it was represented by weak and unprincipled emperors, who had let the empire disintegrate and almost be dissolved. The great feudatories had rendered themselves well nigh independent of the central power, and their residences were so many sovereign courts, leaving to the central power but a nominal authority. In this point of view the condition was that of France under the first Capetians. But besides this, corruption had spread on all sides. The simple manners of ancient times had been superseded by unbridled luxury and an unquenchable thirst for pleasures. The paternal and moralizing government of the ancient emperors had been succeeded by a power all the more tyrannical as it was divided among a host of petty princes, each of whom thought only of gratifying his pride and his appetites. The picture given by native historians of these unhappy times is truly distressing. As may well be believed, the ministers and other officials imitated their august masters, and rivalled them in tyranny and corruption.

China, however, even at that time, was not wanting in superior men, who had escaped the general contagion, and who tried to resist the evil. By the side of examples of debasing degradation she offers us other men of heroic courage, who do very great honour to their country, and even to humanity. Let us quote but one. The last of the race which then dishonoured the throne, the infamous Chow, as he is called, was distinguished by his cruelties and his debaucheries. His uncle, the feudal sovereign of Ki, came to admonish him at his own court, and was cast into a narrow dungeon. He was advised to escape. "No," said he, "my escape would disclose the step I have taken and the faults of the Emperor." Another prince, seeing this failure, thought himself obliged to return to the charge at the risk of his life;

the Emperor had him cut in two and his heart torn out. Yet this did not keep back other ministers no less courageous.*

Among these men there are two whose fame wipes out, so to speak, the disgrace branded by history on this epoch. Both, though of different ages, worked at the same epoch, and exercised on the destinies of their nation an influence which has lasted to the present day, and will end only with the nation itself. These were Kong-fou-tze, or rather Kong-tze (CONFUCIUS) and LAO-TZE. But though these two had a common aim in view, their particular views and characters were in striking contrast to each other. Kong-tze was a man of the Court, and belonging to the past ; Lao-tze, a man of the present, and of the people. Kong-tze was above all things a moralist, and occupied himself exclusively with the reformation of morals ; an embodiment of the past, he had ever before his eyes the examples of the ancient princes and their renowned wisdom ; he sought to revive them, and to bring back his fellow-countrymen to the manners and virtues of ages long passed. Lao-tze, persuaded of the uselessness of these generous efforts, smiled at them, and sought a remedy for his countrymen in a new doctrine. Despairing of gaining the people who were busied with worldly matters, he was content to form in solitude a few tried disciples.

At this juncture, then, were born and lived these men, who, under very different conditions, made their country illustrious. For, if history has preserved the remembrance of the least events which marked the life of Kong-tze, on the other hand it has transmitted hardly anything relative to the chief of the Taoists. The books of his disciples, it is true, are filled with incidents of which he is the hero ; but they are only imaginary incidents, marvellous deeds, invented to please, and, later, to raise the chief of the school to the level of the Buddhist saints. All that can be known that is real and authentic is limited to a few lines of the She-Ki, or historical annals written by the illustrious Sse-ma-tzien at the end of the third century B.C. The following is a literal, or almost literal, translation of this passage :—

Lao-tze was born in the village of Kiu k-zhin, in the district of Li and in the township of Khu, in the kingdom of Chow. Li washis, family name ; El, that of his infancy ; Pek-yang, that of his youth ; and Tam, his posthumous title.

Nothing is known of his youth ; no trace is left of it ; even that which is known of his after-years is very uncertain and unreliable. [Our author continues:] He was archivist of the State of Chow. At that time Confucius had set himself to traverse the different States

* This example, and several similar ones, will be found in the translation of the "Siao Kio," which is being published at present.

into which China was divided, to endeavour to awake in the hearts of princes and ministers sentiments of justice and humanity, and to arrest the torrent of passion by recalling the virtues of the ancient princes. In this journey he went to Lao-tze, to consult him, and Lao-tze said to him: "Master, these ancients of whom you speak are only rotten bones; their word alone remains. When a great man comes at his proper time he rises; otherwise he is tossed about like a plant upon the sands. Give up your pride, your ostentation, and your ambitious views.

Here the history abruptly terminates.

We can now understand how it is that Lao-tze's life remains shrouded in obscurity, and how it may be comprised in a very few pages. Nothing more is said of it, because nothing more remains to be said. We know, however, that, in his obscurity, Lao-tze left to his disciples a *résumé* of teachings, and that finally, disgusted with the world, he buried himself somewhere in the West, and thus disappeared.* We can also understand that the disciples of a school, whose founder had hardly been ever heard of, would deem it necessary, in order to propagate that founder's doctrine, to bring his person and his acts somewhat to the fore. First, they attributed to him a marvellous birth, and from the signification of his name they drew a legend which was calculated to surround his birth with a miraculous halo. Lao-tze means simply "the old man;" but "tze," taken literally, signifies "infant." From both they made up the word "old boy," and deduced that he was born by the effect of a supernatural cause, after remaining eighty years in his mother's womb, whence he issued with his hair quite white, and with all the appearance of an aged man. Later on he was turned into a celestial being, without beginning or end—an *Avatara*, or incarnation of the eternal wisdom which formed the base of his system; and this, in order to oppose him to the *Avataras* of Vishnu and Buddha, the knowledge of whom had been brought into China during the first centuries of the Christian era. All this, however, has little to do with our subject, for we have only to occupy ourselves with the primitive doctrine.

That which Lao-tze strove to create was a system whose adoption might heal both hearts and minds by attacking the very root of evil. Radical in the strongest meaning of the term, he aimed at the very foundations of the social edifice, in the expectation of undermining it, and pulling down along with it what he believed to be the cause of all the vices and evils of his time. But let us not anticipate.

* It is, however, more probable that he returned to his own country, and died there in obscurity, leaving to his disciples the *résumé* of his discourses. He was born in 604 B.C.

As we intimated above, the endeavours of Lao-tze in the province of philosophy is especially interesting from the fact that, on the one hand, it has been thought probable that a connection between his and Schelling's teachings might be made out ; and, on the other hand, that ideas purely Christian or biblical might be traced in him. Some profess to see in them the divine Trinity ; others the Verbum of the Sacred Writings ; others, the name of Jehovah. Not only Catholic missionaries have imagined this, but also Protestants. Even the distinguished Sinologue, Abel Remusat, falls into this error. Finding in a chapter of the "Tao-te-King" the three words *y, wei, hi*, designating three qualities of the first principle, he affirmed that these terms do not belong to the Chinese language, and that they could be nothing else than the three consonants (or semi-consonants) of the sacred name of Jehovah. Of course, there would be nothing impossible in the idea that Lao-tze had had a more or less extensive knowledge of the Bible ; recent discoveries made by the illustrious Sinologue of London, Professor Terrien de la Couperie, have shown that Lao-tze's disciples had drawn largely from the books of the West, and especially from those of the Accadians. However, it is not difficult to convince oneself that these comparisons are illusory. Not only have the words *y, wei, hi* a meaning in the Chinese language, but this meaning, moreover, adapts itself perfectly to the passage in which the words are all found.* Besides, the use on this occasion of the letters of the sacred trigamma of the Hebrews, thus divided and parcelled, cannot be in any way explained, as will be seen later on. Not less imaginary is the knowledge of the Divine Verbum attributed to Lao-tze. It is very true that we can say, "In the beginning was the *Tao*" (the first principle, according to Lao-tze) ; but that can by no means be connected with the *Λόγος*, because, similarly, it might be said "the Verbum is an atom," after the fashion of Epicurus, who taught "the atoms were in the beginning."

It is even true that the authors of the Anglican Bible, translated into Chinese, rendered the first verse of St. John, "In the beginning was the *Tao* ;" but the only conclusion to be drawn is that it is merely a *jeu de mots*. If *Tao* can signify Verbum, it has other meanings also, and the meaning of Verbum is quite foreign to the language of Lao-tze. Lao-tze himself never imagined anything which approached, even from a distance, the personification of the intelligence of the Divinity. But all this will be clear from an *exposé* of the system.

In order to give a clear and comprehensive idea of the

* "Y" means "multiplicity" ; "hi," the "supra-sensible" ; "wei," "infinite subtilty."

other point of view, and the principal subject of this paper, we consider it needful first to present in a few words the fundamental idea of Schelling's system. We borrow this *résumé* from the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, to avoid a personal appreciation, formed under any influence whatsoever :

That Absolute which we cognize only through the identification with it, and which we name Deity, is to be regarded in its original condition as neither object nor subject, neither nature nor mind ; but is the union, the indifference, the slumbering possibility of both. It has become all that exists by a process of self-movement, continually potentiating itself higher and higher, from the lowest manifestations of what is called matter, up to organic existence and the activity of reason itself in the guise of humanity. In this movement of Deity, or the Absolute One, there are two modes : first, the expansive movement of objectivizing tendency, by which the Absolute rushes forth, so to speak, into actual existence, and out of the *natura naturans* there comes the whole variety and complex of the *natura naturata* ; and secondly, the contractive movement, or subjectivizing tendency, by which the *natura naturata* falls back on the *natura naturans*, and becomes conscious of itself. (Compare Chalmers on the "Speculations of the old Philosopher Lao-tze," Introduction, p. xvi., where Chalmers admits the identity of the systems.)

In this, then, I think, we have a *résumé*, an exact "argumentum" of the German philosopher's doctrine ; later on, we shall see in what it differs from the Chinese philosophy. We must also remember, in order to be complete in our view, that Lao-tze's system is generally considered to bear a close resemblance to that of Epicurus. In fact, its author is ordinarily termed the "Epicurean Philosopher of the Celestial Empire." What follows will prove, I think, that this qualification is by no means exact. There is no doubt but that Lao-tze preached calm and moderation of the passions in a fashion which recalls Epicurus to a certain extent ; but it could never be said of any of his disciples, "Lao-tze de grege porcus" : on the contrary, his doctrine leads to quite another result. But this suffices for these exterior considerations ; let us now investigate the *exposé* of the doctrine itself.

As said above, we know nothing of it except from the book which the disciples of the old philosopher inherited, and which they have handed down to us. Without doubt it contains very faithfully the doctrine of the master ; but it is also very certain that the disciples have made additions to it, without, however, changing the substance. The book being very short, might, indeed, in its entirety be given here ; but small as it is, it is anything but an easy task to study it, and in consequence, would prove a not very agreeable offering to our readers. It has neither order nor method ; the different subjects are treated pell-mell,

in sentences more or less isolated from each other.* A complete study alone allows us to reconstruct and systematize the doctrine which it contains. We gladly undertake the work for the benefit of our readers. Also, after comparing the different works which have preceded it, and having revised the text itself, we deem it better to translate straight from the text. The reasons which oblige us to differ in some cases from those who have issued works on this subject, will be mentioned in points which are of greater importance. The obscure parts of the original are often removed by the discussions of the different commentators, of whom Stanislas Julien furnishes an abundant harvest. We shall pay due regard to them.

III.

The book left us by Lao-tze bears the title of *Tao-te-King*. *King* means a book declared to be the true and authentic fruit of the wisdom of superior men. *Te* is virtue. *Tao*, the principal word, and the one which forms the base of the whole system, is more obscure. It has three significations—"way," "reason" or "justice," and "word." The first meaning cannot at all have any place here, since it is the primordial being that is treated of; "word" (*verbum*) cannot in any way be looked at in the light in which *Tao* can be considered. *Tao* neither produces by thought nor by the internal word, as will be seen further on. "Reason" and "justice," taking them in the acceptation in which they coincide, will be the only suitable expression. Nevertheless, as it is a question of a substantial being, reason or justice should be taken as such, and not as abstract terms. "Intelligence" would be still better. But to avoid all inexactness, it would be best to simply keep the Chinese word *Tao*. Hence the *Tao-te-King* is "the canonical book of intelligence and virtue." This title immediately points out that this classical book of Taoism treats of two distinct matters, ontology and morals. Let us add also that from this latter point of view it treats likewise of public law and the government of nations, and we shall thus have the three divisions of Lao-tze's system: "ontology, morals, politics." These three subject-matters are developed in aphorisms thrown together without order or method. We shall begin with the first subject,

* The *Tao-te-King* is divided into eighty-one chapters, very short, more or less detached, and composed of sentences. It appears to be a manual for containing the theme for the oral lessons, like the *Sutras* of the Hindu philosophers. It is, moreover, divided into two sections, the one treating principally of *Tao*; the second of virtue, *Te*, although mention is made of both in each section.

but before doing so let us say a word about the general aim of the book.

The end which Lao-tze mainly had in view was to remedy the evils of his time, and correct its vices. He saw the uselessness of the efforts of Kong-tze, and other preceding sages. He thought it was not enough to recall the examples of the ancients, and to perpetuate the ancient beliefs, so restricted and so simple. Man had strayed from the right path, and was falling into all kinds of errors; hence it was necessary to bring him back to the proper path. The various kinds of disorders arose from man's ignorance and passions; hence the knowledge of truth was to be restored to him, and he was to be taught to govern himself, the requisite means being pointed out to him. But these disorders reigned also in Government quarters; hence it was necessary to regulate the affairs of Government, and to restore the laws. In these consisted everything, according to Lao-tze; around these three principles everything in his teaching gravitates. Before him no philosopher had gone beyond religious beliefs. The doctrine of one God, Sovereign Master of heaven and earth, Author of general and individual nature, Creator and Former of the universe; then, in material nature, five elements, or rather five principles of movement [Hing = movement, act], viz., fire, air, water, mineral, and wood; below God, inferior spirits, dependent upon Him, but good and worthy of honour and sacrifice, or more or less wicked and capable of doing mischief: such were almost all the philosophical riches of China. Speculation had hardly made any advance except in the province of ethics.

Lao-tze was the first to seek the causes of existence, the origin of things, their changes and their end. He retained the notion of God such as the Chinese had always understood it, but he had the idea of studying the origin of this God. It is true he speaks of Him only once in his book. The idea which he had of God is clearly indicated to us by the word, or rather by the character, which he employs to designate Him. As every one knows, the Chinese writing was originally representative, and many of the symbols, having retained their signification, might form a collection of moral sketches, or satires. Thus, two women mean "a quarrel;" three women, "misconduct;" one woman and an open half-door indicate jealousy; a pencil and a mouth (a talking pencil) mean a "book," or "to write;" a mandarin and a heart (the heart of a mandarin) mean "hard," "wicked;" a mouth talking between two dogs means a "lawsuit;" a staff (or sceptre)* placed across three parallel lines, marking the three degrees of humanity, means the sovereign authority, or the

* 王

monarch. This brings us back to our subject. The character which represents God is composed of four parts. At the top is a line with points above it, the symbol of authority; below is a kind of roof, representing heaven; under this roof is a square with one of the sides wanting, and denoting the earth; finally, a staff or sceptre placed perpendicularly across the last two sides adds to the other meanings the idea of sovereignty. The whole thus indicates the Sovereign Master of heaven and earth, *Ti*.*

Lao-tze retains the idea, but adds that he believes the first principle, *Tao*, anterior to *Ti* (see chap. iv. end). In this is embraced all he has to say of it. The object of his meditations is the *Tao*; it is by it that he thinks himself to be able *rerum cognoscere causas*. Let us, then, see what he has to tell us of this latter idea; but let us not forget, in order not to be misled, that Lao-tze, possessing a poetical genius, frequently employs metaphors, and that, moreover, the Chinese language, in his time being without words for expressing the new ideas which he wished to present to the men of his day, the expressions he uses are sometimes obscure.

Ontology of Lao-tze.—In the beginning, at the origin of all things, is the *Tao*. What is this *Tao*? It is the primordial being—universal, absolute—which cannot have a real name nor be attained by reasoning. In fact, as it is the absolute being, and possesses the plenitude of being, it has no distinct qualities; there is no higher idea which might be used to describe and explain it: the human mind cannot therefore understand it. Hence it is that Lao-tze begins his book in the following manner:—

The *Tao* which can be comprehended by the understanding, is not the eternal *Tao*. The name which can be uttered is not the eternal name. Without name (*i.e.*, being in the state in which it cannot be named) it is the origin of heaven and earth; when named (*i.e.*, susceptible of a name) it is the mother of all things. In the eternal non-existence of desire we see its essence infinitely subtle (spiritual); in the eternal existence of desire its productions are seen. These two objects have the same origin, but different names. This identity is called "the abyss" (obscure and incommensurable depth), the abyss of abysses. It is the door of all mysterious and spiritual things. ("Tao-te-King," chap. i.)

Thus, according to Lao-tze, the origin of all things is the absolute, eternal being; not ideal being, but concrete, real, substantial being. In itself it is unknowable and unnameable; but in producing contingent beings it manifests itself, and shows the qualities which furnish material for a name. In itself—in its spiritual essence—it has no desire; in producing con-

tingent beings, it is moved by the desire to produce. But inasmuch as it exists in itself, and inasmuch as it creates beings, it is identical with itself; and in this unity of subjective and productive nature it is an immeasurable and unfathomable abyss, and all is in the highest possible degree.

Had *Tao* any beginning? Has it an origin? No; it is eternal, it is the father of all beings, it subsists eternally, it preceded the God whom the Chinese adore ("Tao-te-King," chap. iv.). It is worth noticing that here Lao-tze expresses himself with reserve, and simply says, "it seems to me."

We have already seen some of *Tao's* qualities. Lao-tze gives more of them. He says: "Looking upon it, we do not see it: it is imperceptible; * listening to it, we hear it not—it is inaccessible to the senses; * wishing to feel it, we do not touch it—it is infinitely subtle.* These three ideas cannot be considered separately; hence it is that they are confounded in one (chap. xiv.). The *Tao* is infinite. Above it is no brightness, below it no obscurity; in front we cannot see its face, behind it we cannot see its back (chaps. xxi. and xiv.). The *Tao* is empty—that is to say, there is no particular being within it; but it is able to contain all beings; it is immense; its being and its productions are inexhaustible (chap. iv.); it is eternally the same.

The *Tao* is a "spirit." Lao-tze calls it the spirit of the valley, because, like a valley, it holds within itself beings (chap. vii.). He also compares it to a vase (chap. xi.). Subsisting without interruption, unnameable, it corresponds to, or enters into, the absence of particular beings.† It is a form without

* These are the three terms, *Y, Hi, Wei*, of pure Chinese, which have been changed into the three fundamental consonants of the name of Jehovah. Is it necessary to refute such an assertion? What a curious idea to attribute to Lao-tze! Assuredly *non erat is locus*, and the truth is not served by such means.

† If we follow the interpretation of Chalmers, Lao-tze speaks in two passages of non-existence as the father of being, and thus he evidently resembles Schelling. Stanislas Julien's translation is altogether different. Chalmers' explanation is evidently faulty, and that of Stanislas Julien must certainly be modified. I give both of them here: they are speaking of the first chapter:—*Chalmers*: "Now, non-existence is named the antecedent of heaven and earth, and existence is named the mother of all things. In eternal non-existence, therefore, man seeks to pierce the primordial mystery, and in eternal existence to behold the issues of the universe." *Stanislas Julien*: "The being without name is the origin of heaven and earth; with a name it is the mother of all things. This is why, when man is constantly free from passion, he beholds his spiritual essence; when man is constantly under the control of passions, he sees himself under a limited form (beholds his limits)."

It is plain that we cannot accept the second phrase of Stanislas Julien. The context forbids us to allow man or his passions to intervene where we are only concerned with the *Tao*; and further, this sense does

form, an image without image (*i.e.*, without material quality). It is vague and confused (that is to say, without any particular forms); but within it are forms and beings; in it there is an infinitely subtle (spiritual) essence, and this essence is truth; it has truth within it; it sees all beings issuing out of itself (chap. xxi. to chap. xxv.):

It is an undiscernible and perfect being, existing previous to heaven and earth; it is in repose and incorporeal. Alone it subsists and does not change; it penetrates everywhere and experiences no hurt. I do not know its name. I call it *Tao*.

To give it a name, I call it by its qualities: "great," on account of its immensity and universal superiority; "fleeting," inasmuch as it escapes from the grasp of the mind or senses; "distant," by reason of its superior nature; "he who returns" (it has the appearance of fleeing from him who seeks it, and comes back to him—it goes and comes in the creatures). In its acts it takes pattern from its own nature (chap. xxv.). Eternal and nameless, it is small by reason of the simplicity of its nature, yet the entire world cannot subjugate it (chap. xxxii.).

Finally, in one passage Lao-tze seems to qualify the *Tao* as "non-being" when he says: "Non-being penetrates into that which has no interstices." That this word does not mean "non-being" in the sense of Schelling it would be useless to prove, after what has been said of the nature of the *Tao*. What follows, however, will show this still more clearly.

The Origin of Things.—Following in this, the customary Chinese terminology, and the mode of thinking which for ages had reigned in China, Lao-tze divides all produced beings into two parts—Heaven and Earth. The earth em-

not agree with the rest of the doctrine. Chalmers' version is no better. His explanation is forced, and takes no account of the conception of the absence of name in the *Tao*, when considered in himself—a conception which is found elsewhere. The words "man seeks to pierce" makes the sentence very lame. In order to understand the difficulty, it is necessary to call to mind that Chinese has no grammatical forms, and that the same word is a noun, adjective, adverb, or verb, and a verb in any mood, tense, or person. This is how the Chinese phrase reads in Latin, regard being had to these facts: "Non nomen, cœlum terra prius; est nomen, omnium rerum mater; in æternum non desiderium videre eius spiritualitatem, in æternum desiderium videre eius exitus;" which ought to be explained thus: "Cum non nomine (sine nomine) est cœli et terræ prius; si habeat nomen, est mater rerum. In æterna non-cupidine videtur eius essentia spiritualis, in æterna cupidine videntur eius exitus." This is the natural and grammatical explanation of the text, and agrees perfectly with the rest.

Chalmers makes "non-nomen" = "Non ens est nominatum."

In the eleventh chapter Lao-tze speaks of the usefulness of the non-existing. "The holes in one half of a belt, the windows of a house, the hollow of a vase, are useful; therefore non-being is not to be despised." This is not, I fancy, the non-being of Schelling. Lao-tze boasts of having discovered this precious truth.

braces our globe and all it contains; all else belongs to heaven. It is somewhat difficult to determine the exact idea which the Chinese wish to convey by the latter word—now, it means the material heaven; now, God himself; now, the spiritual world—God and the spirits. In a second sense, the word *t'ien* (heaven) is used indifferently for *Ti* (God), and the two terms succeed each other in one and the same sentence, and that even in the most ancient Chinese books.* Lao-tze takes up this idea of “heaven and earth” without defining it. Heaven and earth for him are perpetual; all other beings are transitory, and either die or are destroyed (ch. vii.). He believes also in good and evil spirits: “When the empire,” he says, “is ruled by the *Tao* men are not tormented by wicked spirits (chap. lx.); not that they are incapable of doing harm,” he adds, “but that the saints (the rulers) do no harm, and spirits have no cause for interference.” The space between heaven and earth is empty. Lao-tze compares it to the interior of a pair of bellows (chap. v.).

All the beings comprised within the heaven and the earth owe their existence to *Tao*. According to the figurative expressions of Lao-tze, *Tao* is the creative ancestor and mother of all beings; it contains within itself forms and beings; it watches them issuing from itself as from a gate (ch. xxi.). It is the mysterious mother whose gate is the root of heaven and earth—i.e., of all things (chap. vi.). How have beings been formed? Lao-tze answers incidentally, in perfect simplicity: the absolute, the *Tao*, spread itself and formed all beings (chap. xxviii.). When the *Tao* became divided, it took a name (xxxii.). The *Tao* is the principle of the world, because the mother of the world. The philosopher does not explain himself more clearly. Does he mean by this that beings emanate from *Tao*'s substance? It is possible, though we must not accept his figurative terms to the letter. In any case, pantheism would be here simply emanationism; when once produced, contingent beings have a nature of their own, quite apart from the *Tao*. They are quite separate from it.

As to the way in which beings are produced, Lao-tze is not much clearer. This is what he says (chap. xlii.): The “*Tao* produced *one*; *one* produced *two*; *two* produced *three*; *three* produced all beings.” This is very vague and does not well accord with what precedes. Lao-tze also says that the *Tao* is spread through all beings; this can be understood if he means that *Tao* is spread among them in the sense of sustaining them. Commentators explain this *one*, *two*, *three* thus: *One* is the manifestation of the *Tao* outside of itself; *two* are the two principles of the Chinese philosophy, the male and female principles, who share

* *Vide* my article on “The Primitive Religion of the Chinese,” DUBLIN REVIEW, July, 1884.

the universe between them; *Three* must be the two former principles *plus* a third, mentioned further on—"the principle of harmony among things." One might suppose also that the first time "*three*" means "third," and the second time, "these three." Besides which, these three have formed beings by the superior action of *Tao*. Thus everything falls into agreement. The one would have produced the two principles, and these would have engendered the third, the principle of harmony, and all three would have given existence to all things else.

Finally—and here alone Lao-tze touches Schelling—in chap. xi. he says: "All things in the world are born from being; being is born of (or in) non-being." In the first chapter, besides, owing to a change in the punctuation, some commentators read: "In the eternal non-being, its spiritual essence is seen; in the eternal being its productions." This reading is not tenable,* but even admitting it, it may be asked, What in reality is this eternal non-being, in which is seen the essence of the *Tao*, and which sustains the beings that are? If we consult the commentators, the answer will be easy, for without exception all agree that by "non-being" Lao-tze means the spiritual nature, and calls it thus, because it has no form—nothing that admits of man grasping it, and which for him seems to have no existence. Ought we to accept this explanation? The unanimity of the various writers is already a guarantee of their truth; however, let us not be satisfied with it, but draw a sure conclusion from the very doctrines of the philosopher, a by no means easy task.

We have seen that Lao-tze always speaks of the *Tao* as of a being complete and perfect, having its existence in itself, entirely distinct from all other; also that it exists before all things, and has produced all things; that to produce, it has not developed itself, but in some way issued out from itself. By the creation, and after the creation of beings the *Tao* does not develop or increase; it remains the same, entire in itself; it is the conserver, support, pattern of all beings; all must act through and by means of it; they must draw from it, and it is inexhaustible. To act, it takes pattern from its own spiritual, infinite, and eternal nature. All that is evidently the very reverse of the simple "power of being," of the "*non-being*," such as we understand it.

The sense of the sentence, then, we are now considering is, "the visible beings come from the spiritual being; or, "the particular beings proceed from the unique, absolute, perfect being; and this does not come from anything, but exists of itself." Lao-tze was inspired with the term of *non-being* by an image which he often uses. The *Tao* contains all, just as the space

* See preceding note.

inside a valley or a vase contains all that may be there; hence he styles *Tao* a vacuum and non-being.

Such, then, is the origin of beings according to Lao-tze; their life is explained by him in the following manner.

The one absolute infinite being, unnameable by reason of its perfection, produced all distinct and contingent beings—viz., heaven and earth and all the particular beings they contain. Heaven and earth are unchangeable and perpetual, all other beings perish, after living in a state of constant and protracted activity; all return to their origin and re-enter into repose (xvi.). The life, the activity of particular beings during their existence does not depend directly upon *Tao*, but upon the earth and the heavens, and only mediately upon the former. Having returned to their origin, to repose, beings fall again into non-being, and the *Tao* again draws them from it. It is in this its action consists. In itself it is in constant repose (chap. xiv.). And in chap. xxxii. Lao-tze says: "All beings return to *Tao* just as the brooks flow into the rivers, and the rivers into the sea."

Still, the action of the earth and the heavens upon the development of the life of beings does not exclude that of *Tao*, for in chap. xli. it is positively asserted that *Tao* gives them birth, nourishes them, causes them to grow, perfects and protects them. One may reconcile these texts by saying that *Tao* does this through the intervention of heaven, which it has produced for this purpose, and which works under its direction. Yet a few lines above this it is stated that *Tao* bestows a body and perfection of form by an intimate impulsion. These words are certainly of Lao-tze, for they are written in his peculiar style. But the text which treats of the action of heaven may have been added by his disciples; it is primitive and instinctive Chinese philosophy. The last passage, however, may be thus rendered: "Beings assume a body, and perfect it by a powerful and intimate activity." This is better sense, but the context requires that this impulsion should come from *Tao*. And chap. xxxix. is entirely devoted to informing us that heaven and earth, spirits, and all other beings, subsist by the *Tao*, which it calls the *One*.

In several places Lao-tze speaks of the employment of *Tao* by man, and of its inexhaustible resources. Considered in relation to the whole system, these obscure words mean to say that the primitive infinite *being*, sustaining and preserving all beings, co-operates in their activity. Men return to it by their imitation and their practice of virtues; having recourse to it in order to attain them, they morally force it to a special co-operation. When we place our strength in it, it becomes our support; when we have recourse to it, when we make it the object of our imitation, it co-operates in our acts, and helps us to accomplish them. We

may have recourse to it without fear, for we can never fatigue or exhaust it, since it is infinite.

Ethics.—The *moral system* of Lao-tze is founded on the three essential principles of the free-will of man, of the original excellence of human nature, and of the absolute perfection of *Tao*, the model of all beings. (1) That in this system man is considered as being endowed with free will is proved by each and every one of the moral precepts, which suppose this without contradiction, and have no *raison d'être* except upon this hypothesis. Moreover, it is expressly affirmed in chapter xxxiv., where it is said that *Tao* is the sovereign lord of man, but that he does not enslave man, but leaves him free. (2) The second principle leads Lao-tze to consequences that are sufficiently curious. Man being naturally good, must have been born good, and the human race at its origin must have contained none but just and excellent men. Then the virtues were practised by all with perfect completeness and spontaneity. As yet men did not know what was meant by virtue in general, or by the virtues in particular; for there being none who had committed any kind of crime, it never occurred to any to bestow a laudatory name upon conduct that was universal and natural, nor to speak of vices as yet unknown. This state of justice and perfection was disturbed by the passions, which excited and stimulated the desire of things visible. And these desires disturbed the absolute calm of the soul. Thus were the vices and the faults they engender known, and in this way also, by opposition, did the virtues become known. Man has therefore but one task to fulfil—to calm and stifle his passions and return to the state of original excellence. Here the third principle comes in.

(3) *Perfection of Tao.* Man must imitate it. This is the supreme and final principle of the system of *Lao-tze*. *Tao* is the last term of the activity of man, who must go back to it as to his principle and model; and to imitate it is the means of attaining this end. When men were separated from *Tao*, that great virtue known by its opposite arose. It is much inferior to *Tao*, but it is the degree which leads to the supreme principle. He who makes acts of virtue is virtuous, but the imitation of *Tao* alone is perfect (chaps. v. xxiii. xxv. xli. xlv.). The chief characteristics of *Tao*, known by his manifestation to particular beings, are—interiorly, calm and perfect repose; exteriorly, benevolence, without bias or partiality. It is necessary to give to the soul the unity that does not allow it to be divided amongst different objects, and the calm that prevents all interior disturbances. For this end it is necessary that the passions be under the control of the intellect (chap x.). Man should be like a child. He ought to free himself from the

narrow world of his own intelligence, and to repose in *Tao* alone (chap. x.). For he who holds fast to his own views cannot be enlightened (chap. xxiii.). Man ought to cultivate his interior. Let us quote chap. xlv. :

When *Tao* was in this world, they let their war-horses go free, and cultivated their fields ; and *Tao* being no longer in the world, their war-horses are upon the frontiers. There is no greater crime than to follow one's desires ; there is no greater misfortune than discontent [with one's lot] and a desire of further acquisitions.

He who knows how to content himself is ever content.

The chief virtues prescribed in the moral code of *Tao* are : (1) Interior quiet, calm, repose, *non-action*. It is necessary to make a vacuum in oneself, to attain to the repose that is in view (xvi.). He who exists in *Tao*, is every day diminishing his passions and desires, and he continues diminishing them until he arrives at *non-action*, after which point, though he no longer acts, still there is nothing he could not do. We become masters of the world by continual *non-action*. It is not by long discourses that we can correct others ; it is by an example of repose, by *non-action* (lxviii. 7). (2) The virtuous man, free from passions, ought not to keep any view before him ; he ought to be content with his lot, but to advance with a constant fear of failing (lxii. lxxv.). He ought to deny himself, to govern his body and his appetites ; his body ought to weigh upon him as an unfortunate incumbrance (xiii.). (3.) The other particular virtues are : humility and simplicity, moderation, purity, justice, kindness, generosity, beneficence, gentleness, clemency, the absence of all particular and personal affection, economy, the instruction of others, efforts to make others better—all these are prescribed alike. But this last ought to be done by example and not by argument. All the efforts of man ought to be directed towards his interior ; his own intimate nature ought to be his chief study ; he ought to know as little of the exterior world as possible. He ought to be like the new-born child, which has not yet smiled upon its mother, and is consequently free from all passion and desire (xxviii.).

The wise man ought to renounce glory, honours, all ambition, and live simply and unknown. Even though he knows himself to be strong, enlightened, and celebrated, he ought to act as though he were weak, ignorant, obscure, and never seek to gain authority (xxviii.). He despises all luxury and magnificence (xxix.). He has a small opinion of his own merits (xxxiv.). He is perfect, upright, talented, eloquent, &c. ; but he allows nothing of this to appear. Pure and tranquil, he is the model of this world (xlv.). He completes great works, yet does not take any advantage of them ; he does not allow his wisdom to be seen.

Moderation is the quality which man needs before any other. He ought to be beneficent, without seeking his own interest, charitable without considering those upon whom he lavishes his alms, and who are under an obligation to him (x.). In doing good he ought not to favour any, but do good for its own sake, indiscriminately to all (lxxix.), and love to bestow charity (*ibid.*). Nothing is weaker and nothing more irresistible than water ; such ought to be the kindness of man (lxxviii.).

We shall not stop to particularize these different virtues. We shall merely give a few examples of the method in which Lao-tze developed his nature. " Practise *non-action* ; let your occupation consist in not-doing ; you will relish that which is without savour, both great things and the small, things that are abundant and things that are scarce. Pay back injuries by benefits. Begin difficult labours by doing what is easier. . . . A saint does not seek difficult tasks because he knows how to accomplish them."

Such is the explanation of virtue with which he begins the second part ("*te*"). Great virtue does not think of virtue, and this it is which makes it true virtue. Inferior virtue does not allow the idea of virtue to disappear from its view, and for this reason it is not true virtue.* True virtue does not act when it applies itself to action. Inferior virtue † both acts and applies itself to action. Superior goodness acts, but does not think of applying itself to action. Inferior goodness acts, and applies itself intentionally to its acts. Superior justice acts and thinks, applies itself to its act. Superior propriety ‡ acts, and no one answers to it, because it stretched forth its arms [the strength of its arms] and repels with violence [those who fail in it].§ This is the reason why, when one loses the *Tao*, one immediately obtains virtue. When virtue is lost, kindness takes its place ; when goodness or kindness is lost, justice enters in its stead ; when one loses justice, one consequently obtains propriety, for propriety is nothing but the attenuation of uprightness and sincerity, and the source of disorder.

The knowledge which shows itself and thrusts itself forward is the flower of *Tao* ; || it is the beginning of folly. This is why the

* Real virtue performs its work without knowing that it is virtue, without any particular thought of virtue ; it works naturally and spontaneously, by its own internal dispositions.

† Inferior virtue feels that it is virtue, and only acts by aiming at virtue.

‡ The virtue which observes all the exterior rules of acts—respect, courtesy, ceremonies, &c.

§ Or also, divests itself of the appearances of propriety, receiving nothing in their place.

|| That is to say, a brilliant appearance, but without consistency, as is the flower in relation to the fruit.

man who is truly great stops only at what is solid, and not at the superficial; he stops at the fruit, and not at the flower. Thus it is that he rejects the one and accepts the other (xxxviii.).

Of humility he says :

Why are the seas and rivers the kings of all waters? Because they are placed beneath them. This is why they are the kings of all waters. So also, when the holy man wishes to be above the common throng, he must proclaim himself beneath it. If he wishes to lead the people, he must take his place behind them all. This it is that raises him above them, without their experiencing any unpleasantness. He seizes upon his more exalted station, and the people undergo no loss from this (lxv.). The world delights to serve him.

Let us see how he arrives at the notion of *non-action* :

Things that are the most feeble carry off with them in their course those that are strongest. The non-being * passes through that which has no interstices. This it is that teaches me how useful is *non-action*.

This sentence is also worthy of notice :

True words are not beautifully embellished, and words that are so embellished are not true. The saint does not gather together; rather does he use those goods he has in the interest of others; the more his fortune increases, the more he gives and the more he enriches himself (lxxxix.).

The final cause of all these virtues is the imitation of *Tao* :

The infinite *Tao* is good and merciful; he loves all beings without distinction; he sustains and nourishes them; he makes them great and prosperous; he keeps man under his special protection, and mercifully raises up the sinner and assists him in his return to virtue; he is the asylum for all (lxii.). Yet he is always in repose, and ever works with disinterestedness. He neither seeks after glory nor after any private interest. Infinitely great, he places himself at the service of the most lowly. After the most mighty displays of his power he seeks neither glory nor profit, &c.

The sanction of this morality is the return to *Tao*, and the happiness it brings. Lao-tze does not seem to have been interested in the state of the soul after death. Though he distinguishes the spirit from the body in man, and preaches the strife waged between the two, he says nothing of what happens to the soul after their separation. There is nothing to tell us of what he thought of this point, if indeed he ever thought about it at all. Did he believe that soul was absorbed by the *Tao*, or that it lived in it, still remaining distinct from it? We may believe so without affirming it.

Politics.—The work of Lao-tze would not have been com-

* *Te*—the infinitely subtle being, *tao*, or ether.

plete if he had omitted to treat of the politics and government of his nation. His object was to stigmatize the tyranny and corruption that reigned supreme in the courts and every class of administrative order, to supply a remedy for the inveterate evils from which the country had suffered so much. The laws which he had to establish were not merely political—the principles of morality had to form part of them. Thus we find these latter everywhere scattered throughout the whole of the “*Tao-te-King*” in the most indiscriminate fashion.

The fundamental law is simply the first law of his code of ethics. Princes and the great of the land are bound to imitate the *Tao*, and have recourse to it; make use of it, according to the expression of the philosopher. They ought to reign without pride or ambition, and to govern as though they governed not. If princes and kings possessed and cherished the *Tao*, all beings would learn to submit to their power. Heaven and earth would bestow upon them a fertilizing dew, and their peoples would live in harmony (xxxii.). The king should love the people and govern his nation, all the while remaining unknown (x.). If he employ others, he ought to be as though he were beneath them (lxviii.). The first duty of a chief is to calm the passions of the people and restore human nature to its primitive state. Then the people would know nothing of their kings but the fact of their existence—to such a degree would they render their administration insensible; but in this way they would not seek for the applause of the people. Rarely indeed would the people hear their voice, and, when the State was prosperous and the people virtuous, they would begin to say, “We are so naturally”—so little would the administrative power make itself felt. From the time when princes have sought for praise and glory, they have first been flattered, then feared, and afterwards despised (xvii.). In order to calm the passions of the people, and re-establish the reign of nature or justice, it is necessary to refrain from exalting dignities, from extolling riches, and from allowing objects that excite cupidity to be seen. Thus would all rivalry, dissensions, and troubles be prevented. The good king empties hearts and fills stomachs. He mortifies desires and strengthens the bones. He avoids the knowledge of things that excite covetousness, and practises *non-action* (iii.),* and then everything is properly governed. For when evil desires are extinguished and disorderly actions prevented, the empire rectifies itself.

* *Wou-wei*. This is not absolute idleness, but the absence of excessive activity—the tendency to exterior inactivity, when action is not useful. It is a reaction against the inventions of time, rather than a principle.

The fifty-eighth and following chapters contain these precepts for governing :

An empire is governed by uprightness. War is caused by deceit ; by *non-action* one becomes conqueror. When the Government increases its prohibitions and defences, the people become poorer and poorer. When the people have many ways of acquiring riches, the empire falls deeper and deeper into trouble. . . . The more the laws are multiplied, the greater is the number of thieves. But if the king practises *non-action*, loves repose, and detaches himself from all desires, the people become better, enrich themselves, and of their own accord return to their first simplicity. When the administration is indulgent, and closes its eyes to small things, the people are rich. When the administration sees too much, the people want for everything. It is by the example of those in power that the people ought to be governed. The good king is just, disinterested, upright, enlightened, and neither injures, nor rebukes, nor beguiles any one.

The sixty-fifth chapter censures that excessive prudence that makes the people difficult to manage and misleads the prince.

In the seventy-fourth and seventy-fifth chapters he sets himself against the tyranny that disposes arbitrarily of man's life, against heavy taxes, the continual action of the Government, and the too great ardour for gain. Finally, he inveighs most energetically against warlike passions and unnecessary war. On this subject he has his own peculiar maxims ; for example, that in chapter lxix. :

When two armies of equal strength fight one another, it is the compassionate warrior who gains the victory. When the wise man is forced to wage war, he deplores its necessity ; he strikes a decisive blow and puts a stop to it ; he does not abuse his victory, and only does that which is necessary. He strikes his decisive blow, but does not boast of it ; he does not wish to appear mighty. A triumph gained at the cost of shedding blood does not gladden him. To him who, without regret, destroys human lives power cannot be entrusted.

Finally we have his description of a Government after his own heart :

A small kingdom and a people not very numerous, if there be arms only for ten or a hundred men, ought not to make any use of them. I should impress upon the people the fear of death, the dislike for long voyages, in order that they might live in repose and the practice of justice. Even if they possessed boats and chariots, they should make no use of them ; even if they possessed shields and lances, they should never draw themselves up in battle-array. I should bring the people back to the use of knotted cords ; * they should relish their nourishment, and please themselves in their clothing. They should be happy

* Knots tied upon cords were the first means used by the Chinese to express their ideas.

in their dwellings, and love manners that are simple and without ostentation. If another kingdom were situated close by, so that the crowing of the cocks and the barking of the dogs might be heard from one to the other, still the people should live to a good old age, and even die without coming and going between the two places (lxxx.).

Let us stop here: longer details could only be of interest to specialists. Nevertheless, let us add a reflection upon the *non-action* of Lao-tze. He evidently does not speak of a complete inactivity. Lao-tze only condemns any excess in action, but, it must be confessed, he seems to discover this excess rather easily. This tendency of our author may be explained by the great excesses which were committed in his time, when twenty petty princes, each with an army of attendant functionaries, displayed without intermission a feverish activity, and when on all sides there was nothing but trouble, and the most violent and tyrannical passions held complete sway. Lao-tze, who belonged to the side of the oppressed, wished to apply an effectual remedy to these evils by cutting out their root.

IV.

After what has been said, I believe I am justified in concluding that the system of Lao-tze has been badly appreciated. If there are points of contact between him and Schelling, they are in merely accidental matters, and occur oftener in the words than in the ideas. Furthermore, Lao-tze knew nothing of the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, nor that of the Divine Word, nor the name of Jehovah. And lastly, there is nothing in his teaching in common with that of Epicurus, except certain mere appearances. The philosopher who preached humility, self-denial, abstinence, combating the passions, disinterestedness and love, and upheld the imitation of a personal and spiritual first principle, was certainly not an Epicurean.

Ought we then to deduce from this that the system of Lao-tze was entirely original, and that he was indebted to no one for theories at that time so novel in China?

It would be very difficult to give any answer to this question. That which is certain, and which has not yet been remarked, is that the Brahmanical philosophy has many traits that recall the doctrines of Lao-tze. It is in India that we find the ideas of being sprung from nothing, action presented as a fault, and inaction as a perfection. It is there also that we find the primordial absolute being, without form, inaccessible to the senses, without movement as without name or quality of any kind. The *Tao*, like the *Tad* of the Brahmins, does not become cognoscible, and only acquires a name and character when it goes forth from itself in order to produce contingent beings. There are certainly

differences between the fundamental conceptions of these two systems, but the resemblance is everywhere so great that in perusing the "Tao-te-King," the reader forgets in many passages that he has not in his hands the laws of *Manu*, the *Bhagavad-gîtâ*, or some other book of Indian Brahmanism. It would be rash to affirm that Lao-tze knew these latter, or that he borrowed anything from their works. It is to be noticed, nevertheless, that tradition or legend attributes to Lao-tze a voyage to the remote regions of the West.

Such, then, in its general character and principal details, is the system of the first Chinese philosopher, who taught at a period when Grecian philosophy was still in its infancy. If the system which he gave to his country is not perfect in all respects, we cannot but remember that it would not have disgraced the sages of Greece. If at times he allows his imagination an undue influence over reason, we cannot forget that his expressions are figurative, and conceal under images thoughts that are not wanting in profundity. Such was the custom at that time in China—they spoke in metaphor; and Kong-tze, after he saw his rival, said himself to his disciples:

I know that with nets we can ensnare the birds that fly in the air, that with a line we can catch the fish that buries itself deep in the water, that with an arrow we can overtake the fleetest animal upon earth. But as for the dragon who raises himself up to heaven, I know not how we can seize it; and to-day I have beheld a dragon. (Sse Mateien; "Sse Khi.")

Certainly, for the thinkers of our own day Lao-tze is no dragon, but there is more than one system, to which men devote their attention, that is no better than his; and I do not think that I have been engrossed in useless labour in endeavouring to make his work better known. There have been few works of the human mind that have produced greater or more lasting results. The teachings of Lao-tze did not merely open the way for philosophy; they also prepared the triumph of Buddhism, and, side by side with analogous philosophies, gave birth to that sect of charlatans and astrologers which has spread throughout the whole of China, and which so often has held in its hands the destinies of the empire. The return to *Tao* which was taught by the master became with the rude disciples of his school, and with those who made use of them, the immortality which they sought to procure for themselves by alchymy, by the consultations of lots, and by other means, all as scientific as legitimate; for, to use the words of Lao-tze, "the hideous insect is born from the ray of the sun, and the unclean maggot from the beautiful butterfly."

C. DE HARLEZ.

ART. VII.--CANADIAN OPINION ON THE QUESTION OF HOME RULE.

IT is safe to say that, from the consummation of the existing legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland, the wish and the hope for a sundering or modification of that Union have never been absent from all Irish hearts; while it is equally undoubted that the people of the larger island never, before the late general election, gave their minds to the serious consideration of the propriety of granting what, since O'Connell's Repeal agitation, the great majority of their fellow-subjects on the western side of Saint George's Channel have heartily desired. Since the election, it has been otherwise; and, an early change in the constitutional relations between the two islands being looked upon as probable, or at any rate not improbable, the subject has been much discussed, from various points of view, by Englishmen, Irishmen and Scotchmen. This is a hopeful sign; for, when once a subject has come to be looked upon as legitimate matter of discussion, the love of fairplay and truth and the practical wisdom, which are as much characteristics of the people of Great Britain as their conservatism and their disinclination to theorize, are reasonably sure to lead—slowly, it may be, and after few or many stops and mis-steps—to a satisfactory dealing with that subject. The example of Canada has been often referred to during the existing discussion; and perhaps it may be well to put before the Briton, who is honestly trying to see his way to a right conclusion, what may be regarded as the average Canadian view of the proposed constitutional change. The average Canadian—unlike Mr. Goldwin Smith—has no strong prejudices in the matter; his judgment is not biassed by party feeling: his only wish is that that shall be done which is most in the interests of the United Kingdom and of the Empire of which Canada forms a part; and he has had nearly nineteen years' experience of the practical working of one form of that federal system which it is now thought may be applied to the case of the United Kingdom.

What is the spectacle now presented by the United Kingdom to the eye of the unimpassioned student of politics and constitutional law? He sees that all, or substantially all, legislative power and the control of the administration of all public affairs are vested in the House of Commons. The smallest local matters and the most important Imperial questions, everything, from the drainage of a town to the federation of the Empire, come within its field of action, and can be dealt with by no other body. It

would seem hardly necessary to inquire whether or not the work of the House is completely and satisfactorily done. No single assembly could so do the work which the lapse of time, the growth of the Empire in extent and population, and the increasing complexity of public business have placed in the hands of the House of Commons. But is this great Assembly specially adapted to the work which it is called upon to perform? At the first glance, an intelligent onlooker would decide that it was not. It is made up of some six hundred and seventy gentlemen, most of them without any special training for public business or any particular fondness for it—most of them, too, lovers of their own ease and pleasure—giving their services to the State without pay, and for that reason feeling that they are not bound to strict regularity of attendance; divided into parties, and led, the majority by a few paid official leaders, and the minority by gentlemen who hope to oust those leaders and take their offices and their salaries. It may be said, by way of parenthesis, that it is not intended to advocate the payment of members for their services as such. Irregularity of attendance and indisposition for work on the part of the majority are perhaps more than compensated for by an elevation of the tone and character of the whole House; while honourable ambition, natural love of congenial work and pure patriotism secure, each, the attendance of enough members to make together, when added to the salaried officers of Government, a fair working assembly. But experience has verified the natural conjecture of the intelligent onlooker. Local measures have been in a great degree smothered or crowded out; and when, after much delay and expense, they have reached the stage of parliamentary discussion, it has been in a House very few of whose members feel or show any interest in what affects only one place or one section of the country. Business affecting the United Kingdom or the Empire at large, as a rule, finds the House better disposed to give it time and attention; but such business is often interfered with by private and local work, while the powers of the Assembly are liable to be paralysed by obstruction. How often do we not see important and valuable measures of a general character, as to which there is almost unanimity of feeling amongst the members, but which do not form good material for electioneering, allowed to perish session after session, because the House cannot conveniently find time to deal with them. No doubt, owing to the practical good sense and business tact of the House of Commons, as a whole, and particularly to that admirable political contrivance, a responsible Ministry, the most pressing public business continued to be done as long as there was no organized and deliberate obstruction. But yet the necessity for some change became gradually clearer. The present system

might have been borne with for some time longer, had the House of Commons contained none but English and Scotch members ; but Irish dissatisfaction, represented by a large and compact body of gentlemen prepared to render the Assembly powerless by systematic obstruction, has made immediate action necessary. Before attempting to indicate what that action should be, one may be pardoned for devoting a short time to looking at the question of Ireland from an Imperial as well as from an Irish standpoint. How has Ireland been governed since the Union ? There have been almost innumerable Coercion Acts and suspensions of the right of *Habeas Corpus*, a fact the reverse of creditable to liberty-loving England. General poverty and frequent famines, combined with a keen sense of wrong, have led to an emigration from Ireland, for which it is not rash to say that modern history furnishes no parallel. In most cases, the Irish emigrant takes with him to his new home an intense and lasting hatred to the British Government, and, with his fellows, goes to make up, in the United States for instance, an element, which may at any time lead to a war between the nation in which it exists and England, and which has already caused some loss of life and a considerable expenditure of money to Canada. Providence has so far favoured England, by preventing serious foreign wars during acute periods of Irish discontent ; but this good fortune cannot be calculated on as permanent ; and we must look at what might happen were it to cease. What would be the result if England became involved in a great war with Russia, France or the United States, while the feeling amongst Irishmen was what it has been during the past few years ? We should hear again the declaration that, "England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity." England would either be obliged to grant under the pressure of something akin to fear demands exceeding those which had been refused to reason and peaceful agitation ; or she would be obliged to fight like a man with one arm tied behind him, and to detail from thirty to fifty thousand of her small army to garrison the sister island. This state of things constitutes a standing reproach to British statesmanship. Nor is the reproach to be got rid of by laying all the blame to the natural perversity of the Irishman. In various European countries, in the United States of America, in Australia, in Canada and in other colonies of England, the Irish are not disloyal to the governments under which they live, and after a time learn to hold their own in the social, political and financial worlds.

And how does the history of the past eighty-five years impress the average Irishman ? In addition to those things which strike the outside observer, he sees that the administration of the British Government in Ireland has been dominated by the

exclusive and anti-Irish sentiment of the "Castle," which has also given tone to the fashionable social life of the country. The money wrung from a poverty-stricken tenantry has been spent abroad by absentee landlords. Business has been chronically dull and manufactures almost non-existent. The fetters of the penal times have been stricken off, one by one, until now an Irish Catholic is in the eye of the law the equal of his Protestant neighbour; but the various concessions by which this result has been brought about have, as a rule, been made slowly and ungraciously, and seem to the Irish mind to have been wrung from the fears of English statesmen rather than granted through a spirit of justice or goodwill. This impression, which as to some recent measures is probably not well-founded, has been deepened by the unfriendly, contemptuous and offensive tone too often adopted by English speakers and writers towards Ireland and the Irish. The administration of justice and of local government has, until recently, been almost altogether in the hands of the Protestant minority; while the Imperial Parliament and Government have legislated for, and administered the public business of Ireland, not according to the views of Irishmen, who knew the wants and sympathized with the feelings of their people, but according to the ideas of Englishmen ignorant of both and seemingly not anxious to be informed. We all know how differently Scotland has been treated. Englishmen are satisfied that Scotland should be governed according to Scotch ideas; and when a decided majority of the members from the northern kingdom are united upon any question affecting their country, the line of action which they recommend is in most cases adopted almost as a matter of course. Englishmen assume that Scotchmen know better what suits Scotland than they do themselves; but there is hardly one of those same English members who does not seem to take it for granted that he knows, better than any Irishman, the best policy to adopt when Ireland's interests are under consideration. And then, what is the natural effect upon an affectionate and sensitive people, of the apparently deliberate and studied neglect with which Ireland has been treated by the Royal Family since the Union? It is not to be wondered at if Ireland looks upon herself as being, relatively to the two sister countries, a kind of political Cinderella.

It must be acknowledged that the word "failure" seems to be written upon every page of the history of the Union between Great Britain and Ireland, and that, as to the latter kingdom, the existing state of things cannot continue. It would not be rash to assert that, as to Scotland, Wales and England, a great constitutional change is in store in the not remote future; but

as to Ireland the necessity for some such change is great and urgent.

The task now before British statesmanship is to find a satisfactory answer to the question, "What shall this change be?" No new policy can be deemed satisfactory which does not provide for satisfying the reasonable portion of the Irish people without injurious interference with the authority of the Imperial Government and Parliament. It may be well before attempting to give an answer to this question, to consider very briefly some of those already submitted.

One is that vigorous measures of repression should be adopted. This is not a new policy. It has been tried upon almost every occasion since Ireland became subject to England, when a pretext could be found for its introduction; and it has utterly failed. Besides, it is altogether opposed to the spirit of the age, and more than ever unsuited to the circumstances of the case, while its application is certain to lead to outrage and anxiety in Great Britain as well as in the smaller island. Another is the establishing of elective provincial or county boards for the transaction of purely local business. This is something which the leaders of the Irish people have not asked for, and which they have positively declined to accept as in any sense a compliance with their demands. In the language of Mr. Bryce's article in the February number of the *Nineteenth Century*, "The policy of small concessions in the way of local government will solve neither branch of the present problem, and will whet rather than appease the appetite for legislative independence. It is trying to stop half-way down an inclined plane." There is another objection to entrusting extensive powers of law-making or administration to such bodies as the proposed boards. Seats on county boards would not as a rule be sought or accepted by men whose character, ability and solid stake in the country's welfare would be likely to make their legislation or administration such as would be calculated to further as much as could be wished the interests of their respective districts.

Nor would the establishment of such boards any more than some other suggested half-way measures effectually relieve the parliamentary deadlock. As Mr. Hill says in his admirable paper in the March number of the *Nineteenth Century*, "The institution of grand committees, the extension of the powers of municipalities, the establishment of county boards would not sufficiently relieve the pressure of parliamentary work."

No scheme will, in any appreciable degree, satisfy the Irish people, or remove existing difficulties, which does not recognize the existence of Ireland as a distinct national whole; and that scheme will be best for the general interests which will give to the

Irish people the largest amount of self-government consistent with the strength, prosperity and dignity of the United Kingdom. Nor need there be any dread that this remedy would be worse than the existing disease. As Mr. Hill says in the article already quoted from, "If the Irish have not a lawful Parliament in Dublin, they will have a lawless one as they have now. They have got Home Rule and Local Self-Government already, but it is the Home Rule of the National League, and Local Self-government is exercised by its branches. Great alarm is expressed at the idea of giving Ireland control over her own police; but the real police is completely in her hands, and the official police is practically helpless. Nor is this all. In default of a Parliament in Dublin, the Irish have succeeded in establishing a Parliament in Westminster. The Imperial Parliament deals with little else than Irish business, and it deals with that unsatisfactorily. Scarcely anything else can be attended to. Imperial affairs are neglected because Ministers are absorbed in the eternal Irish difficulty. Self-rule in Ireland is the condition of self-rule in England and Scotland. Great Britain is practically governed, or deprived of its power of government, by Ireland. The votes of Irishmen in the constituencies determine the balance of party representation in the House of Commons. The Irish parliamentary party decides the fate of governments."

From the Irish point of view, Home Rule—the right of self-government in purely Irish matters—is most desirable; and, from the British standpoint, while it is just and right that the reasonable claim of Ireland should be conceded, "the main object," as Mr. Hill says, "of granting Home Rule to Ireland is to strengthen the union between that country and Great Britain, to give force on Imperial matters to the authority of the Imperial Parliament, to supply further guarantees for the supremacy of the Crown."

That Home Rule should be granted to Ireland being then indisputable, the important question arises as to the form which it should take. As to the precedents on the Continent of Europe not much need be said. The case looked upon as the most in point is that of Austro-Hungary; and the objections to taking that as a precedent are very forcibly stated by Mr. Hill in the paper already cited. There are besides, the facts that the Austro-Hungarian Constitution has been in existence only a few years, and seems to lack the element of stability, and that a system which suits the Continent is not necessarily adapted to the British Isles. The relations of the various self-governing colonies of England to the mother country form better precedents; but no one dreams for a moment that, if Canada, for instance, were as close to Great Britain as is Ireland, she would

be allowed the powers she now possesses, including the power to levy heavy import duties upon British productions.

The only practicable solution of the difficulty will be found in the adoption of the federal system in a form akin to those which we find at work in the United States and Canada. In each of these countries we have a strong central government dealing with matters common to all the members of the federation, and local governments doing the business peculiar to the several members much better, more cheaply, more promptly, and more satisfactorily to their people than the central government could do it. We need not go beyond those two countries to find the system sought for. In the United States, a people of the same blood, habits and traditions as the people of the United Kingdom, have for a century governed themselves with exceptional success, under a federal system based largely upon the constitutional practice of the England of one hundred years ago; and in Canada we have had a federal system based upon that of the Great Republic, and embodying the essential features of the English practice of the present day, which has enabled a number of communities differing in character and interests to work together for nineteen years. It is true that in the cases of both countries time has brought to light certain defects in the constitutional machinery; but these defects are not great enough to counterbalance its advantages: they are not irremediable; and they can be avoided in framing a system for the British Isles. If the federal plan of government has worked well in the United States and Canada, why should it not work well in the mother country? There are greater diversities of interests and national character to be harmonized, both in the Republic and in the Dominion, than in the United Kingdom; and why should not the difficulties of the situation be overcome in the old countries as well as in the new? Most Canadians who think seriously upon the future of the mother country are satisfied that, once Home Rule is granted to Ireland, it will not be long before the application of the federal system is extended to other portions of the United Kingdom. It will be found that Scotland and Wales will claim the same privilege as Ireland; while England herself will probably be divided into two Provinces, if London and its suburbs are not set off to form a third. If it is thought advisable to apply the system to Ireland alone at first, let the measure for so doing be a final one so far as that country is concerned; so that the future extension to other portions of the kingdom shall not involve any disturbance of the Irish settlement. In other words, treat Ireland, at the outset, as she would be treated if a federation were being established in which there were three or four other members.

Before proceeding to give an outline of the system proposed, it is well to call attention to a marked difference between the cases of the United States and Canada and that of the British Isles. The thirteen united colonies were, after the peace of 1783, thirteen separate, independent, sovereign States, whose people surrendered certain of their powers to a new central government which they had deemed it well to erect; and consequently, all powers, not by the Constitution expressly conferred upon the central government, were reserved to the several States. The Dominion of Canada was also made up of several members previously independent, except so far as limited in their powers by the paramount authority of the Imperial Parliament. The "British North America Act" of 1867 does not proceed upon the theory of the United States Constitution, that the reserved powers are vested in the local governments—and it is perhaps to be regretted that it does not—but attempts in the ninety-first and ninety-second sections to enumerate the powers of the Dominion and local authorities respectively. The defectiveness of this enumeration, it may be remarked, has already led to much difficulty and litigation. In the United Kingdom we have a sovereign Parliament proposing to divest itself of a portion of its unrestricted power in favour of local governments and legislatures. It will probably be necessary in this case to enumerate only the powers which devolve upon the local legislatures, the residuary, unmentioned powers remaining where they are now, just as in the American Constitution only the powers of the central government were enumerated. The one is a case of devolution, and the other, if one may use an ordinary word in an unusual sense, an involution.

Following generally the arrangement of the "British North America Act," the Executive Power of the several members of the proposed system comes first to be considered. As a matter of convenience, Ireland alone shall be named—there being no difficulty in extending the provisions applied to her to the other subdivisions of the United Kingdom.

The head of the Irish Executive should be a Viceroy or Governor appointed as is the Governor-General of Canada, and responsible only to the Crown. This governor should have the same veto power as the President of the United States or the governor of a State, and subject to the same limitations. He should be perfectly free and uncontrolled, and should exercise his own individual discretion in the use of the power of vetoing bills passed by the Legislature; while the Legislature should have the power, enjoyed by the Congress of the United States, of passing a measure over his veto by two-thirds votes of both Houses. The veto power has been found of signal value in the United States;

it gives time for reflection, and often prevents improper legislation for partisan or selfish purposes, and can hardly do much harm in its limited form, in which it is incapable of withstanding a general and deliberate popular feeling. The practical absence of the same power has been seriously felt in the Dominion. The Governor should also be secured from removal during his term of office for any constitutional act done within the scope of his authority. The necessity for such a provision may not be clear to Englishmen, but the Canadians, who remember the removal of Lieutenant-Governor Letellier of Quebec, at the bidding of a party majority in the House of Commons, for the alleged reason that his "usefulness was gone," it needs no demonstration. The Governor should be aided and advised by a council or cabinet, framed on the British model, and responsible to the more popular branch of the Irish Legislature. It seems hardly necessary to urge the superiority of the system adopted in England and her colonies, of governing by a Ministry bound to have the support of the popular branch of the Legislature, over the United States plan of governing, partly by a cabinet outside of the Legislature and responsible only to the head of the executive, and partly by committees of the Legislature who are practically responsible to no body and almost beyond the reach even of popular opinion. The superiority of one large responsible committee over several small and irresponsible ones is unquestionable. The Government and the Legislature are both strengthened by the presence in, and responsibility to, the latter of the former; the executive and legislative functions are in great part combined, and the result is a purpose, vigour and regard for public opinion, both in the making and administration of laws, which form a strong contrast to the results of the American system. Nor is this the view only of the enemies of that system. It will be found that most modern writers on the American Constitution admit the superiority in this regard of the British plan, and indicate, if they do not clearly express, the hope and desire that the present system of governing and legislating by irresponsible cabinets and committees may before long give way to the better one adopted by the mother country and copied by so many of her colonies.

The Governor should not have the power of reserving Bills for the signification of Her Majesty's pleasure thereon; nor should the Crown or the Imperial Cabinet have the right to disallow Irish legislation. If any Bill passed by the Dublin Legislature were *ultra vires* it would be of no effect and could be declared null by the proper court; and it is essential to the permanence and good working of the federal system that the local and central legislatures should each be sovereign and uncontrolled within its own jurisdiction. Embarrassments have already arisen in Canada

through the disallowance by the Dominion Ministry of Bills passed by local legislatures within the spheres of their legitimate action.

The Irish Legislature should consist of the Governor and two Houses, to be styled, respectively, the Senate or Legislative Council, and the House of Commons, of Assembly or of Representatives. The need of a second Chamber hardly calls for proof. Such a Chamber exists in every one of the United States and in all the large self-governing colonies. The well-known warmth and impetuosity of the Irish character would seem to render its presence especially desirable in the Dublin Legislature with a view to preventing hasty and ill-considered legislation. Its powers should correspond to those of the House of Lords; and it should not have the right of amending money bills enjoyed by the United States Senate, or at most its powers in this respect should be confined to the lessening of taxes and appropriations. The members of the Upper House might be elected by larger constituencies and for a longer term than those of the lower. There might be, for instance, one member for each county, besides a member each for Dublin, Cork, Belfast, and the Universities, elected for eight years, instead of four, as would be the case with the members of the House of Assembly. In order to prevent the Upper House from getting out of touch with the people, one-half of its members should go out of office every four years. A plan similar to this was in operation in the province of Canada for some years before the Union of 1867, and seems to have worked fairly well. At the same time strong arguments, which it would be tedious to discuss here, can be urged in favour of a different constitution for the Legislative Council. Both in Canada and the United States special qualifications as to age and otherwise are required in the members of the Upper Houses.

The Lower House should, until otherwise provided, be composed of the same number of members as are at present elected to the Imperial House of Commons and should be chosen by the same electors. Its powers and privileges should, as to all matters within the jurisdiction of the Irish Legislature, be the same as those now enjoyed by the House of Commons. With a view to allaying fears for the Protestant minority, provision might be made that the limits of certain Ulster constituencies should not be altered without the consent of a majority of the members representing all those constituencies. A similar provision, intended to protect the Protestant minority in the province of Quebec, was inserted in the "British North America Act;" but it has not so far served any useful purpose. The term of a House of Assembly should be not less than four nor more than five years. The frequency of elections in the United States has

been found to deter many of the best men from entering or remaining in public life; and it has been found that, instead of devoting himself to honest work in the service of the country and his constituents, the representative is likely to give his attention chiefly to providing for his own re-election or making the best personal results from his short tenure of office. Another injurious effect of frequent elections is to form a class of professional "bosses," "wire-pullers," and electioneering agents, who constitute a most undesirable element in the population.

It has been already spoken of as desirable that the local legislature should be sovereign within its own sphere. Experience, both in the United States and Canada, has shown that it is most desirable that the spheres of the central and local legislatures should be as far as possible distinct. The fewer cases of doubtful or concurrent jurisdiction there are, the less will be the opportunities for friction and dispute in the working of the federal machinery. Bearing this in mind, and remembering that every power not expressly assigned to the local jurisdiction would remain with the central government, the powers of the proposed Irish Legislature will now be considered. Such consideration must of necessity be brief and not in detail. Speaking generally, all matters affecting Ireland alone should be dealt with in Dublin; while only matters in which the interest of Britain was direct and appreciable should remain with the Imperial Parliament. Consequently, the sphere of the new Legislature would more nearly resemble that of a State Legislature in the American Republic than that of a provincial Legislature in the Dominion of Canada. Our experience in Canada, it may be mentioned, goes to show that business left to the Local Legislatures is dealt with more promptly, cheaply, and, as a rule, more satisfactorily, than that controlled by the Federal Parliament.

The following matters would fall within the jurisdiction of the proposed new Legislature meeting in Dublin:—

The raising of money for local government purposes by any and every mode of taxation (except the imposition of Customs or Excise duties), and the transaction of all the necessary financial business of the Irish Government.

Offices and officers under the various departments of the Local Government.

Criminal law; including Courts, trials, and punishments, with such limitations as might be deemed expedient.

Charitable and eleemosynary Institutions.

Municipal Institutions.

Licenses of all kinds, including the dealing with the sale of intoxicating liquors.

Local public works and undertakings.

Marriage.

Property and civil rights, including the dealing with land in its widest legal sense.

Administration of Civil Justice.

Inland fisheries.

Banking, including savings banks.

Bills of Exchange and Promissory Notes.

Interest.

Religion; perhaps with a provision that no discrimination should be made in any way in favour of any particular denomination of Christians.

Education, with a provision somewhat similar to that contained in the ninety-third section of the "British North America Act," guaranteeing to the Protestant minority the same privileges as Catholics with regard to separate schools and education generally.

The amendment of the Constitution, except as to the office of Governor; with a provision that no amendment should be made unless upon two-thirds votes of both Houses, and possibly only after the intervention of a general Election between the proposing of the amendment and the taking of the vote upon its adoption. For greater security, and in order to calm the fears of nervous people, an express declaration might be inserted that nothing should be construed as enabling any authority other than the Imperial Parliament to alter the powers conferred by the Constitutional Act. Any other restrictive provisions that might be deemed necessary to prevent serious abuse of the powers granted to the Irish Parliament could be inserted. Several will be found in the tenth section of the first article of the United States Constitution, of which some at least should be adopted—that, for instance, forbidding the passing of "any bill of attainder, *ex post facto* law, or law impairing the obligation of contracts." There should also be a provision for free trade between the members of the federation; and the experience of Canada and the United States would go to show the wisdom of providing that the compensation for the services of Senators and Representatives should not be changed until an Election should have taken place after the proposal of such change.

Care should be taken to preserve the independence of the judiciary; and a right of appeal to a strong court sitting at London should be guaranteed. In Canada, the right of appeal to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council has been found of incalculable value—chiefly, it may be added, in restraining encroachments by the Dominion Government upon provincial rights.

The total number of members in the United States House of Representatives is 325 ; and if that number is found enough for a country with a population of 55,000,000, and an area of over 3,000,000 of square miles, surely one-third of the present House of Commons would be capable of dealing with the general business and representing the Imperial interests of 36,000,000 of people, inhabiting a territory of less than 121,000 square miles. If the federal system was carried out by the subdivision of Great Britain upon this basis, the members of the House of Commons would not exceed 230 in number. This reduction would involve a large increase in the size of the constituencies. The effects of the decreased number of members and the increased size of constituencies would be to add immensely to the working power of the House, and to raise its tone and the character and status of its members. And it may be remarked, in passing, that the adoption of the federal system would give occasion for a much needed reconstruction of the House of Lords.

If the basis just indicated were adopted, the representation of Ireland in the Imperial Commons would be reduced to a number not exceeding thirty-five.

Of the financial measures with which it might be deemed well to accompany the grant of a local government, there is not space to speak ; and they have already been discussed by those much better qualified to deal with them than the writer. In connection with certain proposals which have been made, it may be mentioned that the little province of Prince Edward's Island had a land question of relatively nearly as great magnitude as that of Ireland, and that it was solved by buying out the landlords and selling the land to the tenants, without entailing any appreciable loss upon the public treasury. But, in truth, the settlement of the land question does not seem to be an essential condition precedent to the granting of Home Rule. It is a matter which would belong of right to the local government and legislature to deal with—subject to the restrictions as to the violation of contracts already mentioned.

In the United States Constitution there are no provisions for payments by the central to the local government, or *vice versa* ; but each is allowed to raise its own revenue from the sources placed under its jurisdiction and control. The same might well be the case under the Constitution which has been briefly outlined above. As to one point there is no doubt : the financial arrangements should be such that there should be no open accounts between the two Governments, no yearly or half yearly payments to be made by the United Kingdom to Ireland, or by Ireland to the United Kingdom. This latter system, which has unfor-

unately been adopted in Canada, produces pernicious results to the country as a whole and to the several Provinces. It is bad for the central government, because it opens the door to irresistible party pressure for increases to the provincial subsidies, places the party which advocates economical administration and the keeping down of the public burdens at a great disadvantage as compared with the more extravagant and unscrupulous one, and enables the latter to purchase Parliamentary support for improvident and otherwise objectionable measures by promises of such increases of subsidy. It is bad for the Provinces, because it tends to destroy their spirit of self-reliance and independence, and to encourage them to extravagant expenditures from the consequences of which they expect the interference of the central government to relieve them, and because it enables that government to induce the representatives of a province to vote for a policy injurious to that province or to the country at large, by the promise of what is substantially a huge bribe to the people whom they represent. If the experience of Canada has shown that it is most desirable that the legislative spheres of the central and local governments should be kept distinct, it has shown still more clearly that their financial orbits should not intersect or overlap one another. In the case of a comparatively poor country like Ireland, lying beside the richest country in the world, the results of financial connection of the kind deprecated would be particularly serious and objectionable.

Of the objections to Home Rule some have been incidentally noticed in the foregoing pages, and some seem to require to be discussed, necessarily with the utmost brevity.

It is often said that federal governments are essentially weak. This is not the case. It would not be easy to point out a government stronger, whether for resisting foreign aggression or suppressing domestic revolt, than that of the United States. As to the purposes of general administration, is not that Government all the stronger, because it is not called upon to attempt to reconcile the conflicting local interests of all parts of a territory nearly as large as the whole of Europe?

It has also been said, in condemnation of that form of government, that it is conservative. In a general sense, this statement is hardly correct. No one would say that either the United States or Canada was a particularly conservative country. Speaking solely of constitutional changes, the statement may be allowed to pass. Of the United States it is no doubt true that important changes in the Constitution are made slowly and deliberately, and only in obedience to overwhelming popular feeling. But is that to be deemed a defect at the present day, or is it not rather a quality worthy of special praise? Is not the case of the

United States in this respect better than that of the United Kingdom, of which an observer such as Sir Henry Maine can say—"The mechanism by which small changes are made—by which the humble daily work of legislation ought to be done—is rusty and inefficient to the last degree. But the mechanism by which large and revolutionary changes are carried out is singularly rapid and effective in its action, and requires a very small preponderance of force to set it in motion?"

There is the objection which Mr. Bryce puts in the following words: "Nothing will be gained by giving any form of Home Rule which the bulk of the National party is not prepared to accept as a settlement. There is, therefore, little use in discussing schemes till the demands of the party have been specifically formulated." There is doubtless much force in this; but it does not constitute so fatal an objection to action as one might be disposed to think. The natural and reasonable course under ordinary circumstances would be that the parties seeking a constitutional change should formulate their claim; and this the Irish leaders have been in vain asked to do. Their refusal has been, no doubt, based upon substantial grounds; and it throws upon the Imperial Government the duty, unfair and onerous it may be, but yet absolute and necessary, of devising a scheme which will meet the requirements of the case. The plan of Home Rule herein briefly and imperfectly sketched, or one like it, will, it is believed, while serving the Empire, satisfy the majority of the Irish people. It will, it may be confidently hoped, satisfy the bulk of the clergy and the business men and the majority of the farmers, who would be only too glad to end a state of things under which they have for years suffered much, socially and financially.

A further objection is that Home Rule would leave the landowners at the mercy of Irish elective bodies. This would not be the case if the British Government bought out the landowners, and even if that Government did not do so the landlords would be protected by the clause in the Constitutional Act forbidding the violation of contracts. In any case, it may be doubted whether the Irish Government would be guilty of the injustice of confiscating the property of the landowners.

A still further objection is that an Irish Parliament would probably tyrannize over the Ulster Protestants. This seems an idle fear. The interests of the people of Ulster are substantially the same as those of their fellow-countrymen in the other provinces; and there is little reason to believe that exceptional legislation would be adopted to injure them. The Catholics of Ireland do not in political matters show much denominational feeling; and such legislation might be forbidden by the Constitution.

Before parting with the subject of the proposed constitutional change, it may be well to ask those, who have looked at pictures of its results which bear no more resemblance to the true state of things under a federal system than the visions of delirium do to the reality, to consider calmly what the real condition of affairs would be after the change had taken place. As to the Departments of War, the Admiralty, Customs, Excise, Post Office, India, Foreign Affairs, and the Colonies, there would be absolutely no change. Comparatively unimportant modifications might be made in the working of the Departments of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the Lord Chancellor, and of the Board of Trade; while much of the work now done by the Home Office, the Board of Works, and the Local Government Board, would devolve upon the Local Government at Dublin. All questions relating to land, education, religion, the liquor traffic, county government, in fact all the questions now most embarrassing to the Imperial Government, and most calculated to prevent it from dealing satisfactorily with matters of Imperial interest, would be relegated to the Local Administration. The bulk of the private Bill work would be disposed of in the same way. All these matters would be dealt with more promptly and cheaply, and more to the satisfaction of the people most directly interested, than at present.

The Imperial Parliament, being freed from Irish obstruction, and from the local business of Ireland, and ultimately from all the local work which now clogs the Parliamentary machinery, would have time and opportunity to devote itself to measures of general or Imperial interest.

Ireland, having the same power of self-government as a State of the American Union, would have no substantial or plausible ground for complaint, and would probably govern itself with an unexpected degree of wisdom and good judgment. The Irish in the United States, seeing their fellow-countrymen in the old land enjoying the same rights as themselves, would have neither pretext nor motive for taking part in any agitation in Ireland, and would ere long cease to form a dangerous anti-British element in the Republic. The new generation of Irishmen in Great Britain and Ireland would be as good citizens as they are in Canada, Australasia, and the United States, and would contribute, as in former years, a large number of admirable soldiers to the Imperial army. Canada would be relieved from all fear of attack, and would receive her fair proportion of Irish emigrants, who would still, although in diminished numbers, seek new homes in the Western Continent.

The foregoing paper may be regarded as setting forth what is substantially the general sentiment of Canada upon the subject

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of Home Rule, a sentiment which found expression in the Address to the Queen, adopted almost unanimously by both Houses of the Dominion Parliament, during the Session of 1882. The current of events since that time has been such, it is respectfully submitted, as to justify the adoption of the Address, rather than the polite official reprimand which its reception called forth from the Colonial Minister. A smaller measure of self-government than that advocated would probably have contented the great majority of the Irish people in 1882. Now it would not be likely to do so ; and any further ungracious delay will be the occasion of increased demands. It is to be hoped that the Imperial Government and Parliament will not now be unmindful of the proverbial blessedness of the prompt and cheerful giver, and of the evil results of their past shortcomings in that regard.

L. G. POWER.

OTTAWA, 23rd March, 1886.

[Senator Power's article, although written some months ago, has been delayed and did not reach us until within a few days of our going to press. It retains, however, its interest and value, and we are glad to make room for it ; but it has to appear as we receive it—without the benefit of revision of proofs by its author. It may be remembered that it was Mr. L. G. Power himself who seconded in the Canadian Upper House the resolution for an Address to the Queen, alluded to above.—ED. D. B.]

Notes of Travel and Exploration.

New Britain and New Ireland.—Mr. Romilly has put together in a compact form much useful and interesting information about the innumerable scattered archipelagos which dot the surface of the Western Pacific.* New Britain and New Ireland forming part of the New Guinea group, are included in his study, and he gives a lively sketch of their savage inhabitants. In the former island the prevailing currency is shell-money, composed of small cowries threaded on strips of cane, and known to the natives as de-warra. A monopoly of its manufacture is enjoyed by a particular tribe, and the original habitat of the shells is a mystery; but the author believes them to be widely distributed, though the fact of their being only found in deep water enhances their price. Each piece of money is about thirty feet long, and as twelve cowries go to the inch, each such strip contains 4,320 shells. A fathom is the general unit of exchange, a pig and a man's life being equally assessed at seven fathoms. Some chiefs amass large quantities of this form of wealth, and of one in particular, who has two large treasure-houses crammed with it from roof to floor, Mr. Romilly says that he "must count his wealth by miles."

Cannibalism in New Ireland.—In New Ireland, where the natives are reputed most treacherous savages, the traveller had the unusual experience of assisting at the repulse of a hostile invasion, and at the subsequent feast when the bodies of the slaughtered foes were greedily devoured. He witnessed the entire process of the preparation of the banquet, and though he spares the reader some of the minutiae, he goes sufficiently into detail to suggest a very horrible scene. The loathsome repast underwent a 'three days' cooking in ovens, and was served wrapped in the green leaves in which each separate piece was baked. The natives speak of such feasts with sickening relish, but seem to attach no sort of superstitious meaning to them. The brains are reserved to give additional flavour to a national delicacy termed sak-sak, of which the ordinary ingredients are sago and cocoa-nut.

Solomon Islanders.—The population of the Solomon group is rapidly diminishing, not only from diseases introduced by foreigners, but also from the strange custom prevailing in some of them of destroying all, or nearly all, their children immediately after their birth, so that it becomes necessary for them to buy children of less tender years from other tribes. The aged men when they become a

* "The Western Pacific and New Guinea." By Hugh Hastings Romilly. London: John Murray. 1886.

burden to the community are also killed, as there is no sentimental tenderness for *bouches inutiles*. It was among these islanders that Mr. Benjamin Boyd, who visited them in the yacht *Wanderer* in the year 1854, is believed to have met his death. The skull of a European having a tooth stopped with gold, seen by a ship's captain adorning one of the taboo-houses, is supposed to be his, but no account of the manner of his death has ever been received. The natives nearly all suffer from skin diseases, ascribed by them to a small worm bred in the palm-tree. This creature, our author says, "is as fond of white men as he is of natives, and it is much to be regretted that life in his palm-tree should not be sufficiently varied to offer him inducements to remain there." The scenery of the Solomon Islands is described as magnificent, but the climate detestable, the constant rainfall producing fever in white men.

Pearl-shell Fishery in Torres Straits.—Thursday Island, belonging to the colony of Queensland, is the headquarters of this trade, which gives employment to a large number of natives from all parts of the Pacific. The settlement here is described as presenting an attractive appearance from a distance, but the town, on closer inspection, is found to consist entirely of stores and grog-shops, as there is no restriction on the trade in liquor. The boats employed, ranging from five to twelve tons, are mostly built in Sydney, and entirely manned by natives, the diver being the captain.

Good divers [says Mr. Romilly], men who can stay down many hours in fifteen fathoms, are scarce, and are most eagerly sought after by the master shellers. Inducements of every sort are offered them to change their masters, at the expiration of the term for which they have engaged. The wages they get are enormous, as much, I believe, as twenty pounds a month, and a heavy "lay" on every ton they bring up. When sober these men are very good fellows, but when drunk they are the most foul-mouthed, objectionable brutes I know.

The boats go out for from ten days to a fortnight at a time, well supplied with food and spirits. In fact, the length of time they stay out is regulated by the time the grog lasts. It is a common thing for a diver to go down three-parts drunk. The dress is supposed to have a very sobering effect.

The fishery extends to the coast of New Guinea, and the divers have every year to go further afield as the shallow waters immediately round Thursday Island are fished out. Hence the expenses of an establishment are very large, as only the best native divers, who can stay under water for a considerable time at great depths, are of any use, and they can command almost any wages.

New Guinea.—The first view of the north-eastern coast of New Guinea is described as magnificent, the mountains rising to an altitude of 14,000 feet within fifteen miles of the coast, so that the sheer height of the peaks is visible from the sea. The vegetation is luxuriant and the soil evidently rich, but there is a great want of harbours, and the climate of the coast is generally unhealthy. The southern shores are visited by fleets of trading canoes, which come

from distances of two or three hundred miles laden with pottery and ornaments to be bartered for cargoes of sago. The principal articles of commerce produced in the other islands of the Pacific, are copra, a preparation of cocoa-nut dried in the sun, and trepang or *bêche de mer*, much in favour as a comestible in many parts of the globe.

White Traders.—Solitary white traders live on many of these islands either as agents for a firm, or on their private speculation. Their manners by all accounts are not such as to raise the standard of the natives. The character of the trader class has, however, improved very much during the last few years, and the Germans in particular are generally well-educated young men, with a command of French, German, and English, offering in this respect a humiliating contrast to the British traders.

Cricket in the Pacific.—The Tonga islanders are the champion cricketers of this part of the world, having been instructed and supplied with bats and balls by H.M.S. *Emerald* some few years ago. Mr. Romilly believes they have never sustained a defeat, though they play an eleven of every man-of-war that visits them. Such indeed is their passion for the game, that it has become necessary to restrict by legislation the number of days on which it can be played to two in the week, else all other affairs would be neglected for it.

German New Guinea.—Captain Dickson, an old trader to the South Seas, gives the following description of the German settlements on the coast of New Guinea, extracted from the Australian papers in the *Times* of April 24.

Finsch Haven, where he arrived in the steamer *Truganine* on January 25, 1886, is at present an open roadstead, but could be made a good harbour with a considerable outlay. The settlement consists of six Germans and fourteen Malays, living on a small island in the bay connected with the mainland by a causeway. They have begun to cultivate the soil on the mainland, but as yet only to the extent of planting yams, corn, and other necessary products; only a few acres being as yet cleared of timber. The soil is splendid, the land high and not densely wooded, while a large river about a mile to the north provides an abundant supply of water. The natives are numerous and not very friendly to the Germans, who have had to erect four sentry-boxes on the island, to be occupied at night, in consequence of a recent attempt by the natives to surround and massacre the settlers. The opportune arrival of the steamer *Samoa* frustrated this design, at the moment when it was about to be put in execution. No force was used, but the natives were driven away, and are no longer allowed to approach the island, so that all trade with them has been suspended for about three months.

Scenery and Capabilities.—After a stay of five days at Finsch Haven the *Samoa* steamed along the north-west coast, 250 miles to Samoa Haven. The scenery along the coast is beautiful, surpassing anything in the South Seas; the coast is bold, and vessels can steam close in-shore, the water being deep and free from impediments to

navigation. No river or creek was passed during the whole voyage, but several islands were sighted, all densely inhabited, the land being cleared and studded with houses built in regular New Guinea fashion. A number of natives were visible on the mainland, parts of which were thickly wooded and parts covered with luxuriant grass. Samoa Haven, though a far better harbour than Finsch Haven, would still require a considerable expenditure to convert it into a thoroughly good port. The natives, who are very friendly and numerous, follow agricultural pursuits, and have well-cultivated gardens. The German settlement is on an island about half a mile long by a quarter of a mile wide, communicating with the mainland only by boats; and the colonists, fifty in number, are occupied in clearing their little territory preparatory to laying it out as a township. Their efforts have not yet been directed to the mainland, except in the way of trade; tobacco-leaf, grown in large quantities by the natives, being the principal article dealt in, for which pieces of hoop-iron, apparently their only requirement, are taken in exchange. The settlers are healthy and contented, so the climate seems promising for colonization.

Propects of the Colony.—The *Truganine*, after a two days' stay, returned to Finsch Haven. At both these settlements, the houses and buildings in course of erection are of wood covered with iron, and are brought from Germany. Considering the shortness of the time, and small number of hands employed, the progress made is surprising. According to advices received, a shipload of emigrants, doubtless arrived long ere this, had been despatched from Germany to occupy the settlement, and form parties to explore the country, so as to open it up and establish trade with the natives. The climate, though warm, is well spoken of by the pioneers, and the outlook of the settlement seems generally bright, while agriculturists in particular would be likely to reap rich harvests there. The great drawback is the want of harbours, which only a very large outlay can remedy.

Great Britain and Germany in the Pacific.—A Parliamentary paper, issued on May 3, contains declarations of Great Britain and Germany as to their respective influence, trade, and commerce in the Western Pacific. A map of that region of the ocean accompanies the paper, and on it is traced a line of demarcation between the several spheres of the two countries. This line starts from a point on the north-east coast of New Guinea, near Humboldt Bay, runs thence southward, turns westward to Treasury Island, and then southing again, passes to the lower end of Ysabel Island, near the middle of the Solomon group. Thence it doubles to the north-east to Keats Bank, passing to the east of the Marshall Islands.

The contracting Powers mutually engage not to make acquisitions of territory, accept protectorates, or interfere with each other's influence within the portions of the Pacific reserved to each; but the declaration does not apply to the Friendly and Navigator Islands, to the Island of Niue, or any islands belonging to other civilized powers. The second declaration provides for reciprocal freedom of

trade between the British and German possessions and protectorates in the Western Pacific, with the most favoured nation treatment, while both Governments engage not to establish penal settlements, or transport convicts to any spot in this region.

Massacres of Explorers on the Abyssinian Frontier.—Official news, which reached Cairo on April 25, 1886, announces the massacre by the Emir of Harrar of the members of an expedition sent out by the Geographical Society of Milan, contrary to the advice of the Italian Government, and despite the energetic remonstrances of the English authorities at Aden. The party, consisting of Counts Porro and Montiglio, Professor Sicata, Dr. Gethardi, Signori Romagnoli, Janni, Bianchi, and two servants, left Zeila on March 27, and having been treacherously persuaded to pack up their arms, were attacked and massacred by a party of 200 soldiers, between Geldessa and Artow in the Somali country. The Emir, a native of Harrar, and a descendant of the old Emirs, was restored to power on the Egyptian evacuation of the country. After the massacre, he proceeded to occupy Geldessa, disarming fifteen Anglo-Indian soldiers who formed its garrison.

A letter from Aden to the *Journal des Débats*, gives details of the second massacre, that of a French party, attacked by the Danakils on the frontier of Shoa. The caravan, including M. Barral and his wife, M. Savoure, and Dimitri Righas, an interpreter, started from Obock to explore and establish commercial relations with Abyssinia, carrying 3,000 muskets and a large supply of ammunition. Within two days' march after leaving Harrar, M. and Madame Barral, with a brother of the Sultan of Loitah, and nineteen well-armed Abyssinians, separated from the main body to go in search of water, and had gone a little more than a mile, when a number of native Assaimaras emerged from the brushwood, evidently meditating an attack. With the hope of intimidating them, M. Barral desired his Abyssinians to fire into the air, and as they were reloading the natives fell upon them with their spears, overpowering and massacring the whole party. They then attacked the rest of the caravan, but the camel-drivers cut the belts binding the loads of the camels, and made for Harrar. Another caravan arriving two days later on the spot, finding 2,000 muskets on the ground, and boxes rifled and broken open, gave the alarm, and Mgr. Louis de Gonzague, Vicar-Apostolic of Shoa, sought for the remains of M. and Mme. Barral, and gave Christian burial to all that had been left by the hyenas and jackals.

A French View of the Rocky Mountains.—The Far West from a Parisian point of view is somewhat of a novelty in literature, and M. de Mandat-Grancey's volume* is certainly not the least entertaining contribution to our knowledge of this region. Many of the strange incongruities of its social aspect, due to the semi-

* "Dans les Montagnes Rocheuses." Par le Baron A. de Mandat-Grancey. Paris: E. Plon, Nourrit et Cie. 1884.

relapse into savagery of the white man on this border-land of civilization, are sketched by the author's incisive French wit with a vividness that makes the facts seem new. His experiences were principally in the rich mineral district of the Black Hills, an isolated mountain group in advance of the great Rocky chain. This auriferous region is situated in the newly admitted State of Dakota, the thirty-ninth and youngest member of the American Union. It is an interesting fact, recalled by the author, that the mineral riches of Dakota were known to P. de Smet, the great Jesuit apostle of the Sioux, as was proved by the papers found after his death, but that he concealed his discovery, from his foreknowledge of the misfortunes it would bring upon his Indian disciples.

But the mining industry of Dakota is only one of many of its growing sources of wealth, and cattle-breeding is making rapid strides among the Black Hills. In 1878, two years after their cession by the Indians, 100,000 head of cattle were grazing these mountains and the plains at their foot, while in 1882 this number had risen to 500,000, and in 1883 to 800,000. One settler kills from 200 to 250 animals a day, sends every day a refrigerator waggon laden with meat to New York, a distance of nearly 2,000 miles, and makes on every carcase a net profit of five dollars. The humbler emigrants, however, live wretchedly enough, and Dakota is said to be "not a poor man's country."

New Russian Port on the Caspian.—The shallowness of the harbour of Michaelovsk at the head of Krasnovodsk Bay, the western terminus of the Trans-Caspian Railway, has hitherto been a formidable obstacle to traffic with Central Asia, compelling the transhipment of goods and passengers from steamers into barges before nearing the shore. The construction of a further section of eighty miles of railway to Krasnovodsk, a good harbour at the mouth of the bay, had been heretofore recognized as a necessity, but an easier solution of the difficulty has been found in General Annenkoff's discovery at Urzambada, only a few miles to the south-west of Michaelovsk, of a new harbour which a little dredging has rendered fit for vessels drawing ten feet of water. As most of the Caspian steamers are of light draught, to enable them to pass the Nine Foot Soundings at the mouth of the Volga, this depth is sufficient for the ordinary traffic, and obviates the break in steam transit previously existing. It thus rivets the last link in Russia's rapidly extending line of communications with Central Asia, already nearly complete from the Caspian to the Oxus.

A New Oasis in Central Asia.—Nor will the revolution in progress under the guidance of her engineers be confined to the increase of facilities for traffic, as they contemplate transforming the face of the steppe itself, and largely increasing its cultivable area. A project is in contemplation for the creation of a new oasis like that of Merv, by the diversion of a portion of the waters of the Oxus or Amu Darya, from a point near Chardjui through the neighbouring desert, where ancient channels can be traced for a

distance of seventy miles. The task of reconducting the waters through these would be a comparatively easy one, and the elaboration of a complete canal system might then be left to the natives, who are adepts in the science of artificial irrigation. Water alone is required to convert the Central Asian desert into a garden, and the creation of a second fertile tract like Merv in the heart of the Kara Kum, or "Black Sands," that girdle Khiva, would be of incalculable benefit to Russia in her future military and administrative designs.

Artesian Wells.—Meantime an attempt is being made to supply the parched Trans-Caspian region with water by means of artesian wells, and a successful series of borings, beginning about forty miles inland from the port of Michaelovsk, has been made by Herr Grote, the constructor of the railway to Merv. Water was reached in many places at seventy feet, and the continuance of the experiments seems to establish the possibility of obtaining it in sufficient quantity, not only for the railway but for irrigation.

The same system is being adopted to increase the water-supply of London, and artesian tube wells are being fixed by Messrs. Isler & Co., of Southwark, for the supply of the flats and offices of the Albert Hall Mansions, South Kensington, and the Westminster Chambers, Victoria Street. The borings will have to be carried to a depth of over 400 feet, through layers of London clay and Woolwich and Reading beds, before the water is reached, and as the tubing will be absolutely impermeable to contamination by the upper polluted springs, the supply will be free from all impurities.—*Engineering*, April 23.

New Cotton Plant.—After a series of experiments extending over a number of years, Mr. A. A. Suber of Macon, Georgia, has succeeded in hybridizing the cotton-plant that grows wild in Florida with the common okra. The result is a shrub, combining the okra stalk and the foliage of the cotton-plant, but with a fruit and flower totally dissimilar from both. A single magnificent blossom, resembling the great magnolia in size and fragrance, is the product of each bush, which grows about two feet high. At first white, it changes after a few days, like the flower of the cotton-plant, to a pale pink, thence deepening into red, when it drops, disclosing a large boll, resembling then the ordinary cotton-pod. After a few days, however, it begins to increase rapidly in size, until it attains the magnitude of a large cocoa-nut, when the snowy filaments begin to burst out, but are kept in place by the okra like thorns or points that line their envelope. Two pounds of very long-stapled cotton, said to be superior to that of Sea Island, are thus produced, and as the seeds to the number of four or six, resembling persimmon-seeds, remain in the bottom of the boll, and do not adhere to the lint, the latter requires no ginning, while the saving of labour in gathering it is so great, that the most clumsy hand can pick 800 lbs. a day, and the expert ones proportionably more. Should its cultivation prove a success, the cotton industries of the Southern States would receive an enormous impulse.—*Iron*, January 1, 1886.

Rheea Fibre.—A large tract of land has been acquired in the territory of Johore (Malay Peninsula) by a recently formed company (Rheea Manufacturing Company), with a view to the cultivation of the plant producing this fibre. It is of the nettle family (*Urtica nivea*), and the fibre is contained in the bark. The Sultan of Johore has given a firman and promises every facility to the company, who are also making arrangements for establishing plantations in India and Southern China. Burma is likewise said to afford the necessary conditions of soil and climate, and the plant is already grown in Egypt and in Southern Europe. The difficulties attending its utilization have been surmounted by recent discoveries, principally due to the experiments of M. Frémy, Member of the Institute of France, and Director of the *Encyclopédie Chimique*, Paris; the Frémy-Urbain process, as it is called, consisting of decorticating the stems by the application of steam. Two of the directors of the English company, with a party of experts, have visited Louviers, where there is a factory capable of converting a ton of "ribbons" of bark a day into filasse, and thence into slivers and yarn. It is said that the use of the staple in every fabric for which flax, wool, and even silk are used, will be only limited by the supply of the raw material, and the factory it is proposed to establish in England will be capable of turning out two tons of "ribbons" a day.—*Iron*, January 15, 1886.

Journey through Western Persia.—Mr. Rees, Under-Secretary to the Government of Madras, in his "Notes of a Journey from Kasvin to Hamadan" (Madras, 1885), describes a portion of Persia little visited by ordinary travellers. His observations lead him to believe that considerable regions of this country are both more fertile and more populous than is generally believed, and that the districts lying west of the beaten track of travel differ widely from those traversed by the latter. Fertile and well-watered plains, covered with vineyards, cornfields, and orchards, extend right up to the Elburz range, while even on the hills wheat may be grown without irrigation. His route covered 120 miles from point to point, but included many lateral deviations, and as he travelled without any official status, associating freely with the people, he gathered a more intimate knowledge of their habits than is acquired on more expeditious journeys. The villages, inhabited by a hardy and prosperous race, he found pretty thickly scattered over the plains, among fruit-gardens and cornfields, and he infers that the official estimate of the population of Persia at 7,500,000, is much too low, and might probably be raised to 10,000,000. The country traversed was undulating and hilly, the highest level attained being 9,700 feet, at a point about eighty miles south-west of Kasvin. On the higher slopes many familiar flowers, such as iris, buttercup, dandelion, blue-bell, forget-me-not, and mallow were seen, with many others unknown in England. Animal life was scanty, and none of the larger species were encountered.

The geography of Western Europe is very imperfectly understood by the natives, and Inglestan and Francestan, with London, believed

to be the capital of the first of these countries, or *vice versa*, are the only names associated with the Occidental world, while the Russians, called Ooroos, have a better defined identity. A glimmering of English politics has penetrated here, and "Vigs" and "Toarees" are recognized as the names of opposite factions, believed to be constantly engaged in actual hostility; the country of the Ooroos being regarded as better governed by a Shah, who allows no civil war in his dominions. The town of Hamadan, though so little known to European commerce, is a flourishing community with 30,000 inhabitants, and the impression made by the entire region is one of greater comfort and prosperity than are generally associated with the dominions of the Shah.

Notes on Novels.

Mostly Fools. A Romance of Civilization. By MR. RANDOLPH.
In three vols. London: S. Low & Co. 1886.

THERE is an abruptness, a "jumpiness" (if the word be allowed) about Mr. Randolph's novel which will perhaps make it more difficult for his readers to give him the attention he deserves. "Mostly Fools" is a bad title, associated as it is with a cynical saying of Carlyle's which may surely at this time of day be left to its rest. Mr. Randolph's cover is a startling motley of crimson and white; and he dedicates his book (in three words) "to my adversaries." To have arrived at the importance of having "adversaries" is enough to secure the sale of one's book, and it may be hoped, in Mr. Randolph's interest, that his adversaries are real and not imaginary. He certainly writes as if he had a "cause," and had many opponents whose bitterness was only equalled by their fatuity. A novel which is written for a "cause" is heavily handicapped; for the disquisitions with which the author (through his wiser characters) is obliged to favour a frivolous world are very, very apt to swamp whatever interest there is in the story. There are three aspects under which these volumes may be considered—first, as a novel; secondly, as a novel "of civilization;" and, lastly, as the novel of a Catholic writer. As a novel, judged by the ordinary laws of art, it is disjointed, scrappy and without any dramatic power; but it is at the same time always clever, generally lively, and even brilliant, and in many passages noble and pathetic. The writer cannot draw a character; perhaps he does not care to draw any except his own. The hero, Roland Tudor, is sketched at school, in London, in the country, and in several outlandish foreign countries; he is an Admirable Crichton, with a tremendous

biceps—who invented that useful muscle?—wonderful digestion and heroic coolness; romantic in love, eloquent in the House of Commons, and terrible in war. To match him there is a heroine, whose name is Sybil Grey; of mysterious antecedents, preternatural beauty, and brilliant talents of repartee; who lives mostly in a romantic country-house, is of course accompanied by two great “hounds,” and is (very badly) looked after by an unsatisfactory old gentleman whom she calls “Guardy,” and who is just going to “reveal” something when he dies. Roland Tudor and Sybil Grey, it need not be said, fall in love—instantaneously, wildly, over head and ears. Their proceedings under these circumstances are described with spirit and effect; the usual storm on a lake is well done, and the various dreams and other disturbing visitations are given with much power of language; whilst the end of the whole episode—the renunciation by Sybil of her love and her bright worldly prospects for the religious habit—is really pathetic, giving the author a chance, of which he fully avails himself, of touching the depths of emotion and the realities of serious human concerns. We have called the story of Roland and Sybil an episode, and so it is; but the whole book consists of episodes. As for the hero, he goes off to South America, becomes dictator of the whole place (apparently), does the most wonderful things with smokeless and soundless automaton guns, electric field-pieces and electro-explosive mines, and dies mysteriously in the hour of triumph. Besides Roland Tudor there is a sort of Sidonia—(Mr. Randolph surely must be acquainted with the novels of the late Lord Beaconsfield?)—called Lord St. Maur, who builds a Pompeian palace in Park Lane, masquerades a good deal, makes some very long speeches and keeps reappearing in various parts of the world. Nearly all the other characters are excessively disagreeable—Major Lickpenny (a simulacrum of another Major called Pendennis), the Squeed family, Lady Victoria Nage, &c. &c., none of whom have much to do with the story of Roland, or with any story, but whose vulgarity, vice and folly are described with the purpose, as may be supposed, of justifying the title of the book. Whether it is these pictures of unpleasant people, or the quasi-scientific *excursus*, which make the author call his work a romance “of civilization,” we cannot say. It is as the novel of a Catholic writer with reforming or lecturing proclivities that it will most interest our readers. Roland Tudor is a Catholic, and we begin with him at school. It would be unfair to say that Mr. Randolph, in describing St. Augustine’s, had any particular school in view. There are some traits in the picture which we would devoutly conceive as never having belonged to any school whatever. For instance, we are not aware that, after the rattle at the morning calling-up, it anywhere was or is the custom for “a great voice, like an organ-pipe,” to break forth into the “*Laudate pueri Dominum*” and sing it right through. There is no need to quote from Mr. Randolph’s description of school-life. There is not much of the usual “new boy” business, the games are

sparingly referred to, and though there is a fight, it is not of the ordinary type. But Mr. Randolph lets us plainly see what in his opinion are the deficiencies of Catholic schools. He does not write ungenerously. But he seems to think that Catholic boys are badly fed, and narrowly brought up; that in Catholic colleges there is much bullying and toadying and too little drill; and that they do not prepare boys for politics and the world. Here is a passage which will serve as a specimen of his statement of his case:—

Brought up in a quaint and dangerous asceticism of thought, both cleric and lay were turned out upon a world of which they were as ignorant as babes, and at an age when the consequent revulsion of feeling was likely to be greatest. If here and there scandals came it was no wonder; the wonder was rather that they did not come in scores. At St. Augustine's the only breath that reached the students from the outer world was through the illustrated papers, the dailies were not admitted. Here they found in detail the latest movements of royalty, the latest arrangements in dress improvers, and so forth. The papers that catered for women and children were, with the exception of the religious prints that were laid upon the table in the various libraries, the only ones from which these boys and grown men in leading-strings had to extract their necessary knowledge of the world. Within the walls no hint as to a coming citizenship, no hint as to the right of every man with a stake in the country to raise his voice in the government of it; no suggestion as to a possibility of any public usefulness, was ever dropped (i. 70).

This kind of thing is surely both exaggerated where it is true and mainly false. At Catholic colleges, even a quarter of a century ago and more, boys got a very fair idea of general political truth and of citizenship. True, the *Times* was not taken in the boys' libraries; but the weekly papers, whether Catholic or "illustrated" (why should they not be illustrated?) furnished useful summaries of current events, without the objectionable leading articles and party-ridden commentaries which make the "dailies" anything but wholesome education. Some thirty years ago the writer of this notice remembers, year after year, how great parliamentary debates and other interesting newspaper matters were regularly read aloud by this master or that, in a circle of boys, for the express purpose of this general social and political education which Mr. Randolph says was so utterly neglected. The truth is, Catholic educators, whether secular priests, or Benedictines, or Jesuits, have never been utter fools, though they have often been much hampered by want of means. They have quite understood, as a rule, the weak points of Catholic education, without waiting for a novelist to put these into epigrams for the edification of strangers. Mr. Randolph is mostly in the right in his principles; though we doubt whether he has realized what is meant by education as distinct from its results; but where he is right, the large majority of Catholic teachers are at one with him, and have been so from the beginning of the century.

But Mr. Randolph's zeal does not expend itself on Catholic education. In an elaborate scene he describes a session of a society

which he calls the Catholic Centre, and which is evidently intended for the Catholic Union. His hero, Roland Tudor, makes a speech (amid interruptions which are too fanatical and too much in the spirit of broad farce to keep up the illusion intended); and it may be presumed that the author endorses his own hero. The speech is discursive. Catholics do not bear their share of public burdens; they do not lead the way; they take no enlightened action; they make no "impress" on the national legislation; they are defective in some of the qualities which make up an Englishman; they make no effort to popularize the faith; the way they deal with the masses is unintelligible and un-English. In conclusion he says:—

One thing we lack; a leader, or rather many leaders—laymen who, while respecting due authority, will go forward fearlessly in the path of public duty, who will be unsparing of criticism, and unrelenting in their efforts to set right what may be wrong among ourselves; who will form for us as a body something like a truly representative constitution, and so gain not only our confidence, but that of the outside public; and who, putting forward no irrational claims, will maintain the Church in England in her public place, as a fountain-head of light and leading, of honour and example, a main-spring of the health and happiness of the nation itself (ii. 115).

Afterwards, talking with his friend St. Maur, he moralizes on Catholicism:—

We are entangled in a network of circumstances. One man cannot speak because he is tied in this way, another in that; bread and butter, you know, very often. Then there is the fear of scandal outside, and this is the only serious part of the whole affair. . . . After all, we are in no worse plight than other societies of men, it is a mere matter of discipline. It is partly that we have no experience of collective action, we laymen. Take these people we have met to-day, and you will find them one and all (almost) worthy Christian gentlemen, but they are not the men to drive such an engine as modern Catholicism. Authority mistrusts any public proceeding on our part, and 'pon my honour, I entirely side with Authority, at present. Still, leading-strings are for babes; we must train, organize, educate ourselves towards virility (ii. 122).

Further on an "ex-Minister" thus delivers himself about Catholics:—

Here in our midst is a great religious organization of the highest class, though of a foreign character, and numbering about two millions. Socially speaking, it is excellent in every way; so far as one can judge, it is on the side of law and order, on the side of government in fact, yet it may be said to be wholly unrepresented, and without a voice in any public department, for Irish members don't represent it here. If it be a question of Roman Catholic pauper lunatics, instead of finding an accredited spokesman of their own on the board, we have to go round and unearth a cardinal or a peer, and the peer certainly won't know too much about it. This is awkward for us, if it isn't for them. It is their own concern if they don't care to have that voice in the government to which their numbers and social status entitle them. But it appears to me to be a question whether this really is the case among them, whether there may not be men whose abilities and position would not naturally

force them to the front, if the cold chill of ecclesiastical censure did not fall on any attempt at a forward movement. How is it that never a man among them has taken a place before the country? They have men who should be leaders, but they are without followers, they represent no authority, and the Church of Rome wants authority, and doesn't much care where it comes from. Hence individual action is always discredited, until it reaches that pitch of success which means authority, when it is accepted blindly. Certainly the man who first succeeds in amalgamating the Catholic vote in this country, becomes a power of the first order (ii. 198).

Mr. Randolph has expressed his views very calmly, and no one will say there is nothing in them. Let us take one or two of his points. He is afraid of ecclesiastical censure if he or another comes to the front. This seems to us an undiluted chimera, if such a terrible mixture of metaphors may be allowed. There are matters connected with education and with church organization in which the bishops must necessarily lead; Mr. Randolph, who writes throughout as an uncompromising Catholic, would be the first to admit this. But to make a man a leader, it is not enough that Authority—with a capital A—should refrain from chilling; a man must be able to lead. As it happens, the Catholic masses in this country are very much interested in politics, but very little in English would-be politicians. We merely state the fact, without comment; but it explains why there are so few English Catholics in the House of Commons. There are plenty of us in the army, in the civil service, in literature, at the bar, on the bench; but because representative institutions require a person to represent, and because the ordinary English Catholic gentleman does not represent the Catholic voting power, there are next to none of us in the House. It may be a pity; it is partly the result of overpowering political circumstances, which we may hope will alter; but it is not the fault of Authority. Mr. Randolph has a good many "hits" at men who build large churches in remote places, at the too constant use of Latin services, and at shortcomings in the way of preaching. There can be no great harm in saying what he does; it contains a good deal of truth, and the clergy as well as the laity see it well enough. It is very one-sided; it leaves an opening for endless retorts; and the end is, that there is imperfection in all directions. Still it *may* do good to say it between the boards of a white-and-red novel. There is one sentence of Mr. Randolph's which goes a long way to redeem his somewhat crude criticism, and we conclude by quoting it. "No man," he says, "will ever be leader or spokesman with us who has failed to identify himself with us, faults and all, from first to last; there is enough virility in us for that at any rate" (ii. 121).

Demos: a Story of English Socialism. In three vols. London :
Smith, Elder & Co. 1886.

THIS is a work of decided power and originality, and should achieve a considerable success. Vivid descriptions both of persons and localities; language always flowing, sometimes eloquent; a plot depending on one of the most interesting social problems of the day, combine to raise it above the level of the ordinary three-volume novel. The main current of the narrative is simple and clear, and the complications introduced by the minor characters are skilfully interwoven.

As a representation, indeed, of English Socialism, we fear that the story cannot be accepted as a trustworthy guide. If the forces and motives were really as feeble, and the leaders of the movement as ignorant, as they are here described, society would have nothing to fear from this disintegrating tendency; but it is from its human nature, not from its political economy, that we expect a successful reception by the public.

In outline the story is as follows:—A rich old merchant of the name of Mutimer, who has selected as his heir young Hubert Eldon, being dissatisfied with the conduct of the latter, gets his will from the solicitor with the intention of making new dispositions. He dies suddenly, in his pew on Sunday in church; no will is forthcoming, and the inference is that he destroyed that which was known to exist without executing another. Hubert Eldon of course loses his fortune, and the whole estate goes to distant relatives—artisans in London. This family consists of an old and ignorant mother, whose character is admirably sketched, and three children—viz., Richard, the prominent leader of the Socialist movement at working men's clubs; Alice, a vain and empty-headed girl; and 'Arry, a feeble and dissolute youth of seventeen. The access of wealth is disastrous to all three; but we need only advert to its effects upon Richard, as the others are merely side-lights, throwing occasional shadows on the page. Richard Mutimer, a fine specimen of the English workman in point of physique, is devoid of education; his reading has been almost exclusively confined to the deleterious stuff known as "socialistic literature," and yet he has such a natural facility of language and such strength of character, and above all such faith in his own abilities, that he is a leader of prominence and power in gatherings of discontented artisans. When he suddenly finds himself a capitalist he resolves to carry his theories into practice, and accordingly founds a Socialistic mining enterprise on his recently acquired property at New Wanley. With admirable skill the author traces the subtle effects upon his character of the possession of wealth and the development of larger schemes. He gradually comes to regard questions from the standpoint of the capitalist rather than of the labourer, and the mines of New Wanley accordingly very soon lose their character of a socialistic experiment. It is also necessary for him, in order to forward the movement, to

marry a lady; and the girl of the working classes, to whom he was engaged, is heartlessly discarded for the beautiful and accomplished Adela Waltham.

We may wonder how a girl so refined and high-principled as she is can be coerced or cajoled into a marriage with an illiterate and uncultured brute like Mutimer, but we cannot deny the ability with which her feelings in her married life are analysed and described.

The *dénouement* is striking and dramatic in the highest degree. How it affects the fortunes of the chief character and leads to a pleasant termination, shall be left, as is only fair, for the book itself to tell.

A Tale of a Lonely Parish. By F. MARION CRAWFORD.
London: Macmillan & Co. 1886.

MR. CRAWFORD'S latest work is a fresh proof of the versatility of his genius. Instead of transporting us in the very exuberance of imaginative power to the pomps of the Persian Court, as in "Zoroaster," or to the shadowy realms of Indian mysticism, as in "Mr. Isaacs," he has chosen for the setting of his picture a remote part of Essex, and for subject the homely detail of rural life in England. Of course, however, the routine of the "Lonely Parish" is interrupted during the period of the story by the arrival of the heroine, an interesting lady with a background of mystery, developed in the course of the story into a convict-husband, undergoing penal servitude for forgery and fraud. His escape from Portland, stained with murder in addition to his former crime, brings on a crisis in her fate, and the struggle in her mind between pity, horror, and the remembrance of former attachment, is very well portrayed. The complication is finally solved by his death, attended and watched over by her to the last, while the detectives are waiting to re-arrest him in case of his recovery. The widow is eventually consoled by a happy marriage to her staunch friend, Mr. Juxon, the squire of the parish, a manly and true-hearted gentleman, who conscientiously endeavours to save the convict's life, even after he has attempted his own murder. The undergraduate's boyish passion for the heroine and its sudden extinction when superseded by other interests in his mind, is described with quiet humour, and forms a lively episode. Although the tale is not invested with the peculiar glamour of some of Mr. Crawford's earlier works, it has a charm of its own, and will not diminish his reputation.

Chantry House. By CHARLOTTE M. YONGE. London:
Macmillan & Co. 1886.

MISS YONGE'S readers, who generally expect from her a faithful transcript of family joys and sorrows, will not be disappointed in this last addition to her series of domestic romances. To literary palates, trained to the highly seasoned art of sensational

fiction, such simple fare may appear a little insipid; but novels of this type fill a place of their own, as they may be safely put into the hands of all readers, from the schoolroom upwards. "Chantry House" carries us back some fifty years to follow the fortunes of a number of boys and girls, whose characters are individualized with a power of delicate discrimination, recognized as one of the authoress's chief gifts. The narrator is a boy, who, having been crippled by an accident in childhood, plays the part of a sympathizing spectator of his brother's more active career. How the scapegrace of the family, disgraced on his first start in life, conquers his defects, and becomes a model son and brother, while the handsome, dashing eldest son, the darling of the nursery, develops from the unregarded selfishness of boyhood the graver faults of undisciplined manhood, is skilfully shown in the course of the narrative; though we should have thought that a character like the first of these types, early undermined by the radical vice of untruthfulness, would rarely have the retrieving power required for complete self-reformation. The tone of the book is throughout religious from the ultra-High Church standpoint, but it is quite uncontroversial, and contains nothing to hurt the susceptibilities of the adherents of any creed.

The Mayor of Casterbridge. The Life and Death of a Man of Character. By THOMAS HARDY, Author of "Far from the Madding Crowd." London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1886.

MR. THOMAS HARDY'S latest book having stood the trying test of division into weekly parts in the *Graphic* as well as in an American illustrated paper, is now published in two volumes, and gains greatly from the increased interest afforded by consecutive perusal.

We think that in "The Mayor of Casterbridge" Mr. Hardy not only sustains his already high reputation, but most materially enhances it. The book has wonderful dramatic power. Its story marches and its characters develop with unflagging effect; the supernumeraries speak, act, and move with admirably fitting subordination, while the descriptive word-pictures furnish such a beautiful scene-setting, that one lays down the volumes with something of the feeling with which one sees the act-drop fall on a play perfectly acted.

While a very young man, Michael Henchard, influenced by ill-temper and drink, sells his wife by auction to a sailor for five guineas at a country fair. Though he speedily repents his folly and lives to be "a prosperous gentleman" and Mayor of Casterbridge, the consequences of his sin pursue him like a vengeful fate. Even after the lapse of twenty years, as he sits in the mayoral chair, he is twitted with his early disgrace by an old woman whom the town "Dogberry" had "comprehended" and "charged, sir, with the offence of disorderly female and vagabond." She lets out the story,

adding, "And the man who sold his wife in that fashion is the man sitting there in the great big chair." "The speaker concluded by nodding her head at Henchard, and folding her arms. Everybody looked at Henchard. His face seemed strange, and in tint as if it had been powdered over with ashes. 'We don't want to hear your life and adventures,' said the second magistrate, sharply, filling the pause which followed. 'You've been asked if you've anything to say bearing on the case.' 'That bears on the case. It proves that he's no better than I, and has no right to sit there in judgment upon me.' 'Tis a concocted story,' said the clerk, 'so hold your tongue.' 'No—'tis true.' The words came from Henchard, 'Tis true as the light,' he said slowly. 'And, upon my soul, it does prove that I'm no better than she! And to keep out of any temptation to treat her hard for her revenge, I'll leave her to you.'"

Mr. Hardy deals out even-handed justice to his creations, rewarding good and punishing evil with severe impartiality; giving, indeed, a morality to his book as valuable as it is distinct. One cannot help pitying Henchard as trouble treads on trouble, even to the upsetting of his waggon of hay, and loss succeeds loss, enough "to press a royal merchant down," but we follow his almost tragic fate with more of awe than the pity which is akin to love.

Lucetta, whose "inconsequent passion for another man at first sight" brings her such sorrow, is, like "Bathsheba," of the type of wayward woman Mr. Hardy makes us frequently familiar. Apart from the green of trees and meadow sheen, the story is of so sombre hue, that we have little of the "green" which "is the colour of lovers;" yet there is at last a joyous wedding, and good "Elizabeth-Jane" mates with the husband of her heart. With the chorus of Wessex rustics we renew acquaintance with pleasure. They are as delightfully quaint and admirably limned as ever. We are much mistaken if "The Mayor of Casterbridge" does not widen the circle of Mr. Hardy's readers.

Court Royal: a Story of Cross Currents. By the Author of "Mehalah," "John Herring," &c. In three volumes. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1886.

"**C**COURT ROYAL" is sure to be popular; the author baits his hook for every kind of novel-reader. In the first place, as admirers of "Mehalah" and "John Herring" will remember, his style is graphic, his language plain. He who runs may read. The great desire of to-day being to combine as much amusement with as little trouble as possible, the writer who will speak his mind in clear sentences and short paragraphs is sure of an audience. In the second place, the author of "Court Royal" really has a mind to speak. Like Charles Reade, he writes with a purpose; and like Charles Reade he can disguise that purpose so skillfully that the inveterate novel-reader (who of course will skip the explanatory preface) may remain in blissful ignorance of any pur-

pose at all. It is for the sake of this insatiable, quick-devouring, sensation-loving personage, who unfortunately constitutes nine-tenths of the novelist audience, that "Court Royal" is seasoned with incidents which touch now and again on the grotesquely improbable. Such are the circumstances chosen to introduce Johanna the pawnbroker's pledge, to Charles Cheek the idle son of the ready-money tradesman. The "Golden Balls" is on fire, and Johanna goes up to the roof armed with mop and pail to extinguish it. Sitting astride the centre ridge her efforts meet with more success than would be possible, with such ludicrously inadequate means. Mr. Cheek passing by in the street below, observes her, and mounts to the roof likewise. She, wild, dirty, and wet through; he in fine evening suit of black, patent leather boots, white tie and diamond studs; sit facing each other, and their conversation under such peculiar conditions could hardly fail to partake of a very unconventional character. It is in fact extremely racy. By this we mean nothing more than humorous, for while "Court Royal" is as fertile in incongruities as a Gilbertian libretto, its author may likewise share Mr. Gilbert's boast, that no line of his is unfit reading for youth or maiden.

The serious part of the book is the antagonism between the new order and the old. The author contrasts the coming men, the coming democracy, the coming worship of individualism, which, according to him, is to sweep away all restraint—moral, social and religious—with the old, aristocratic class, devoted to church and king, wherein the utmost limit of refinement has been reached, with the result that every spark of God-given individuality is extinguished, and each unit has become but a part of the whole, bound to think and act, to move and breathe, according to the fixed rules of adamantine custom.

To which side, the old or the new, our author's proclivities tend, is not altogether clear; he is severe and tender with each in turn. But while all thinking men may agree with him that vast social changes are closing in upon us, it would be well to set ourselves a higher ideal than the apparent one with which "Court Royal" closes. May we not, even when "the Protestant Church is disestablished," "the House of Lords abolished," and "the army gone to the dogs," still hope for something better than the apotheosis of Impudence, the worship of Money, and the deification of Self?

Salammô. By GUSTAVE FLAUBERT. Englished by M. FRENCH SHELDON. London: Saxon & Co. 1886.

THE wide sale of this English translation of M. Flaubert's celebrated work, published in the original more than twenty years ago, necessitates a word of warning to our readers. The book, despite its great literary merit, is one to be avoided on moral grounds, as it is tainted with the false realism that degrades all

modern French art. Having said this much, we need say no more ; though in justice to the book as a work of art we admit the prodigious wealth of descriptive power which resuscitates in its pages all the sumptuous pageantry of ancient Carthaginian life.

Mrs. Peter Howard. By the Author of "The Parish of Kilby," &c. London : Smith, Elder & Co. 1886.

A CERTAIN amount of rude power gives interest to a work which is nevertheless painful both in its subject and in the manner of its treatment. The characters are nearly all repulsive, and the details of their utterly loveless and sordid lives are portrayed with grim realism. The main theme is an ill-assorted marriage, in which indifference develops into aversion under the strain of the close proximity of everyday life. There seems an antecedent improbability in the consent of a lady with any refinement of feeling to marry a man of such coarse fibre and unredeemed vulgarity of nature as Mr. Peter Howard, even under the persuasion of a strong-minded mother ; and on a girl so insensible as not to shrink from such a union, we decline to waste any pity for its after consequences. Of course the inevitable complication ensues of the affections not given to the husband being diverted to another, and it is here we object to the moral tone of the book ; for though the heroine shrinks from the final step of leaving her husband's roof, all the preliminary phases leading inevitably to such a result are described without reprobation, and indeed with apparent approval. The situation, when strained beyond endurance, is saved by a timely accident to the obnoxious husband, and Mrs. Peter Howard develops into the most patient of sick-nurses to the hateful cripple whose helplessness even fails to excite a feeling of tenderness in the reader's mind.

The household of the money-grubbing old father, with its absence of all the graces or affections of home, is a strongly lined though harsh and repellent picture, not to be taken we should hope as a faithful presentment of English life in the commercial classes. We should be equally loth to accept as typical the two young ladies—if such a term can be applied to them—who play secondary parts, and whose ways and manners would disgrace the most untutored factory girl.

A Country Gentleman and his Family. By Mrs. OLIPHANT. London : Macmillan & Co. 1886.

IT is characteristic of Mrs. Oliphant's genius to choose for its subject the sudden disturbance of placid everyday lives by the occurrence of some abrupt and unlooked-for tragedy in their midst. The family of Mr. Warrender, the "Country Gentleman" of the title, when left by his death in occupation of "The Warren," a residence in a dull rural neighbourhood, seems to offer as little

material for sensational effect as the most devout advocate of the prosaic school could desire. Yet in its tranquil and monotonous life tragic emotions and stormy incidents find a place, appealing perhaps not less forcibly to the imagination because of their homely accessories. Theo Warrender, the eldest son, a sombre-tempered young man, somewhat embittered by the failure of his Oxford career to justify the expectations formed of him, is a strongly realized figure, and the development of his character from the more unamiable side, under the maturing influence of courtship and matrimony, is portrayed with force and truth to nature. The relation between Lady Markland, the young widow successfully wooed by him, and her sickly boy heretofore the sole confidant and companion of his mother, is rendered with poetic sympathy, and the struggle of little Geoff to bear with patience the deprivation of the exclusive love which had been all the sunshine of his baby-life, is a deep and tender study of childish nature.

Side by side with Theo's romance runs that of his younger sister, "Chatty" (Charlotte), and if the interruption to her wedding by the startling announcement of her bridegroom's previous marriage be a somewhat hackneyed incident, it is invested with a modicum of fresh interest by the manner of the telling, since it is skilfully led up to by a series of those suggestive incidents which it is part of Mrs. Oliphant's art to use with such dramatic effect in unfolding the events of her tale. The unexpected reserve of dignity called forth by circumstances in the gentle nature of the simple country girl, is we imagine intended as a pendant to the growth of her brother's character in the opposite direction through the evolution of his worse qualities, and if so, is artistically contrived. The self-assertion and arrogance of the elder sister, as Mrs. Eustace Thynne, would surely be only possible to the ill-breeding of a *parvenue*, not to a girl brought up in the position of a gentlewoman.

The Fall of Asgard. By JULIAN G. CORBETT. London: Macmillan & Co. 1886.

THIS is a stirring and romantic tale of the last struggles of Norse heathendom against St. Olaf, the Christian conqueror; *Asgard*, whose fall it celebrates, being the abode of the Aesir, or gods. With the historical deeds of Olaf and his contemporaries are interwoven the fortunes of Gudrun, the heroine, and her son Thorkel, for years fugitives and exiles from their home, and then again playing a conspicuous part among the defenders of the old order of things. The manners and feelings of the time and country are vividly depicted, and many of the details of the rites of Scandinavian paganism will be new to the majority of English readers. Among these is the sacrifice of a horse on solemn occasions, while the flesh of the animal was regarded as so sacred to the gods that partaking of it was equivalent to a relapse into paganism. The style is simple and effective, and avoids suggesting the incongruity of modern language,

while free from the affectation of archaism. The following passage is descriptive of the passage of Olaf's fleet of galleys before the ambush of his foes:—

Their preparations had not been completed many minutes before a large ship shot out from behind the point. It was a long ship of twenty benches, which many recognized as belonging to Gunnar of Gelmin, and it was clear from the way in which the sun, now just peeping over the hills, glittered upon its crew, that it contained Olaf and his body-guard. Hardly had they noticed this one to the other, when out came another, and then another, till five ships, each with forty oars swinging like music, were striding over the fjord, followed by some half-dozen craft of less degree. It was a glorious sight in Thorkel's eyes, and yet an anxious one, for the great red sun rose higher and higher, kissing away the blushing mist so fast, that none could tell if it would hold long enough to conceal the shelter they had so hastily constructed. They plainly heard the beat of the oars, and the laughter and singing of the crews as they fared on towards the islands.

Full of picturesque incident and adventure the tale moves as rapidly as though unencumbered by archæological trappings, and we doubt not that it will contribute to enhance the interest of the public in the times to which it relates.

Dagonet the Jester. London: Macmillan & Co. 1886.

THE scene of this story, which is attributed to Mr. Malcolm Macmillan, is laid in the days of the Commonwealth, when the gloomy creed of the Puritans was busily engaged in chasing from human life every trace of the innocent, if frivolous, gaiety which lightens men's burthens, and enables them for a time to forget their sorrows. We have been somewhat puzzled to discover whether the author intends in the person of Dagonet—chased from a baronial hall, seeking refuge in the quiet life of a village, and finally frozen to death in the churchyard—to present an allegory of the decay of that excellent fooling which he so much admires. However that be, the story is in itself a simple one, and is told with artless quaintness by Master Aaron Blenkinsop, the learned and travelled son of the village blacksmith. Not without art, indeed, is the quaintness of its carefully maintained diction, which is always that of a sedate scholar of the olden time condescending for a moment to speak the vulgar tongue. A passage taken at random will illustrate our meaning:—

For as the years came rolling on, and after men had well-nigh forgotten even that bloody deed at Whitehall in the weariness their own lives suffered from the Commonwealth, there was no more mirth in Thorn Abbey than in the great world outside it. Our rector was a true bred Presbyterian at last, no trimmer like Master Crape, who held the Gospel anterior to the Confession, but one hard and sour as Master Knox himself. Yet while all the reverend youths went with long faces and took the lashing of the discipline with a sigh of thanks, as indeed they well might if it would clear them at all from that heinous guilt of

regicide which as rebels they had incurred, the older ones sought still for some balm, after the chastening, in the cheerier discourse of Master Dagonet.

This passage also serves to show the leanings of our author towards the mirthful phase of life, typified, as we think, in the person of Dagonet quondam jester, but later the cobbler of Thorn Abbey.

Snow-bound at Eagles. By BRET HARTE. London :
Ward & Downey. 1886.

MR. BRET HARTE'S vivid power of description enables us to condone a certain amount of improbability in his incidents, though we confess to a little surprise at finding the highwayman hero, an extinct fossil-type in British literature, resuscitated among the modern varieties of vagabondage on the Californian border.

The action opens with the robbing of the mail-coach, or stage, as it is called in America, by a group of daring men, who afterwards in their retreat take refuge, with one of their number badly wounded, in the ranch of one of the passengers, whose wife and sister-in-law, ignorant of their true character, give them a most hospitable reception. A sudden snowstorm isolates the mountain plateau on which Eagle's Court, the settler's station, is situated, for eight or ten days, during which the highwaymen make rapid progress in the good graces of their hostesses, and frustrate a plot for their robbery by their own farm servants.

Of course, the restoration of communications reveals their true character, but does not obliterate the impression they have made; and the story ends with the engagement of Miss Scott, the young lady of Eagle's Court, to one of the pair who had only temporarily taken to the road as a means of redressing the wrong inflicted on him by a commercial swindler. Mr. Bret Harte's incidental glimpses of border life and scenery are in his usual picturesque fashion.

Indian Summer. By WILLIAM D. HOWELLS. Edinburgh :
David Douglas. 1886.

MR. HOWELLS' last book misses the solid grasp of character which elevated triviality of incident in his previous work. True, the trifling is throughout of the prettiest and most graceful description, and the small episodes that carry on the movement of the story have no lack of charm for the reader. The purposeless character of the hero, and the helpless entanglement into which he allows himself to drift, are sufficient, however, to mar to a great extent the interest of the book, and leave a general sense of dissatisfaction with its tenor. The name, "Indian Summer," is the American term for those belated days of sunshine on the edge of winter, known in Europe as the summer of St. Martin. Its appro-

priateness to the story is furnished by the mature age of the hero, Theodore Colville, who returns at the lapse of twenty years to Florence, the scene of his early love disappointment, to find eventual compensation for the loss of his youth. His affections waver, indeed, between two charming ladies, Mrs. Bowen, a lovely widow, associated with the tragedy of his early life, and her friend, Imogene Graham, an enthusiastic girl of twenty, who, in her romantic desire to console Mr. Colville's middle age, scarcely leaves him a free choice on the subject. A kindly fate releases him in the end from his engagement to her, and allows him to find a more suitable companion for his future life in Mrs. Bowen, on whom his somewhat halting affections are really set. Perhaps the most graceful episode of the book is the instinctive attachment of little Effie Bowen to her future stepfather, as its highest artistic effect is reached in the subtle touches with which the pretty child's ways and character are realized. Florentine society is brightly though superficially described, and Italian scenery is rather suggested by the narrative than depicted in detail.

Notices of Catholic Continental Periodicals.

REVIEW OF GERMAN CATHOLIC PERIODICALS.

By Dr. BELLESHEIM, Canon of Aachen.

1. *Katholik*.

The Gallican Liturgy from the Fourth to the Eighth Century.—Professor Probst, of Breslau University, continues, in the March issue, his important study on this interesting subject. His first article showed that the Gallican Liturgy was considerably abridged about the beginning of the fourth century. This abridgment was effected by breaking up the lengthened prayers of the one Mass then used every day, whence came a large number of Masses preserving the original type. These several branches soon were further and strikingly changed, as the old prayers were gradually adapted to the various *feasts* which, with time and the development of Christian life, were admitted into the Kalendar. A special feature of the Gallican Liturgy, mentioned at length by Professor Probst, was the high honour paid to the Gospel. Whilst the deacon proceeded with it to the Ambo, the choir sang the Trisagion, an impressive ceremony which S. Germanus of Autun describes as an imitation of the angels who preceded our Lord and sang, "Tollite portas, principes, vestras." I may remark that the time-honoured custom of singing the Gospel from the height of the Ambo is still, at

the present day, in use in the minster of Aix-la-Chapelle. In the Gallican Liturgy of the sixth century the custom prevailed of bread and wine being offered by the faithful during the Mass. Another peculiar feature mentioned by S. Gregory of Tours (*De Gloria Martyr.*, l. 1, c. 26) was that, at the time of the offertory, the deacon took the tower (*turris*) "containing the mystery of the body of our Lord" to put it on the altar. Part of the consecrated bread was to be mixed with the wine. That was enjoined by the Synod of Orange, but as to the time at which this took place—whether before or after the consecration—Professor Probst does not decide. What we call the Preface was styled "Contestatio," or "Immolatio." It, too, had impressed on it the character of the feast, and S. Gregory of Tours mentions it as part of the Mass in which were commemorated the virtues and intercession of the saint whose feast was being kept. I must not omit to mention that the Gallican Liturgy had its *Epiklesis*—viz., that prayer, after the consecration, in which the Holy Ghost was invoked to effect the "transformatio." The oft-discussed question as to how the Holy Ghost can be invoked to effect any change in elements which are already consecrated is thus answered by our author:—The Consecration is the work of the three Persons of the Blessed Trinity, but since the sanctification of mankind is especially attributed to the third Person, it seems to be most convenient to invoke the Holy Ghost as distributor of God's graces after the consecration.

Education of the Faithful in the Middle Ages.—Reformers, old and new, like to taunt the Catholic Church with having wilfully neglected the education of the faithful in the days when she was all-powerful in Europe. Professor Jansen, of Frankfort-on-Main, has thoroughly refuted these unfair accusations. Yet, after the treatment he could give the topic in his celebrated history of the German people, ample room is left for those historians who can enter into the details connected with each separate German province. The Rev. Lesker, in the March and April issues of the *Katholik*, gives us noteworthy information as to the Church's efforts for elementary education and for science in what is now called the Grand Duchy of Mecklenburg. It was comparatively very lately that this country learned the Christian religion, for up to the twelfth and thirteenth centuries it was still buried in the darkness of heathenism. As soon, however, as it received the light of Christian doctrine, we note the noble conduct of the Church as regards the lower and middle classes. Rostock still possesses that university which originated in Catholic times; Wismar, Gustrow, and the other principal towns each possessed their schools. Luther's saying, that under the Pope's reign the devil, by founding churches and convents, had everywhere spread his nets so that not a single boy might escape (*Works*, Erlangen, xxii. 17.), may, with some change of terms, be safely applied to Mecklenburg as described in the ages of faith by unimpeachable documents. Only, the laudable efforts of bishops, priests and monks were not confined to boys. Mecklenburg could

boast of numerous convents devoted to the education of girls; whilst the nuns of Cîteaux and the Beghines deserve special mention. There are still existing old catechisms of the fifteenth century, and as a scarcely less direct witness of the exertions of churchmen of that period may be counted the Confession books, which contained instructions how people were to prepare themselves for properly receiving the sacrament of penance.

2. *Historisch-politische Blätter.*

The Reformation and Art.—Three able articles treating this theme seem to be worthy the attention of thoughtful Protestants even more than of Catholics. It is a serious mistake on the part of modern Protestant historians of Art to claim for Protestantism as such the privilege of having favoured Art and its lofty aspirations and ideas. Few religions, on the contrary, have so keenly hated Art as Protestantism. It may be readily granted that individual Protestants of our century are exceptions, and that, influenced by Catholic ideas, they begin to disagree with their fathers of the sixteenth century. But the fact remains that the very authors of the new religion, partly by force of their antagonism to the old Church they set themselves to pull down, and partly by force of religious opinions which were totally subversive of external rites, were outspoken enemies of Art. These ideas are ably treated by our author, who has collected numerous incidents in the insane attack made by the Reformers on the countless specimens of Christian art in churches.

Hefele's History of the Councils.—The learned Bishop of Rottenburg, burdened with years and his episcopal duties, was unequal to the labour of bringing out a second edition of the fifth volume of his History of the Councils. An able pupil of his, therefore, Dr. Knöpfler, professor in the Lyceum of Passau, has undertaken the task for him. Since the first appearance of this volume, historical science has made considerable advances. Hence the remarkable fact that the second edition, just brought out by Herder of Freiburg, contains no less than forty-seven synods more than were in the first edition. Amongst them may be mentioned those of London, 1143; Edinburgh, 1197; St. David's, 1197; Bristol, 1216; Hui, 1230; and Oxford, 1231. Students will be interested to learn that the word "transelementatio," or "*μεταστοιχείωσις*," was adopted by a Synod held in Constantinople in A.D. 1156, fifty-nine years before it was used by the fourth Council of Lateran.

3. *Stimmen aus Maria Laach.*

In the March number, Father Meyer comments on the Pope's letter, "*Immortale Dei*," whilst Father Beissel traces the history of the old cathedral of Treves, founded by St. Helena, the mother of Constantine, the first Christian emperor. Father Longhorst has

a criticism on Max Müller as a philosopher of religion. Most of Max Müller's writings are now before the German public in translations, and it was a duty for German Catholics to test his doctrines by the standard of Catholic philosophy. Müller's theory of Henotheism, his denial of a primitive revelation of God to mankind, his totally false view on Christianity as one of the many religions, equally good or false, are tenets as little in accordance with the teachings of history as of all past philosophy.

4. *Historisches Jahrbuch der Goerres-Gesellschaft.*

Cardinal Otto Truchsess, Bishop of Augsburg.—Perhaps no historical review anywhere rivals the *Jahrbuch* for Catholic thoroughness and scientific merit. Scholars interested in the Reformation period will particularly appreciate the article contributed by Father Duhr, S.J., of Ditton Hall, England, on Cardinal Truchsess, Bishop of Augsburg. The trials of this eminent man, who like a pillar of granite withstood the waves of anarchy and infidelity at the time of Luther, are told by F. Duhr, as also the labours he generously undertook for the Holy See. A remarkable fact in his life was the high esteem he entertained for Cardinal Pole. When turned out of his episcopal See, Truchsess fled to Rome, where Pole at once generously cared for him. The English cardinal is described by Truchsess as "the most pious, learned and ascetic cardinal of England."

Monsieur Gachard.—Baron von Reumont, the learned author of the History of the City of Rome, furnishes a loving tribute to the memory of the late general keeper of the Belgian State Archives. The paper is a piece of thorough work, such as one would expect from a historical writer who is M. Gachard's equal. There is an appreciative list of the numerous books and essays published by M. Gachard, and the portrait of the late historian is cleverly traced.

ITALIAN PERIODICALS.

La Civiltà Cattolica, 2 Gennaio—1 Maggio, 1886.

The Nuraghi of Sardinia.—A series of articles, commencing January 2 of the current year, is appearing in the *Civiltà Cattolica* on the subject of those wonderful monuments of bygone ages, the Nuraghi of Sardinia, accompanied by elaborate illustrations. These towers, of which there are no less than 3000 in the island, have long puzzled the heads of antiquarians. The size of many of them, gigantic even in their ruins, the singularity of their construction, which seems to have excited the admiration of the ancient Greeks, their number, and their undeniably great antiquity, have combined to render them a subject of much curiosity and careful study. The total absence of inscriptions, which, in the case of Egyptian and

Assyrian monuments, deciphered in recent times, enable us to compute their date, has seemed hitherto to render the mystery involved in the origin of the Nuraghi hopelessly inscrutable. The learned, indeed, long entertained the persuasion that their erection must be referred to pre-historic times, and that the earliest inhabitants of the island, dwellers in forests and caves, and armed only with implements of stone, constructed these Cyclopean monuments. This opinion, however, has in late years been shaken through a more diligent examination of their structure, and by the discovery of some idols in one of them which must have needed the use of metal in shaping them, so that we may consider this view as well-nigh exploded, although the question of origin, dates, and precise destination of the Nuraghi remains in the same state of uncertainty.

The writer of the review entirely dissents from the opinion which would attribute the erection of these towers to a tribe of people isolated from the rest of the world. In his argument he proceeds from the known to the unknown, and takes for his basis the result of observations made by himself personally seven years ago. Although the stones are themselves speechless, while history is silent, and tradition transmits to us no reliable record, there are a few points well ascertained; and one of no slight importance is the uniformity, with a few and secondary differences, of the plan upon which these fortresses, whether small or great, have been built, pointing to a common object and interconnection. The Nuraghi, in short, he thinks bear testimony to a system of reductions or colonies, having for their object the stable possession of the territories in which they stand, and the pacific use of their products for commercial purposes. For the reasons he alleges in support of this view we must refer the reader to the articles in question. So far, then, from thinking that the Nuraghi are the work of an utterly unknown, savage, and isolated people, he considers that they offer one among many other proofs of the relations subsisting between the East and the West at a period when the latter had as yet no history, binding relations, which were silently laying the foundations of that future unity of nations which Rome by its widespread dominion was to effect, and which in the overruling designs of Providence was thus preparing the way for the evangelization of the heathen world. The reviewer sees reason to attribute the erection of these buildings to the Phœnicians of Tyre, and, if he be correct in his surmise, they would furnish a striking example of the method and system by which this famous commercial city was enabled to hold the monopoly of the western portion of the Mediterranean, and, still more, of the trade of the Atlantic, without allowing the knowledge of their transactions in these distant regions to reach the Italo-Grecian peoples.

Various have been the speculations of antiquarians regarding the use made of these singular constructions. Some have supposed them to have been temples, while others have regarded them as places of sepulture; but to neither of these opinions does the writer incline, although he believes, considering the style of their architecture,

that they might, according to time and place, have been applied to various purposes, the above included. It may well be deducible from their general character of reductions or colonies, also from special examples, that the united Nuraghi of each territory might be available for all the several uses to which edifices could be applied in a society fairly civilized, and might often combine them all, particularly as society in those remote times would have retained in its customs something of the patriarchal character. Although they are generally built with a manifest view to the exclusion of intruders, and therefore for incidental refuge and defence, nevertheless he gives cogent reasons for believing that they were not designed, nor indeed well calculated, for the resistance of foreign invasion by a powerful force; nor were they, apparently, ever used for that end, as when the Sardinians had to contend for their national independence, it was to their natural fortresses, their own mountain fastnesses, that they betook themselves, together with their flocks and herds.

The writer has promised another article, with further statements and elucidations of his views as to the origin and uses of the Nuraghi.

15 *Maggio*, 1886.

Prospects of the Italian Kingdom.—Bonghi, in his paper, the *Nuova Antologia*, has been indulging, with a view to the coming elections, in one of his usual jeremiads over the past, present, and future fortunes of the political parties, and, consequently, of those institutions which, for men of his sort, constitute the whole of the Italy of to-day. He is convinced that, if all who are possessed of sense, judgment, liberality, and moderation, and who have engaged in public life, not for personal gain, but for a high national end, do not at the present crisis unite in one party who will thus form a government morally, intellectually, and materially strong, “we,” he says, “shall have had at once the glory and the shame of having made and unmade Italy within a brief span of time.” But is it conceivable, under present circumstances, that a party such as Bonghi has idealized, should issue from the electoral urns? Depretis, now discarded and condemned, was perhaps the only man capable—and that purely by dint of artifices and self-contradictions—to manufacture a working majority out of the discordant materials at his disposal. He has relied mainly, it would appear, upon the help of a fiction called *transformation*, a political recipe for getting on somehow, which consists in the Government pretending to favour the Left, from whom the Ministry were understood to be drawn, and who have had a majority in the Chamber, while in fact conforming its ideas to the Right. The Progressist party were to have the government in their hands, but to be content to be swayed by the notions of the minority, and the Right were to be content with exercising this influence without aspiring to rule. This could not last, and the result has been that Depretis is now denounced by his

Masonic brethren as a traitor, who instead of labouring, as he was bound, to demolish the throne and the altar, has been all along their disguised supporter and defender. The prospects are certainly very discouraging for legal Italy. Excluding, as we well may, the formation of a national party, as desiderated by Bonghi, Depretis being set aside, it is difficult to see how any one can replace the latter, to serve like him as a lightning-conductor for the protection of revolutionary Italy, or can offer any similar guarantee for its continued toleration on the part of the two great central European empires. The programme initiated by the Piedmontese Cavour seems about to have its collapse in the Piedmontese Depretis. It is a bad look-out for the Quirinal.

Since the above was written the Italian elections have resulted in a triumph for the Depretis Cabinet. The Ministry have conquered for the present, but their majority is composed of the most discordant elements; so that the difficulties which beset them are greater than ever. "All things considered," says the *Eco d'Italia*, "it seems to us that Depretis, in spite of his unquestionable victory, is in a worse position than he was before."

We can specially recommend to notice an article in the number of May 15, entitled "Young Italy and the Old Papacy," in which the decrepitude of the former, by the confession even of its own leading journals, and the glorious vitality and indefatigable vigour of the latter are forcibly contrasted. Also two articles on Socialism in Italy, where it is making alarming progress. In the first of these articles, which appeared on April 17, the evil itself is strikingly set forth. In the second, which appeared on May 1, the remedy is prescribed, which may be summed up in the Holy Father's recent declaration. Let society be maintained Christian or re-Christianized, and the dreaded evil will disappear. This is the remedy; there is no other.

FRENCH PERIODICALS.

Revue des Questions Historiques. Avril, 1886. Paris.

The Authenticity of the Pentateuch.—M. F. Vigouroux, the well-known professor at Saint Sulpice, opens this number of the *Revue* with an article entitled "Étude Critique sur l'authenticité du Pénateuque, d'après l'examen intrinsèque de son contenu." The word "intrinsèque" indicates the character of the article; it is the writer's own study of the sacred text itself, and not a study or criticism of the criticisms of others. He has never himself, he says, doubted the Mosaic origin of the Pentateuch, but having read many proofs in various treatises, he wished to work out for himself a conviction on the point, and, as far as could be, an independent one. Treatises were left aside; the text was read and re-read, "thus to learn the secret of the Pentateuch from itself." We need not add

that an independent examination of the indications given by the sacred text as to its authorship, coming from so accomplished a scholar as the Abbé Vigouroux, is very interesting. Each age has its own special ways and manners; and no work, he contends, can escape bearing the mark of the age in which it was written, whether the writer was conscious or unconscious of such result—even *malgré lui*. But the age of Moses can be distinctly characterized; it is one of those well-marked periods—crises—in history that are highly distinguished from other periods. The Pentateuch is an *œuvre de circonstance*, and can be sufficiently characterized as belonging to the time of Moses. Thus far does the writer get in the present article, occupying some sixty pages: “De ce que nous avons déjà dit, nous sommes du moins en droit de conclure que l’ensemble des recits du Pénateuque convient parfaitement à l’époque de Moïse, et ne peut convenir aussi bien à aucune autre époque de l’histoire d’Israel.” It need scarcely be said that no idea could be given within these very brief limits of the minute examination of portion after portion of the text in pursuance of this proof. The author having promised to pursue his theme, ends with some severe remarks on modern critics of Germany and France who adopt rationalist views on the Pentateuch with a false air of independence—accepting them all the while without discussion. Speaking of his own country, he says there is less independent study than in Germany. “In France the Bible is scarcely read; the greater part of the *incrédules* who hold that Moses did not compose the five first books of Scripture do not know the reasons for their opinion, and simply rest upon the authority of German critics whose names they only just know, and of whose works they have not read a word!”

The Elements of Pontifical Diplomats.—This is the title of the next article, which is from the pen of le Comte de Mas Latrie, of the Institute, and it will be of concern and value to the growing number of students in the original records of Church history. The science of diplomatics generally—the science, that is, of reading, classifying, testing, &c., original diplomas and documents—has advanced of late years, and pontifical diplomatics has particularly developed and grown in precision, whilst the opening of the Vatican archives has lent still fresh impetus to the historical movement of which it is so important an instrument. Here the reader will find, after a passing reference to what has lately been done by students in the Vatican archives, the history and description of the various kinds of documents which furnish matter for the history of the Popes and their acts, and a general idea of the rules and methods followed at various periods in the construction and naming of these documents. Diplomats has been said to be the better half of the criticism of texts, and readers of the article will soon see illustration of how much these technical matters have to do with the value of a parchment or a letter. The author divides the history of papal documents into three epochs: the first from early times to the eighth century and the changes made by Adrian I.; the second, the period of the

Middle Ages, is "the epoch of Bulls," and ends with the introduction of briefs under Eugene IV. in the middle of the fifteenth century; and the third period embraces modern times. To each of these belong documents well marked from those of the other epochs, not only by name, but still more by manner of writing, style, method of being dated, signed, and promulgated. There is much in the writer's treatment of each of these three divisions which would be of interest to others besides the technical student, but it would be impossible to repeat them here. There is quite a history of the names of pontifical documents. Thus a Letter, Epistle, Authority, Precept, Decree, Decretal, Rescript belong to or began in the first period; Briefs and Motu Proprios belong to the third. Under his second division the author treats at great length of Bulls. The Benedictine editors of the *Nouveau Traité Diplomatique* divided the Bulls of the Middle Ages into two classes—the greater, or Solemn Bulls, and the less (*Grandes ou Solennelles et Petites Bulles*). M. Delisle, in his "Mémoires on the Acts of Innocent III.," did not consider the distinction worth anything; and, as the writer says, "a naturellement fait école," Cardinal Pitra having become to some extent a follower. The Count Mas Latrie goes back to the Benedictine division and defends it. He gives the characteristics of the Solemn Bulls (p. 434). Bulls were generally sealed with lead, but occasionally with precious metals, to mark some memorable event, and Leo X. appended a seal of gold to the Bull in which Henry VIII. of England was declared Defender of the Faith!

Authenticity of Papal Briefs.—One other sentence from the Count Mas Latrie's article may be interesting. Treating of "Briefs," he defines a Brief to be "a letter or apostolic ordinance sealed with red wax and the ring of the fisherman, in addressing which the Sovereign Pontiff takes the title of Papa instead of Servant of the Servants of God, noting also his own number in the list of Popes of his name." Generally Briefs were very short, at least the more ancient; but the Benedictines have justly observed that this "briefness" of composition is not the mark of a Brief, but rather the simplification or abbreviation of the process of its being expedited. The passage of a Bull through the four bureaux took time; a special office was created for the expedition of Briefs under a Secretary of Briefs. An advantage; yet it became infinitely easier for an unscrupulous official to send to its destination a false Brief than to pass a fraudulent Bull through its preliminary authentications! And we read that one Bartholomew Florido, Secretary of Briefs under Alexander VI., was degraded and condemned to death, the Pope commuting the sentence to imprisonment for life; while a certain Mascanbrun, "sous-dataire" under Innocent X., having been convicted of sending off a large number of forged Briefs, was beheaded. How many forged or tampered Briefs, one wonders, were sent off by others who were never detected!

Among the articles in the same number are—one by M. Paul Fournier, "Le Royaume d'Arles et de Vienne," sketching its relations

with the Empire from the death of Frederic II. to the death of Rudolf of Hapsburg (1250-1291); and another by M. Léon Lecestre on "Marie Antoinette's attempts to escape from the Temple and the Conciergerie."

Notices of Books.

Chapters in European History. By WILLIAM SAMUEL LILLY.
Two Vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1886.

THESE two volumes have been so widely noticed and so highly praised by the general press of the country, that we need add nothing to show that they are both brilliant and profound. Mr. Lilly not only writes clearly, forming his sentences perfectly and choosing his words with very great felicity; but he has the faculty of saying what people will listen to. This is a gift quite distinct from that of making correct sentences. Mr. Lilly is eloquent, profound, philosophical, analytic, and many more things; but he is able to put his foot down every minute or two with an audible tread on good solid earth; and the reader feels very grateful to him. No doubt, he has one or two qualifications which make it easy for him to be interesting. He has read a great deal, and he seems to remember and to be able to reproduce all that he has read just at the very moment when it is wanted. His power of apt quotation is really marvellous—of quotation which is neither hackneyed nor too recondite, but just sufficiently new to cause a pleasant shock of surprise, and nearly always justifying itself by the new light which it brings along with it.

We consider these pages as one of the best fragments of Christian "apology" in the English language. Indeed, it would not be easy to find in any other language an argument so thoroughly honest, so firmly founded on facts, and so admirably expressed. A short account of the work will suffice to give the grounds of this judgment.

It consists of three well-defined divisions—although the various chapters which make it up have all (even the introductory dialogue) done duty in a previous state of existence as magazine articles: first, Christianity; secondly, the Renaissance; and thirdly, the French Revolution. But the spirit, the soul, of the book is one and one only; it is the demonstration that a belief in God and in Christ is absolutely necessary for society, under penalty of death and putrefaction. The theme seems trite; but in Mr. Lilly's hands it is fresh and fascinating. The preliminary dialogue introduces three speakers—Grimston, Temperley, and Luxmoore; the latter being the writer himself. It is devoted to a demolition of Goethe's cynical and unworthy view, that to a thinker the history of the world is

nothing but a tissue of absurdities, a mass of madness and wickedness—that nothing can be made of it. Mr. Lilly maintains that the “philosophy of history” can be understood, and ought to be understood, if you will only look into your own mind first, and read the great world by the light of the little world within a man’s own breast. There is such a thing as progress, evolution, in physical things and in moral; but as to the latter, “man’s advance is due to his following the dictates of eternal righteousness.” The following keenly expressed invective is a sort of motto for the whole work :—

Look at France if you would see an example of the hell which a people proposes for itself when it maketh and loveth a lie. I know the country well; and every time I visit it I discern a terrible evidence of ever-increasing degeneracy. The man seems to be disappearing. There is a return to the simious type. The eye speaks of nothing but dull esuriency. The whole face is prurient. The voice has lost the virile ring, and has become shrill, gibberish, baboon-like. Go into the Chamber of Deputies, the chosen and too true representatives of the people. The looks, the gestures, the cries, remind you irresistibly of the monkey-house in Regent’s Park. The nation—for it must be judged by its public acts—has for a hundred years been trying to rid itself of the perception which is the proper attribute of man; to cast out the idea of God, which Michelet has well called the progressive and conservative principle of civilization; to live on a philosophy of animalism; and it is rapidly losing all that is distinctively human, and is sinking below the lead of animals (27–30).

The first chapter was originally contributed to the *Contemporary Review*. It contains a striking description of the teaching of our Blessed Saviour, and a brilliant sketch of the great St. Augustine and the *De Civitate Dei* :

It was no doctrine of sweetness and light, no enthusiasm of humanity, but the Person of Jesus Christ, at once human and divine, which, as they gazed upon it, uplifted on the Cross, smote down in masterful contrition the orthodox Pharisee and the Sadducean materialist of decadent Judæa, the agnostic philosopher of captive Greece, the stately magistrate and the rude soldier of imperial Rome. He it was—His head crowned with thorns, His eyes full of tears, His visage marred more than any man’s, His limbs dislocated and rent—in whom tender virgins discerned the fairest among ten thousand, the altogether lovely, and would have no other spouse for time or for eternity. Women whose whole lives were a pollution did but look on Him, in His ineffable sorrow, and the passion of desire was expelled by the stronger passion of compunction. Old men and little children, by the vision of Him, were inspired with a love stronger than death. The aged Bishop, journeying to the place where the lions waited him, “still alive but longing to die,” writes to his flock: “Now do I begin to be Christ’s disciple.” The sweet Syracusan maiden looks calmly upon her bleeding bosom, mutilated by the persecutor’s knife, as she reflects: “I shall not be less beautiful in the eyes of my heavenly bridegroom.” Sanctus the deacon, his limbs covered with plates of burning brass, so that his body was one entire wound and deprived of the form of man, would but say to all the questions of his tormentors, “I am a Christian;” and, as those who stood by testified, remained upright and unshrinking,

"bathed and strengthened in the heavenly well of living water which flowed from the Head of Christ." They endure, that noble army of martyrs, in the strength of Him whom, not having seen, they loved. . . . It was as though man had acquired a new sense. . . . The victory of Christianity was the personal victory of its founder (pp. 57-58).

In a second chapter, the life and times of Pope St. Gregory VII. are re-narrated with great spirit and fine discernment. Mr. Lilly well terms this great Pope's pontificate the turning-point of the Middle Ages. Hildebrand, under God, saved the world from relapsing into heathenism. The essay entitled "Mediæval Spiritualism," which follows, is chiefly occupied with the hymns of the great hymn-writers of the ages of Faith. But here, as everywhere else in these volumes, the writer by no means contents himself with surface criticism, or with æsthetic or literary points of detail, but seizes the opportunity to point out the deep spiritual significance of that whole splendid line of poetic achievement which unites St. Thomas of Aquin with Prudentius. He next passes on to consider the Renaissance—a period of history which no one has done more to make intelligible than Mr. Lilly. With most people the difficulty in understanding the Renaissance has arisen from its presumed literary character. To serious persons an epoch which merely indicated a change of taste was not worth anxiously considering. It was certainly bad taste to call Almighty God by the titles of the Roman Jove, and to alter the text of the *Vexilla Regis*; but, after all, Heaven does not judge men by their grammar or their syntax. Mr. Lilly lets us see that, in religion, in the political order, in art and in literature, the effect of the Renaissance was to impose fetters on the mind, the heart, and the fancy. He boldly meets such men as Michelet, Mr. Pater, Mr. Symonds, and Mr. Freeman—men who have followed or set the fashion of lauding the sixteenth century as a time of "sunrise," of "upheaval," of "casting away of fetters," and of liberty generally. Mr. Lilly enters on a definition of liberty. The definition he gives is a very good one: Liberty is "the absence of restraints upon the true development and right exercise of the human faculties" (i. p. 257). With this definition he has little difficulty in showing that the principles of the Renaissance really led to absolutism, to the enslavement of Europe, to a new Cæsarism, to a servile imitation of classical models and a rejection of Christian spirituality, and to mental, social, and literary "fetters" of every kind. There is plenty of interesting detail here as elsewhere, and the reader will enjoy the chapter. But we cannot help thinking that Mr. Lilly's opponents would themselves accept his description of liberty and yet hold to their thesis all the same. What is the *true* development, the *right* exercise "of human faculties and powers?" Answered in one way, the question leads to Luther, to Protestantism, to rationalism; answered in another, it leads to the Holy Office and the Index. Mr. Lilly is probably right in omitting to discuss religious liberty; yet it is just this kind of liberty which especially makes the common run of critics and historians fall down

and worship the Renaissance. He does mention the word from time to time; but he generally means by it simply freedom from secular control, as in the interesting chapter on St. Gregory VII. (i. p. 185). His opponents would mean something very different from this. The omission to make the distinction perfectly clear may perhaps afford grounds for a hostile critic to charge the Catholic apologist with disingenuousness. But no doubt he was right in considering that a formal discussion on such a polemical topic would change the character of his book, and also that the aspects of the Renaissance which he does treat are sufficiently important and sufficiently ignored to make it well worth his while to devote the brilliancy of his pen to their illustration. For any one who wishes to understand the Renaissance on its political, its literary, and its artistic sides, there can be no better guide than the concluding chapter of the first volume, entitled "The Renaissance and Liberty," and the opening one of the second, in which we have a most striking sketch of the life and work of Michael Angelo.

In chapter vi. Mr. Lilly comes to the eighteenth century—a century of his special aversion. This century is described by him as a time of the progress of absolutism, of the deepest servitude and ignominy of the Catholic Church, of the sophistry of the *philosophes*, of materialism and licentiousness—relieved only by the effects of the revolution of 1688 and the preaching of John Wesley. It sounds quaint; and Mr. Lilly might have just mentioned the tremendous (and victorious) struggle of the Church against Jansenism, and such a life as that of St. Alfonso. Still, the century is very strikingly described, and if there are sins of omission, the picture is true as far as it goes. The succeeding chapter, on "The Principles of '89," is full of sound and useful philosophy; and the true effect of the revolutionary declaration is illustrated by the help of M. Taine's great work. A very good chapter on the works of Balzac closes the volume with excellent effect, and enables the writer to draw out still more completely his views on the godlessness and savagery of modern society. The work concludes with the following lines which we may use as a summing-up of the second volume:—

The chief note of (modern) civilization is the absence from it of faith; and if there is any lesson more emphatically taught than another by the history of man, it is this, that faith of some sort, be it religious, political, or philosophical, is as necessary to his moral being as air to his physical organism—a faith shared by others, and forming a spiritual atmosphere. It was the work of the eighteenth century to dry up the sources of faith alike in its divine and human expressions. The French Revolution, the inevitable result of Bourbon Cæsarism and the sensualistic philosophy—which were the manifestation in different spheres of the great Renaissance idea of Materialism—was the outward visible sign of the overthrow of the principles upon which the old order had rested. It was then that Napoleon arose to proclaim, amid the roar of his victorious cannon, the new gospel that force was the measure of truth, success the test of right, and personal interest the law of action. The teaching was greedily drunk in by the generation into which Balzac was born. And we have the out-

come of it in the civilization which found in him "its most original, most appropriate, and most penetrating historian" (ii. 327).

To estimate aright the work which Mr. Lilly has done in these volumes we must remember that he undertakes a defence of Christianity and not of Catholicism. He lets it be seen clearly enough that he is a Catholic; but his immediate concern is with unbelievers, sensualists, and materialists, rather than with non-Catholic Christians. And therefore, although his book would not bring a man further than the very threshold of the Catholic Church, we consider it none the less a necessary book; and it is none the less a matter for congratulation that the writer has so well caught the ear of the country. This point of view, when fairly understood, explains why Mr. Lilly uses certain religious terms in a very vague and even misleading way; why he calls Mohammed, Confucius, or Gotama "prophets of the Most High" (i. 37-8); calls the lessons of great men "revelation;" and uses the word "faith" (as in our last extract) for any or every kind of mental discernment which rises above brute force and sensual desire. Unfortunately, nothing can be done with a generation which hearkens to Mr. Herbert Spencer until you have shown it that the human race has an immaterial soul, made after such a fashion that its very make proves the existence of a light outside of it. Mr. Lilly's main object is to bring this home to his readers. In doing it, he carries them with rapid step over wide fields of history. Some of his views, no doubt, are questionable, and some of his generalizations too hasty. We do not think he does justice to what he calls the "feudal system" (i. 113). "Feudalism recognized little else than matter and force." To us it seems as if this were equivalent to saying that the present land laws recognize little else than matter and force. Feudalism meant merely a division of the soil and an assignment of burthens which such a division carried with it. A feudal chief was no more a brute by virtue of his feudalism than a landlord is a brute by virtue of his owning land. There was much disorder and brutality, no doubt, in the days when the "feudal system" was being slowly developed; but that system, in itself, was very far from being a consecration of violence; it was rather an attempt to regulate by law or system the state of things which always ensued whenever there was conquest, and therefore division of land. The cities and towns were not affected by the feudal system. The serfs, at the low end of the scale, were certainly badly off for the most part; but they were a thousand times more fortunate than the Roman slaves. The king, at the higher end, was so far from being an irresponsible despot that the history of mediæval kings consists for the most part of efforts to get rid of their barons—that is, the great feudal chiefs next in order to themselves—in order to be free from the constant check to their courses which the barons administered. It seems to us, therefore, that the series of sharp antitheses in which Mr. Lilly sets the feudal system

against the Church are insufficiently grounded on fact. The Church's law—and the civil law, too, for the matter of that—could and did work under and with the feudal system with a success which was not marred by that system itself, but simply by the usual obstacles of evil men and rough times. Mr. Lilly, again, never loses an opportunity of extolling the Prince of Orange and the revolution of 1688. Without defending the Tudor or Stuart despotism—in most of what he says about which we heartily agree—one may well think that it is rather tame of him to acquiesce so profoundly in a change of government which simply destroyed every hope of restoring to England the greatest of her treasures, the holy Catholic faith. James might be bad and foolish; but there was always a chance that the English baronage and commonalty might have brought him or his successor to reason without hanging the dead weight of Protestantism round the neck of the country. We are far from saying that the re-conversion of England would have been a consequence of the retention or restoration of the Stuarts; but at any rate their expulsion was, among other things, *in odium fidei*, and we do not find ourselves called upon to join in Mr. Lilly's rejoicings.

In a work where so many citations occur, a mistake or two may well be overlooked; but there is one important passage which seems to have been hastily written. Mr. Lilly says (i. 183 note). "St. Thomas Aquinas, commenting upon this verse of the Epistle to the Romans, points out, 'Omnis potestas a Deo est, *sed potestas ipsa at non potentes*.'" The italicized words are so very unlike St. Thomas that one naturally turns to the text. We have no hesitation in saying that nothing like them occurs in this chapter of St. Thomas's commentary.

Library of St. Francis de Sales. Works of this Doctor of the Church translated into English. By the Rev. H. B. MACKEY, O.S.B., under the direction of the Rt. Rev. JOHN CUTHBERT HEDLEY, O.S.B., Bishop of Newport and Menevia. III. *The Catholic Controversy*. Now first edited from the autograph MSS. at Rome and at Annecy. With a hitherto unpublished section on the Authority of the Pope. London and New York: Burns & Oates. 1886.

FATHER MACKEY has not only translated a very valuable work of St. Francis de Sales, but he has brought out for the first time an integral and authentic text. Indeed, he has here done for this great Doctor of the Church a critical service of the utmost importance, and has done it with a patience and acumen that we venture to say are token that he possesses the spirit of the great Benedictine editors of France two centuries ago. To save this word of deserved praise from the appearance of inconsiderateness or of mere flattery, it will be necessary to explain as briefly as we can what difficulties Father Mackey had to face in the effort to ascertain what the original French text of the Saint really was. "Les Controverses,"

as the treatise was entitled by the first French editor, has, we believe, appeared in four, and only four, editions of the works of St. Francis de Sales in French—Léonard's edition of 1672, Blaise's edition of 1821, and the two more recent editions of Vivès (1858) and Migne (1861). Now the state of the case will be understood when we say that, had Father Mackey translated any of these editions, "The Catholic Controversy" would have shown the English reader a work utterly imperfect, a misleading and misrepresentative work, and a work, it is not too much to add, unworthy of the reputation of the learned and zealous Catholic bishop whose name it bore. This may seem a strange fate to have overtaken any writing of a Doctor of the Church who lived since the invention of printing, and who wrote not among unscrupulous Greeks of Byzantine days, but in post-Reformation Europe. The explanation is easy. "Les Controverses" represents the short addresses which the Saint wrote from time to time to the people of the Chablais after they had been forbidden to go to hear him preach. These little addresses, or "leaves," written and passed about, were never published by the Saint nor named by him, though a Collection of them was progressing towards completion in a Treatise when he died. The MS. original of this treatise found after the Saint's death was sent to the Pope, Alexander VII., and by him was deposited in the archives of the Chigi family, to which he belonged; and it is still preserved in the Chigi Library. Some copies were made of it at the time, and one of these copies, which was also preserved alongside the original, has been lent to Father Mackey by Prince Chigi, and, so far as it goes, it has been used for the present edition. It was imperfect, however, and the omitted parts have been transcribed from the original Chigi MS. by the translator's brother in Rome, the Rev. Father Peter Paul Mackey, O.P., who is a member of the Vatican Commission for the new edition of St. Thomas Aquinas. The same learned Dominican has also, with great patience and pains, collated the whole text. Finally another original MS. of portions of the treatise kept at Annecy has been largely used by the translator; and thus we have, at last, the genuine text of St. Francis de Sales published for the first time. How widely it varies from the printed texts will soon be apparent. One of the copies before mentioned, made probably with great fidelity for publication, was put into the hands of Léonard, of Paris, the editor of the saint's works, who published it in 1672.

Léonard himself says: "We have not added or diminished or changed anything in the substance of the matter, and only softened a few of the words." But such an editor puts his own meaning on the expressions he uses. As a fact, there is not a single page or half-page which does not contain serious omissions, additions, and faulty alterations of matters more or less substantial. The verbal changes are to be counted by thousands; in fact, the nerve is quite taken out of the expression, the terse, vigorous and personal sixteenth-century language of the man of genius being buried under the trivial manner of the every-day writer employed by Léonard eighty years later. The style and wording of the original make it a monument of early French literature and the nascent powers of the French tongue.

Léonard, again, has garbled the Saint's quotations, and almost habitually given the wrong references to the Fathers. In the MS. the citations are, in almost every case, correct as to the sense though free as to the words, and the references are most exact, though too hastily and briefly jotted down to be of much use to a careless and self-sufficient editor. Finally, Léonard has made most serious mistakes as to order. (Translator's preface, xii.)

Blaise's edition of 1821 was worse; the notes, which were the special feature, being also the special disgrace of the edition. He afterwards republished a part of the section on Papal authority amended, but only a portion; whilst the most recent editions of Vivès and Migne omit indeed the obnoxious Gallican notes, but give the text of previous editions. One cannot help expressing the hope that Father Mackey would also bring out (for the first time) the correct French text itself. In one place in "Les Controverses," as is well enough known, where St. Francis contends against the Calvinists that "the Church has always need" that the successor of St. Peter should be "an *infallible* confirmer to whom she can appeal," the French editor had substituted for "infallible" the word "permanent," the discovery of which fraud led many of the bishops at the Vatican Council to subscribe without further delay to the doctrine of Papal infallibility.

All these particulars we gather from the translator's very interesting preface, where the vicissitudes of this controversial treatise are treated of at length. We must be content to refer the reader to that preface to learn further what a multitude of minor but very puzzling difficulties arose in the text as the translation proceeded (chiefly from the bad German handwriting and bad spelling of a portion of the original, which is in the handwriting of a secretary of the Saint). More labour and ingenuity has been spent in the effort to solve all these difficulties than would be easily believed, except by those who have themselves attempted similar work. The Scripture and Patristic references also—and they are frequent—have been verified at no small cost of time and labour. And, lastly, the whole treatise has been recast from the confused rearrangement of the French editor into the general order of sequence of minor parts which was originally intended. We are thus constrained by our inspection of what Father Mackey has here accomplished to repeat that his critical editing of the text of St. Francis is an achievement of which he may well be proud.

On this point we have said so much that there remains little space at our disposal in which to speak of the translation. We shall be content therefore to say that it appears to us to be a highly successful translation. It is evident that as the translator progresses he acquires greater facility in doing his work, and even fresh power in the very difficult task of representing in English somewhat of the simple quaintness of the old French. And until such time as the original old French is published in a genuine text his English version will be of unique value.

But of what practical worth will this book be as a manual of

controversy? It may appear at first sight that it can be of very little. We venture to think, having read it with some such fear, that it will be found of singular service—eminently a work full of what the French call *actualité*. And this because of the Saint's method. He is concerned with the central doctrines, with the Catholic position as such; and these remain in all their importance amidst the shiftings of minor controversies, however these last may assume exaggerated importance at the moment from circumstances. In fact, the work is, as the translator claims, "the defence of Catholicism as such," and he rightly continues: "At the same time it is incidentally the defence of Christianity, because the Saint's justification of Catholicism lies just in this that it alone is Christianity." The whole of Part I., in which the Saint proves that the Reformers lack "mission," whether ordinary or extraordinary, and are doomed because not sent, and that the Catholic Church, on the other hand, alone has "mission," is alone sent to teach, and that therefore other teaching is but that of man, not of God, is of great value, and is not generally found specially treated apart as it is here. The volume is, further, a model of controversial style. Here the Saint of gentlest charity will hold no truce with heresy, is as strong in his convictions and as outspoken on matters of faith, and on what as a minister of God he teaches, as St. Paul himself, who was ready to anathematize not only otherwise good men, but an angel himself. Everywhere the Saint insists on the duty of seeing the Church of Christ and obeying it. "The Rule of Faith"—that is the concern of the greater portion of his pages; and he shows that the Catholic Church alone has the Scriptures, has tradition, has the promises, has St. Peter's successor, has the Councils and the Fathers, has miracles, and has the Pope, and it is quite remarkable how forcibly and repeatedly this last point is urged and the need there is now more than ever before for the Pope. We must forbear from quotations, which we should like to multiply, to show the Saint's wonderful considerateness for heretics whilst, however, enforcing, with every effort of his energetic mind and with touches of his own good-natured wit, the imperious claims of revealed teaching. In the article on Purgatory, which occupies thirty pages, the truth and consequences of that doctrine will be found stated with much force and originality. Lastly, in an appendix, we find the original French of a hitherto unpublished fragment on the authority of the Pope from the Annecy autograph, of which fragment we also have an English translation in the body of the work.

Monseigneur Dupanloup on Liberal Education. By the Rev. EDWARD CUTHBERT BUTLER, O.S.B., M.A. Lond., Classical Master at Downside College. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son, 1886.

IN this pamphlet we have five essays, reprinted from the *Downside Review*, on the subject of liberal education and the comparative merits of classics on the one side and "useful" studies on the other.

Father Butler's title by no means prepares us for the varied information and really valuable views which he has managed to compress within the space of forty-five pages. Mgr. Dupanloup's great work on education, and especially the latter half of it, "*La Haute Education intellectuelle*," is too little known amongst us, and it was a useful task to analyse it and lay its main conclusions before those concerned in education. But we have here not only Dupanloup, corroborated by Newman, Whewell, and J. S. Mill, but also interesting references to the views of modern "educators" in Germany and elsewhere. The first paper is called by the writer the "Groundwork of a Liberal Education," and is occupied in stating the late Bishop of Orleans's ideas as to the absolute necessity for the predominance of Latin and Greek in a boy's school-years. It was Dupanloup's very just argument that the great object of school ought to be to train and strengthen the learning faculty itself, and not to place a load prematurely on the back of a rickety colt. The second essay, called a "Lesson from Berlin," draws attention to a very remarkable report published by the Prussian Education Department which has not received in this country the notice it deserves. The Prussian Government, assisted by twenty or thirty of the ablest professors of the country, has had the results of the *Gymnasia* or classical schools carefully compared with those of the *Realschulen* or "modern" seminaries; and the verdict of six-and-thirty professors, many of them European in their reputation, is that the young men trained in the classics learn the arts of life—professions, trades and business generally—better, and in the long run more quickly, than those who are taught on more utilitarian principles. This report was presented in 1880. "Examination and Cramming" is the title of the third essay; there are some capital remarks of the writer's own on the subject of examinations at page 24. The fourth paper, which treats of "Culture and Viewiness," necessarily devotes a good deal of space to extracts from Cardinal Newman; but Dupanloup is not neglected, and the writer here gives an account of that "Rhetoric" class which in that enthusiastic theorist's scheme was to crown the education of the schoolboy. A fifth and concluding paper treats of "Utilitarianism in England;" without presenting anything particularly novel it gives a handy and terse exposition of the real "uses" of a classical training.

Father Butler's *brochure*, which is well and clearly written, with no attempt at fine writing, but with a very honest and definite grasp of the subject in hand, will help young teachers in our colleges, and perhaps also parents and guardians throughout the country, to right views about education. When Prussia pronounces that Greek and Latin make better lawyers, doctors, and stock-brokers than French, mathematics and chemistry; and when London University, only last January, adopts the view that the "*utility of Latin*" is axiomatic, we ought to hear no more of the disappearance of the classics from the modern curriculum. But we wish Father Butler would go a little further and show us how to frame a time

table which shall include the classics and all those other matters which he himself admits to be not only useful but necessary—mathematics, science, history, geography, and a modern language. Our own opinion is that to insist on a “liberal” education for youths who have to begin serious work at sixteen—army, navy, medicine, law, civil service—is to insist on jumping over an eight-foot wall. Here is Bishop Dupanloup’s description of the effect of a good course of classics, mathematics and modern languages: “it forms and fertilizes all the powers of the soul; judgment, good sense, penetration, reason, imagination, sensibility, ardour, enthusiasm, character, heart and will.” There is no doubt a sense in which a boy of sixteen may reasonably be expected to show all this; but it is not the sense in which we should look for it in a young man who has had leisure to carry through his school course for three years longer. A young man of the present day who has to adopt a business or profession to live by, must pick up “culture” as he goes along the road of life. His Latin or Greek may have made him sharper or more patient, but as he has used the grandest literary monuments of the world only as exercises for memory and analysis, they will never give him any deep or lofty “culture.” A certain vagueness which runs through this very able pamphlet may be attributed to the writer’s upholding on the one hand the “usefulness” of classical studies, and, on the other, indulging in such highflying visions of “culture” as Newman and Dupanloup have seen and described—ideals in which usefulness was rather a drawback than a recommendation. No one can possibly be more anxious than ourselves that the highest ideal of liberal education should be realized, or at least aspired after, by as large as possible a number in every community. But it seems rather a confusion in terms to advocate the classical languages on utilitarian principles, and in the next page to say they are the best possible *liberal* training. Or can it be that a distinctly “liberal” training is of necessity the most “useful?”—that it is a mistake to prepare young boys for anything in particular?—and that the longer the national youth can be kept to general studies and the later we put off professional and special training, the stronger will be the national intellect in every profession and every business?

Geschichte der Päpste seit dem Ausgang des Mittelalters. Mit Benutzung des päpstlichen Geheim-Archivs. Erster Band: Geschichte der Päpste im Zeitalter der Renaissance bis zur Wahl Pius II. Von Professor Dr. PASTOR. Freiburg: Herder. 1886.

ENGLISH students are well enough acquainted with the late Professor Ranke’s “History of the Popes in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries.” That gifted author, although a Protestant, sought to do justice to the Holy See, yet Ranke did not enjoy the opportunity of searching into the secret archives of the Vatican, that vast storehouse of documents illustrating the history and deeds of

the Popes. Hence his treatment of his subject was imperfect, even where it was free from the bias of his education and prejudices. Also, it should be noted, that Ranke's book is least scientific where he treats modern times; he has only a meagre sketch of the history of the Catholic Church from 1829 to 1870, the Vatican Council being regarded by him just as might be expected from a Protestant author.

The opening of the Vatican archives marks an epoch in the writing of history; and already one of our younger German historians has set himself to reconstruct the work which Ranke attempted under less favourable circumstances. We are glad to point out to English readers this work, the first volume of which Professor Pastor has completed, and which will certainly be found deserving of the attention of all students of history. It has two things which recommend it: first, the author has exhausted the Roman and other Italian archives, besides those of France, England and Germany; and, secondly, he has handled his immense store of material in a really masterly manner. Light is thrown from the principles of Catholic dogmatic theology on intricate points connected with the baneful schism that originated after the election of Urban VI., 1378. A new document bearing on the validity of Urban's election is given in the Appendix (638). Quite a feature of the work is the history of the rise, development and influence of the Italian humanism. Truly the study of the old Latin and Greek classics as indulged in by Valla, Beccadelli and Poggio, was only too fertile a source of mischief to both faith and morals. But, on the other hand, there was also a Christian "Renaissance," which was seconded by the most pious men of that age. Tommaso Parentucelli, who ascended the See of St. Peter as Nicholas V., may be looked upon as the type of a Christian humanist. The portion of Professor Pastor's work which treats of this Pope, may unhesitatingly be pronounced to be one of the most splendid pages of history written in our time. All modern researches in the several departments of history and art have been duly used, and all converge to throw into prominence the wonderful activity of the Holy See in promoting the spiritual welfare of the Christian family. Far from defending every act of the Popes in their private life, or as temporal princes, Professor Pastor, like a true historian, and acting on the principles laid down by the present Pope, not unfrequently censures certain institutions and enactments which have dimmed the lustre of the Roman Pontificate. This remark mainly refers to the reign of Calixtus III., who, however, viewed from another side, is so remarkable for the crusade he undertook against the Turks. No less than eighty-six hitherto unprinted documents appear in the Appendix. We conclude with the hope that the second volume, beginning with Pius II. (Eneas Silvio Piccolomini) will be given to the public without long delay. The work is to be completed in six volumes.

BELLESHEIM.

Bibliographia Liturgica. Catalogus Missalium Ritus Latini ab anno MCCCCLXXV. impressorum. Collegit W. H. JACOBUS WEALE. Londini: apud Bernardum Quaritch. 1886.

IN the course of the liturgical studies which occupy the intervals of leisure snatched from a busy life, experience fully confirmed what I had long thought," writes the "collector" of the present work, "namely, that without a catalogue of liturgical books nothing really complete could be written either in regard to the cultus of any particular saint, or on the ceremonies observed in the sacred liturgy, the administration of the sacraments, or the divine office." There are few persons who have given any attention to these subjects but must have felt a sort of despair on finding continually recurring difficulties in ascertaining the actual existence of ancient office books, the proverbial rarity of which is sufficiently explained by their local circulation and constant use. The hagiologist may remember that one of the cares of Bollandus in starting the "*Acta Sanctorum*" was to take stock of the local breviaries and propers in his hands; and the list he gives may still be usefully consulted. Zaccaria is more ambitious, but after all he soon leaves the inquirer in the lurch; that his information is commonly vague is no fault of his, for he had never seen the greater number of the books he mentions; it would be a compliment to say merely that he is very incomplete. Of late years a few works have appeared dealing with the books of particular dioceses. The English uses have of course been well looked after; the Abbé Carron of St. Sulpice gave an excellent "Notice" on the Paris use; quite recently Mdlle. Pellechet has systematically described the books of Autun, Chalon-sur-Saone, and Mâcon. In the absence of any general essay of the same kind the "*Bibliothèque Liturgique*" of M. Alès was thankfully received. The collection which he describes is, as he says with some pride, "the richest and most complete" ever brought together, "comprising 341 liturgical manuals (missals, breviaries, horae, &c. &c.) of 92 different dioceses, and of 30 monasteries of different orders;" and in addition to these, which are all in Gothic type, modern books of 47 dioceses.

Mr. Weale's Catalogue of Missals of the Latin Rite gives, unless we have made an error in counting, a total of 1376, or (putting aside the Ambrosian and Mozarabic books as of non-Roman origin) 881 separate editions of missals of 178 dioceses or collegiate churches, 21 *missalia itinerantium*, 13 so-called *specialia*, 210 editions of the Roman missal up to the issue of the Pianum in 1570, which practically fixed that rite, and 223 missals of different religious orders. Out of the total of 1376, the author has actually examined 857, and can speak of them from personal knowledge. So much for the figures, which will readily gain credence for the statement in the preface that the work now issued, unpretending as it is in form, is the outcome of tedious labour, the fruit of long journeys; those who know the difficulties attending the use of libraries in small provincial

towns, where alone so many liturgical books are now to be found, will understand how much patience must have been spent, and, so to speak, time lost, in gathering the materials.

The Catalogue is divided into two unequal parts—missals of churches and missals of orders, the former arranged alphabetically, the latter according to hierarchical grading, regular canons first—a scanty show—then monks, friars, &c. Under each heading is a chronological list of missals, date, title, printer, collation, references to books containing detailed descriptions or notices, and a list of public or quasi-public libraries (some 300 libraries are accounted for) where a copy is to be seen. This last is a boon indeed; the days of “liturgical journeys” are not yet over. True, local uses and customs are not commonly to be seen in churches, though more of such practices survive than most people are aware of. Their records, however, lie safely on the library shelves; hitherto the difficulty has been to know where. The inquirer has had to confine his attention to one or two great and well-known collections like the Nationale and Ste. Geneviève in Paris; in future he has in hand an index and a guide, he will know where to go, and what to expect. For the first time it is made possible to study the later rites and liturgical varieties with method and order, to trace their history in particular churches, or groups of churches, or again back to their common source, the early rite of the Church of Rome. To some this may seem a trivial pursuit; those who have once fairly entered on the study will know its fascination. On the special bibliographical value of the work we have no inclination to dwell; it of course must interest librarians, and the booksellers who cater for wealthy amateurs. As Mr. Weale anticipates and hopes, the “Catalogue” will doubtless call attention to many a volume now lying in dusty neglect simply for want of such a handbook as this to refer to, and may lead to the discovery in many a seminary library or country sacristy of, say, those excessively rare seventeenth century French office books, of some of which not even a “unique copy” is now forthcoming. We are disposed to think that the time and trouble spent in this collection will really issue in what is vastly more important, the much-to-be-desired renewal of ritual learning.

Special attention seems to have been devoted to missals of German churches, whole series of which, from the first edition to the last, Mr. Weale seems to have himself examined. The Spanish missals are almost entirely printed in the tell-tale italics indicating that he has never seen them. But we are glad to get the book even so, and to find that that proverbial *ennemi du bien, le mieux*, has this time been made to stand aside. The elaborate indices “compiled with the utmost care” are the concern of the bibliographer—a chronological list of printed missals up to the year 1533, an index of printers and publishers with lists of their productions, a local index of printers up to 1533. From the preface it appears that a companion Catalogue of Breviaries is nearly ready for the press, and that two volumes on rituals, ceremonials, &c., are in prospect. It is greatly

to be wished that the programme thus sketched may be carried out. Only with exceptionally favourable opportunities would it be possible to entertain such a project ; something better than opportunities is required to turn, as here, a task so thankless into a labour of love. The restriction of the edition of this volume to three hundred copies may, however, be the cause of some unchristian heartburnings.

Commentar über das Evangelium des H. Johannes. Von Dr. PAUL SCHANZ, Professor der Katholischen Theologie an der Universität Tübingen. Tübingen : Fues. 1885.

THIS is the last volume of a commentary on the Gospels which has occupied Dr. Schanz, a professor in the Catholic Faculty of Tübingen, for six years. His object has been to combine traditional Catholic exegesis with the results of modern study of the language and text. The work differs therefore, in many respects, from ordinary Catholic commentaries. The Greek, and not the Vulgate, is the basis of the exposition, and the received text is amended throughout by comparison with Tischendorf's, Tregelles', and Westcott and Hort's recensions. Thus the notable passage, vii. 53-viii. 11, is ascribed by Dr. Schanz to an early apostolical tradition, probably of St. John's school, the Tridentine decree being considered decisive of the canonicity, but not of the immediate authorship of the Apostle. At the same time, the context (especially of viii. 15 and 20) is used to show it is rightly inserted here. The delicate shades of meaning conveyed by the grammatical forms of the Greek are traced out with a minute care and attention not inferior to those we are accustomed to in the best English commentaries. For the logical order and connection of the text St. Thomas is mainly followed ; in all matters of detail Catholic and non-Catholic writers are alike laid under contribution. It has a strange effect to see Fathers, Scholastics, Jansenius, Maldonatus, and à Lapide, ranged side by side with Calvin, Bengel, Luthardt, or Godet, however convenient such an arrangement may be for purposes of comparison. There are some notable gaps in the extensive learning which these notes show : Beelen does not seem to be referred to at all, and Westcott's considerable work only once. With these exceptions the reader will find the fullest assistance in studying any of the difficult passages which abound in this Gospel. The dogmatic side of the commentary is equally developed. The greatest prominence is of course given to defending the points attacked by modern German rationalists, especially of the Tübingen school. In particular, St. John's *λόγος* is discriminated with great care and fulness from Philo's Platonism and the Jewish "Memra." But the points in controversy with ordinary Protestants are also very satisfactorily dealt with, and all with much learning and scholarship. The synagogue discourse at Capharnaum is of course the most important of these. Other examples are the bearing of xiv. 26 and xvi. 12 on

the "regula fidei," of ii. 4 on the position of the Blessed Virgin, and of xxi. 15-18 on the primacy of Peter. It is to be regretted that a work of such interest and value is likely to be closed to many readers, owing to its being written in German. We notice that there is no episcopal "imprimatur" to the volume.

King Edward the Sixth: Supreme Head. An Historical Sketch. With an Introduction and Notes. By F. G. LEE, D.D. London: Burns & Oates. 1886.

THERE exists at present a strong desire to learn the true history of the latter half of the sixteenth century. Everything that is published tends to show that the events of those reigns during which the Catholic faith was stolen from the English nation, have yet to be presented in their true light. It is an encouraging sign of the times when Protestants show themselves even more desirous than Catholics to study the origin and progress of the great national revolt from the Church of Rome. We would willingly, indeed, see Catholics realize a little more than they apparently do how important for the advancement of religion at this time it is, that the history of those evil days should be made public in all its naked truth. We fear, however, that for the last fifty years Catholics have done little to enlighten their fellow-countrymen on these matters; in truth, since the days of Lingard and Tierney, in spite of the advantages now afforded us by liberty to search every document of State that exists, we have stood still.

The Holy Father has, on more than one occasion in late years, earnestly commended these studies, as a means for the promotion of the Catholic faith, and we trust that such an appeal will stir up English Catholics to do something to further his desires.

Dr. Lee is well known already by his historical studies and researches into this period of English history. His works are all of them characterized by a fearless desire to tell the truth about the early days of the Church by law established. In fact it has always appeared to us that in his endeavour to make the body, of which he still remains a member, ridiculous in the eyes of the world he is apt to overstep the boundaries of legitimate history. The motto he has chosen from Holy Scripture and placed at the commencement of his present volume, "*Benedictus Dominus Deus meus, qui docet manus meas ad prælium et digitos meos ad bellum*," seems admirably chosen to express the spirit in which he works. It is more important to take notice of this than it may at first appear. The kind of history which people are now disposed to read is a calm unvarnished statement of fact, which can be substantiated by careful, exact and copious references. Dr. Lee unfortunately has not got the self-restraint or the calm judgment necessary for an historian. He is so fond of drawing a picture that we confess we often find it difficult to tell what the reality is, and what the Doctor's admirable imagination.

On the whole, we believe that this kind of history is calculated to do more harm than good to the cause which he seems to have at heart.

We will give a couple of instances of what we object to: by the title of "Supreme Head" paraded in this volume most people would be led to suppose that it had been first invented for the youthful Edward the Sixth, and would never suppose that it had been used for many years of the reign of Henry the Eighth. Dr. Lee does not say so, but it is this kind of implication which we object to.

A sample of the want of accurate reference may be seen at p. 50. Dr. Lee there says that many who were being prepared for the priesthood "in the schools and cloisters of the monasteries, or in local parochial schools, subsequently shrank back from its responsibilities;" and in proof of this he quotes "Cotton MS., B. Museum, Cleopatra E. IV." Those who are unacquainted with this MS. will be surprised to learn that it is a thick folio of some 300 sheets, while those who are familiar with it will hardly be disposed to think that it contains "much information on this point."

We have no doubt, however, that Dr. Lee's book will be found both useful and interesting, and we must be grateful for what has been done. It deals with the short six and a half years of the reign of the boy-king. Well may the author exclaim with Holy Scripture, "Woe to the people who have a boy for their king." If ever the saying has been proved true, it was at this period when the death of Henry the Eighth left his son Edward, then only nine and a half years, to inherit his temporal and assumed spiritual authority. Throughout the few years of his life the boy remained a mere puppet in the hands of such unscrupulous ministers as Somerset, Cranmer, and Latimer, who were thus enabled for their own ends and objects to force the so-called "Reformed Faith" upon a people at heart as Catholic as their fathers. It is an exceptionally instructive though saddening period of our national history.

The volume consists of but four chapters: The first opens with the death of Henry the Eighth, and shows how Catholic the so-called founder of the religion "by law established" was at heart. Nothing can be more Catholic in spirit than the provisions of his will, which however, were in the main ignored by the sixteen "duly appointed executors;" and although the dead king was carried to the grave with all the pomp of the old ceremonial, his pious desire for masses for the repose of his soul was ignored "as superfluous." In this chapter of the book may be found a great deal of what will be new information for most readers as to the state of the poor in the country now that the monastic lands were in the hands of those who did not regard themselves as their guardians, in spite of the express declaration of the Parliament who confiscated the property, that the land should still be burdened with provision for the poor. The account of how Protector Somerset wasted and destroyed the property of the Church for the purpose of building up his own palace, is a sample of that tyrant's method of acting. Towards the close of

this chapter there is a short passage, which to our mind is the best in the book, putting in a nutshell the grounds of the difference between the old and the new.

"The whole point in dispute, the real kernel of the Church question being discussed, lay in the subject of authority—of ecclesiastical authority directly, of *all* authority in the long run. The old and true spiritual order, as ordained by our Blessed Redeemer, was uprooted and marred under Henry the Eighth, made logically absurd under Edward the Sixth, rendered still more ridiculous under Elizabeth Boleyn, and has remained in England vague and undetermined ever since" (p. 67). May we venture to say how admirably to our mind Dr. Lee's own position illustrates the closing portion of this sentence. The faith must be "vague and undetermined" which can permit a man to draw the emoluments of a living in the Established Church, whilst he scoffs at its position and censures the spiritual authority under whose jurisdiction he is still supposed to be working (see Introduction, p. 6).

The second chapter is chiefly taken up with a description of the means adopted to rob the people of the ancient religion. This to our mind is the most important portion of the book, and would have formed a volume by itself. We cannot wonder that the Church should raise the question of Anglican Orders, when we read about the supreme indifference displayed at this time for all rites and ceremonies. Twice in this volume (pp. 73, 151) we are told that ordination was not accounted as much as the king's license.

The third chapter treats of the various insurrections and their suppression, and also of the disputes concerning the newly fashioned doctrines of the Protestant faith. We cannot read this chapter without being struck with the rapidity with which these differences of opinion on the most vital questions of doctrine, overshadowed from the first the schismatical Church of England, and came as the natural consequence of the renunciation of authority. Whilst Henry the Eighth lived as Supreme Head he did not allow any open difference from his belief, but when the boy Supreme Head took his place these differences, which in these days has resulted in the hopeless medley of doctrine and practice tolerated in the bosom of the Anglican Establishment, first began to show themselves.

The fourth and last chapter is principally devoted to notes on the chief actors in this brief reign. In it is told the fall and execution of Somerset, and the death of Edward himself. The author inclines to the belief that he was poisoned by those in power, in order to substitute one they believed would be another puppet in their hands. There is also a strange tale (p. 241) that "before his death, his body is reported to have become so repulsive and offensive that it was buried in a paddock, and another corpse—that of a murdered youth—with the customary ceremonies solemnly interred at Westminster in its stead." The sole authority for this statement, so startling in its nature, is "*Original Letters of John Burcher to Henry Bullinger*, dated from Strasburg 16th August, 1553," and this is mere hearsay

report. We must profess to disbelieve this unless it is founded on better evidence than that upon which Dr. Lee takes it; but this is only one of the many instances there are throughout the book, which will, we feel sure, prevent it being taken as altogether reliable history.

In conclusion, we may note that the story told of the cold-blooded way in which Henry VIII. gave orders to sacrifice the life of Queen Jane, in order that Edward VI. might be given to the world, is not now generally credited. The date given by our most ancient historians—Stow, Grafton, Hale, and Godwin, &c., for the death of the queen has been, no doubt, the foundation for the story; but contemporary evidence, to our mind, completely disproves it. A letter in the Record Office, from Sir J. Russell to Thomas Cromwell, says that the death took place on October 24, 1537, and not on the 14th of that month, as stated by Stow and others, upon which the statement of the birth of Edward VI. through the *Cæsarean operation* is based. In the contemporary "Wriothesley Chronicle," now published by the Camden Society, we find that the birth of the prince is correctly stated (p. 66) to have taken place on "Friday, being the eve of S. Edward the Confessor" (October 12). The christening is described (p. 67) as taking place on the 15th, and on Thursday, the 18th of October, on the proclamation of the young prince (p. 59), is noted "a solemn procession through London, which was done for the preservation and welfare of the Prince and the health of the Queen." On the 18th of October, therefore the Queen was alive. Lastly, in proper position for the 24th, but written 14th of October, "being Wednesday," the death of the Queen is told. There is every probability that this date was changed when the chronicle was copied to make it agree with the date to be found in the histories given above; because in this year the 14th of October was not a Wednesday, but a Sunday, whereas the 24th, which would be the correct date, according to its position in the chronicle, was a Wednesday. The conclusion that Queen Jane did not die till twelve days after the birth of her son is borne out by an entry in "London Chronicle" (B. Museum, Cotton MS. Vesp. A. 25), "On Saynte Crispyn's Eve, Wensday, dyed Quene Jane in childbed."

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1. *Commentarius in Prophetas Minores*. Auctore JOSEPHO KNABENBAUER, S.J.
 2. *Ejusdem Commentarius in Librum Job*. Forming part of the *Cursus Scripturæ Sacræ*, Auctoribus R. CORNELY, J. KNABENBAUER, F. DE HUMMELAUER, aliisque Soc. Jesu Presbyteris. Parisiis: P. Lethielleux. 1886.

I HAVE not read any large portion of these three volumes consecutively, but I have examined them with some care in a number of difficult passages, and even such a cursory inspection

furnishes abundant evidence that they are a very solid contribution to Catholic literature. A few words will suffice to put before our readers the kind of work Fr. Knabenbauer has done.

He represents the most rigid school of Catholic orthodoxy. Men who look for any concessions to the critical spirit of modern times will assuredly be disappointed. He adheres to all the ancient methods, and nowhere do the ideas of modern commentators appear to have exercised any decisive influence on his own mind. He is entirely out of sympathy with them. In his introduction to the various books of the Old Testament, Protestant works are scarcely mentioned, and even when critical theories are introduced, they are set aside so summarily that no one could learn what the precise nature of these theories is or what the arguments are on which they rest. Hence, as a refutation of prevailing views, or as an answer to the difficulties felt even by the orthodox, the volumes before us are useless. Nor can it be said that they have much life or interest of their own. There is no real attempt made here to trace the development of Hebrew theology, no real enthusiasm about the individual character of the prophets. Latin too, and more especially the heavy, clumsy Latin, which Fr. Knabenbauer, like most moderns, writes, is altogether inadequate for the delicate work of discriminating the finer shades of meaning in the great Hebrew authors. To do such a task well, a man must write in his own language, and besides, the construction and the genius of English and German are far more akin to Hebrew than Latin can possibly be.

On the other hand, a great advance is made on the old-fashioned Catholic commentators. The Hebrew text is here made the basis of the exposition, and a fair effort is made to grapple with grammatical difficulties. Diligent use has been made of the ancient versions. Special commendation is due to the attention bestowed on the cuneiform inscriptions whenever they illustrate Hebrew history. This, indeed, is the best feature in the book. And, having gained so much, the devout lover of "Catholic" interpretation finds that he has lost nothing, for everywhere familiar names of Fathers and schoolmen, and commentators of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, recur here. W. E. ADDIS.

Leaves from St. Augustine. By MARY H. ALLIES. Edited by T. W. ALLIES, K.C.S.G. London: Burns & Oates. 1886.

IN a series of about a hundred chapters, chosen from the works of St. Augustine, Miss Allies has sought to give an idea of the personal character, the sanctity, and the doctrine of a great Saint and Doctor of the Church. The idea was happily conceived, and has been ably carried out, the selection of passages being a judicious one, and the translation exceedingly well done. The benefit to be gained from the writings of a master mind like St. Augustine's is far greater than would at first thought be imagined. He brings

home to us the spirit of the Church, and expresses the *intellectus catholicus* with a vigour, a freshness, and an originality not easily to be found in the writings of the Schoolmen. Then, again, it is only in the original writings of the Fathers that we can realize in its fulness the unity in faith and practice of the Church in the days of Damasus or Celestine and in the days of Leo XIII. And taking up at random any of the chapters in Miss Allies' volume, we find, for example, such a charming explanation of the primitive institute of Canons Regular, under the title of "Episcopal Life at Hippo," as quite refreshes and pleases us after the endless disputes and discussions on the difference between Monks and Regular Canons with which we are all familiar. One feels oneself, here, at the fountain-head. Then, in the "Death of St. Monica" we have one of the most exquisitely beautiful chapters ever written; in the "Stone Cut from the Mountain without Hands" a nobly eloquent sermon; while the doctrinal extracts on the Eucharist and on communion with the Holy See, on prayer for the faithful departed, on sacrifice and the honour paid to the martyrs, written ages before the unhappy errors of our own day, have a convincing power with educated Protestants far above that of controversial treatises. It has been said of St. Augustine that his nervous and somewhat involved style requires an attentive reader, and easily fatigues the mind. This quality is entirely absent from the collection of extracts comprised in this volume. Most of them are singularly interesting, and the general impression they leave is that of having conversed with a spirit of great sweetness and unction. Augustine always lays open his heart to his readers, as, for example, when he tells of his anguish at his mother's death, and adds:

Then I slept, and on awakening found my grief not a little softened; and being, as I was, in the solitude of my bed, those true verses of thy servant Ambrose occurred to my mind; for Thou art the

Maker of all, the Lord
And Ruler of the height,
Whô, robing day in light, hast poured
Soft slumbers o'er the night,
That to our limbs the power
Of toil may be renewed,
And hearts be raised that sink and cower
And sorrows be subdued.

Short Papers for the People (Alethaurion). By the Rev. THOMAS C. MOORE, D.D. New York: Benziger Brothers. London: R. Washbourne. 1886.

WE have here a collection of 129 short controversial papers. As the Bishop of Little Rock writes in his letter of commendation, it is well they are so short, as nobody reads long ones in this telephonic and telegraphic age. A vein of American humour runs through the essays, which are powerfully and interestingly written.

In matters of erudition there is something to be desired. We doubt very much, for example, if the name "Guy" comes from the Latin "Caius"; we thought it came from the Gothic "Wido" or "Guido." And we note with uneasiness a passage on page 332 to the effect that "the Church has not defined that the fire of hell is corporeal." Very true, if an explicit definition is referred to; but, as Cardinal Mazzella writes ("De Deo Creante," n. 1280), "Nequeo intelligere, quomodo unus vel alter e recentioribus catholicis theologis potuerit hanc questionem in ancipiti relinquere." What Suarez says on the subject is the morally unanimous and certain teaching of Catholic theologians: "Certa et catholica sententia est ignem inferni . . . verum et corporeum ignem esse" (apud Mazzella *ibid.*).

Anecdotes of a strongly American type abound in these pages. We give one as a very fair sample (p. 66), which will illustrate the style of the work :

They tell a story of an old negro woman who had stolen a goose from her preacher. On the following Sunday she came up along with others to receive the "sacrament." "Aunt Dinah," said the preacher, "ain't you forgot 'bout dat goose?" "Oh, you jist git out," said Aunt Dinah. "Think I'se gwine to let an old goose stand twixt me'n de Lord?"

The Christian State of Life; or, Sermons on the Principal Duties of Christians, &c. By the Rev. Father FRANCIS HUNOLT, S.J. Translated from the original German edition of Cologne, 1740, by the Rev. J. ALLEN, D.D. 2 vols. New York, &c. : Benziger Brothers. London : R. Washbourne. Dublin: W. H. Gill. 1886.

THESE two large octavo volumes contain some seventy-six sermons on the general duties of a Christian, and on the particular relations of parents and children and of husband and wife, on the duties of the rich and poor, on contentment, on prayer, and other kindred topics. The sermons are worked out in detail, but they are so orderly and in such simple language that a busy priest need find neither delay nor difficulty in availing himself of the help they offer—whilst he is further helped by the running analysis of the arguments which are placed as marginal notes throughout. Father Hunolt is fond of examples and is happy in his choice wherever we have looked. Incidentally there are other advantages to be noted: first, an abundance of Scripture and patristic texts, all given in the Latin as foot-notes; though, as we regret to see, the references are often omitted from the Scripture texts, and are scarcely ever given to those from the Fathers. There are also an Index of Sundays and Feasts, showing the sermons available for each, and a very full Index of Subjects. Type, paper, and get-up leave nothing to be desired.

Bishop Rickards, the Vicar Apostolic of the Eastern Vicariate of Cape Colony, in an introductory letter, speaks highly both of the value of the matter in these volumes and of the manner in which the translation has been accomplished by Dr. Allen, King William's Town,

at his instigation. We gladly quote a word or two from the bishop's letter, because Bishop Rickards' own writings have shown him to be a prelate quite aware of the needs of our time and a scholar able to speak in keeping with them :

My consolation [he says] arises from the fact that the priest to whom I confided the task of translating the work has accomplished it with remarkable ability. My long experience of twenty-five years on the missions enables me fully to understand how difficult it is for priests, engaged all day and often far into the night with the labours of the confessional and attending the sick, to prepare their sermons with that care and study which so important a function demands. They must often feel, as I have felt, the want of a work in which sound matter is condensed in fitting order and easily consulted. . . . This, it appears to me, is admirably supplied in the sermons of Father Hunolt. . . . I wish [the translation] heartily the success which I believe it deserves ; and earnestly commend it to the priests of all countries where English is the language of sacred instruction.

The Church of the Apostles. An Historical Inquiry. By J. M. CAPES, M.A. London : Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1886.

THE object of the author is to present a picture of the Apostolic Church, drawn from a careful study of the letters of the Apostles. After describing the condition of the Roman Empire in its relation to Christianity, he takes each Apostolic Epistle in its chronological order, and strives to make his readers realize the actual condition of the Church addressed. He brings his interesting work to a close with special chapters on the Millennium, on Predestination, and on the credibility of Miracles. As the author intends his book for the general reader, and not for the biblical student, there is an intentional omission of the thousand-and-one critical questions which present themselves in connection with the Epistles. As to the order in which St. Paul's Epistles were written, we observe that Mr. Capes puts the Galatians very early, almost immediately after the Thessalonians, and the Pastoral Epistles very late, holding as he does that the Apostle was set free from the first imprisonment in Rome, described in the Acts, during which he wrote the so-called Captivity Epistles—Colossians, Ephesians, and Philippians. But the special praise of the work lies in the interesting style in which the author expresses his thoughts. As an instance we may quote the following :—

This visit [of St. Paul] to Athens has also a special interest for us who are of the English race, as we have in our possession the actual sculptures of the superb temple which was the glory of Athens and the envy of all Greece. When we stand before these wonderful marbles, our pulse throbs quicker and our eyes glisten as we remember that, when the great Apostle of the Gentiles walked through the streets of Athens and watched the devotions of the people he had before him, those identical bas-reliefs which then adorned the frieze of the Parthenon, and which, now known as the Elgin Marbles, are among the most precious relics of antiquity that time has spared to show us what Greek art was in the days of its glory (p. 61).

The End of Man. In Four Books. By ALBANY JAMES CHRISTIE, S.J. London: Kegan Paul. 1886.

The End of Man; the reign of Christ our Lord;
God's greater glory; man's supreme reward;
Such is my theme, so God attune my chord.

THIS is the opening stanza of Fr. Christie's version of the Exercises of St. Ignatius in rhymed triplets; and it is a very fair specimen of the whole. There are many different kinds of poetry. The great thoughts which lie at the root of all life and intellectual being are as overpowering and as fascinating, in certain moods of the mind, as any lyric of the heart or epic of heroic deeds. Fr. Christie's achievement is a meditation helped by the charm of sober verse, presented with the chastened graces of form and melody. It is never trivial, but its gravity is always sweet and sonorous. It is a book to use in prayer, for its presentment of the great truths is as if a solemn and gifted preacher uttered meditative sermons in a monotone under the roof of a sanctuary, where lights and flowers signified the presence of the Most Holy. The book is large and sumptuous, and illustrated by some good photogravures.

The Sursum Missal done into English. By A. HARFORD PEARSON, M.A., B.C.L. Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged. London: The Church Printing Company. 1884.

IT is a noteworthy sign of the times that a second edition should be called for of a bulky volume of nearly 700 pages giving a translation of the most widespread of the ancient English missals. This is not an appeal to a select company, to a handful of persons who find amusement or instruction for leisure hours in liturgical research; but it betokens interest on the part of a considerable public desirous to learn something authentic of the way in which their forefathers in the days of Catholic unity joined in the public services of God. It is a sign hopeful and encouraging, calculated to give unmixed pleasure, were it not for a reflection otherwise suggested that whereas thirty or forty years ago it was Catholics who in England were (as they should be) masters and teachers in all that concerns the liturgy of the Church, and Anglicans were disciples and learners, the case is likely to be soon in great measure reversed. Whilst those without have been active and have striven to do their best to remove the reproach of ignorance or want of understanding, we have been supine. This is not all; many have been deterred by an idea spread of late years, that the study of liturgy tends to "unsoundness," whatever precisely that may mean. But our present business is with Mr. Pearson's book. Prefixed to the translation proper is a sort of concordance of rubrics (the parallel passages from York and Hereford not being forgotten), which, instead of being merely inserted in

their proper places in the body of the missal, are here brought together "so as to present a connected view of the ceremonial." This is by no means an easy task, for by some ill fate it seems to happen that rubrics are drawn up in clumsy fashion, leaving ambiguity of expression just at the point where we desire certitude and exactness. Is not the collection of decrees of the Congregation of Rites a standing witness to the difficulties of rubrical interpretation? What then shall we say in the case of a use in which the guidance of traditional practice is no longer to be had? The course taken by the translator in keeping as far as possible to the forms of the Authorized Version and the Common Prayer-book as familiar to the majority of his readers is commendable; in regard to the "forced" Kyries, surely it would have been better to leave the words "Kyrie eleison" as they stand instead of turning them into English.

The (separate) introductions to the first and second editions call for special remark. The earlier (pp. xxi.-xxxvi.) occupies little space; but it is one of the most satisfactory liturgical dissertations written in England of late years. Not but that it offers occasion for critical observations on points of detail or even on questions of import; but it is a genuine attempt to realize the history of the rise and development of the Sarum rite, and it is to be regretted that essays of more pretension than this one have not profited by its author's good sense and general soundness of view. Here we seem an age from the time (though that is not so long ago) when we were told that S. Osmund "left behind him the famous 'Portiforium' or Breviary of Sarum, containing the daily services, together with the Sarum Missal, and probably the Sarum Manual," all "first adopted A.D. 1085," &c. It must be admitted that Mr. Pearson has not wholly freed himself from the trammels of the Osmundian legend. The bishop was, we are told, "a Norman Count, Earl of Dorset, and Chancellor" (p. xxii.). We have not been fortunate enough to find earlier authority for the first two statements than the fifteenth century antiphons of the office for the translation, or for the third than Higden, and (probably his copyist) the "*Historia Monasterii de Gloucester*." Mr. Pearson, though unable to accept the current stories, seems half frightened at his own rashness, and harks back every now and then to the old lines. S. Osmund is certainly not the author of the "Tractate," and his undoubted charter "contains not a word respecting ritual" (p. xxx.); yet he is represented (in a note) as "compiling a use" (p. xxvi. note §), possibly (though we are not sure of the author's drift) under the august patronage of Lanfranc and the whole episcopal college (p. xvi.). It is surely time to bring the ordinary methods of historical criticism to bear on the question in a spirit free from prepossessions. A candid review will lead to the conclusion that there is no evidence, which will stand the ordinary critical tests, that S. Osmund ever laid down any ritual prescrip-

tions for his clergy, or compiled any ceremonial, or use, or missal; and his name accordingly must be struck out of the list of liturgical reformers, purely and simply. His claims, however, to the grateful recollection of his own church of Sarum and the English Church also, are of another and not less urgent kind—viz., as the first institutor in this country of a regularly organized cathedral chapter of secular canons, new style, having independent rights and revenues, his foundation serving as a model, according to which, in course of time, the other secular chapters were fashioned. His real place is among not liturgical but (in a wide sense) disciplinary reformers. A misunderstanding must be noticed here. S. Osmund's charter does not contain any reference to a "small old book," which Mr. Pearson thinks "doubtless contained the original draft of the Consuetudinary." The real state of the case is this: at the end of the copy of the charter in the most ancient Salisbury register is this note: "*Hoc invenies scriptum in quodam textu parvo et veteri, pauperis pretii;*" that is, "There is a copy of *this charter* in an old Gospel-book" (Dayman & Jones, "*Statuta Eccl. Cath. Sarisb.*" p. 7.)

It may seem captious to take exception to statements in themselves probable or possible enough, only lacking proof; but we are convinced that in the present elementary state of liturgical research, at least so far as England is concerned, there is only one safe rule—to stick to the text. Here is an example (one of several that might be brought forward):—"The use of Rouen and that of Sarum were almost identical in the eleventh century" (p. xiii.). Of the use of Rouen at that date we are certainly informed; but what do we know of that of Sarum? Mr. Pearson seems not to have noticed (what is clear on comparison of texts) that the "Rouen manuscript missal, assumed to be 650 years old," summarized by Le Brun Desmarettes ("*Voyages Liturgiques*," pp. 282–313), is nothing else than the tractate of John of Avranches, "*De Officiis Ecclesiasticis*," mentioned in his note *, p. xxiii. (Moreover, to be nice in small points, it may be observed that the "*Voyages Liturgiques*" was written by 1698, not 1717, and that the passages quoted, p. xxiii., are Rouen practice of that date and not of the eleventh century.) But it does not do to rest even on John of Avranches, whose tract is, after all, only a modification of the Roman *Ordo* spread abroad, even then with considerable variations in different copies, under the first Carolingian emperors, which became modified in the course of the tenth and eleventh centuries to suit local needs or preferences. If we are to understand the course of liturgical history, it is from these that our studies must start; it is only thus that we can learn, in the present case, to distinguish in John of Avranches between the *communis usus* (a convenient expression, though we do not find it in Osmund's Charter, p. xx.) and what was specifically of Rouen. The precise indebtedness, whether of Sarum, York, or Hereford, to Rouen or to other Norman

churches, is a subject that will demand a close and patient investigation of the whole field of liturgical changes brought about in England in the eleventh century. It will be necessary to take seriously into account also the influence exercised by the Lorrainers. It would be well if attention were not so concentrated on Sarum; Exeter, for instance, or Winchester, affords much better material to work on. That a Rouen Consuetudinary, however, as an actual book, existed in England, and was passed from hand to hand about this time, is evidenced by a Royal MS. (8 D. viii.), seemingly from Old Lanthony, which contains (ff. 132-3) an extract, "*Ex Consuetudinario Rotomagensi*," in a twelfth-century hand. In this connection we may recall the strongly marked affinities to Rouen in the Hereford rite. It is unfortunate that for Sarum no MS. exists which can be compared with the twelfth century Rouen missal at the British Museum (Add. 10,048), which, at all events, shows that, with the exception of two prayers immediately before the communion (the first and third of the later Sarum) and the final *Placeat tibi*, the ancient order of the Mass was unaltered (f. 67), and that the Rouen rite was at that time unaffected by "the individual peculiarities lying in the prayers of oblation . . . and the beginning and end of the Mass." At Rome these devotional interpolations, which formed no part of the original rite and varied according to fancy from church to church, were stoutly resisted, and up to the time of Innocent III. not one had been able to find admission to the Roman liturgy. With the advent of the Mendicant Orders a new chapter opens there also.

It is necessary to meet with a *distinguo* the statement that "the ceremonial of the Church of Rome does not ever appear to have attained the splendour of Teutonic Christianity" (p. xix.). This is correct so far as regards the Divine Office, which at Rome certainly was never celebrated with the same elaborate and studied pomp as in our glorious Gothic choirs. As regards the Mass, we demur: in this respect, the grandest effort of ceremonial splendour in the churches of France (which excelled in ritual observances those of England and Germany) were imitations of the Roman (*not* of the Curial) rite, which rarely did not fall short of the original. In the great French cathedrals the days of the ancient elaborate ritual (their ceremonials are the proof of it) were closed only by the Revolution.

The Introduction to the second edition is chiefly interesting as showing how the legend of primitive Anglicanism is being formed. A few passages may illustrate what we mean:—

S. Augustine's questions to S. Gregory clearly demonstrate that there was a liturgy existing, to supplant which S. Gregory entirely failed. According to S. Gregory's policy, Augustine is to blend the Roman and the national uses, not to substitute one for the other. . . . The question at once arises, What was the Roman use? . . . To assume that the Roman canon was adopted in Britain in 597 A.D., in lieu of the national rite, appears to me flatly to contradict the instruc-

tions given to S. Augustine; nor does the fact that the Roman office-books were sent to the new mission at all interfere with this theory. Of course, S. Augustine and his coadjutors used their own office-books. He appears, however, to have insisted on the use of Gregorian chants instead of the native music, on which they were a decided improvement. But even this raised a storm of opposition from the native bishops (pp. 13-15). . . . The earliest notice of the existence of a liturgy in England is involved in the inquiry addressed by S. Augustine to Pope Gregory, 601 A.D.—what should be done when the Roman and the national missal disagreed?

Surely, the interesting question which at once arises is, "What was the national use?" in discussing which some of the very proper caution shown in dealing with the so-called Leonine and Gelasian books would have been quite in place. Again, why not stick to the text? S. Augustine's question runs: "Since there is only one faith, how comes it that churches have different customs, and that in celebrating Mass one custom is followed in the holy Roman Church and another in that of Gaul?" Looking at the circumstances, and taking the words as they stand, it is surely more rational to suppose that S. Augustine was thinking, not of national uses or missals, but of the Frankish queen and the Gallican rite followed at S. Martin's. He might well have felt puzzled how to act, since he was teaching his royal neophyte to pray in one form and the already Christian queen worshipped in another. There is something about the later Introduction which savours of the "Church Defence" tract.

E. B.

Rosmini's Psychology. Vols. I. & II. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

ONE cannot complain at the present day that psychology is a neglected study. Not to speak of the numerous treatises dealing with it in general, special psychological questions of the highest moment are discussed, not seldom with considerable ability, in our various periodicals; but, as we observe, too often with a marked absence of that vigorous and exhaustive method, which has raised less important sciences to a high degree of perfection. To this kind of treatment Rosmini's *Psychology* presents a favourable contrast. Whatever opinion be held of the learned philosopher's characteristic tenets, it will be acknowledged that he deals with his subject thoroughly, whilst few will refuse him recognition of the vast erudition, patient investigation, clear intellect and close reasoning powers displayed throughout this voluminous work. These qualities entitle its illustrious author to take his place among the greatest thinkers of the age, and to rank with the most thoughtful and original writers of the present day. And yet Rosmini's *Psychology* will not prove easy reading, except to such as are advanced students in philosophy, accustomed to think for themselves, and willing slowly and patiently to follow the author's strict method

step by step from conclusion to conclusion. Moreover, the Psychology forms part of a system of which the principles were laid down in his "New Essay on the Origin of Ideas," a translation of which was published by Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co., more than a year ago; so that the latter doctrine, being a development of the former, pre-supposes in the reader some notion of Rosmini's Ideology; although, as occasion requires, short but clear explanations are given of that doctrine in the Psychology itself for the convenience of the student. The first volume of the work now before us was published a little more than a year ago; a second volume, larger than the first, has now made its appearance, and a third is to follow. The two octavo volumes already issued comprise together (in more than a thousand pages) the substance of Rosmini's Psychological doctrine translated into good readable English. With regard to Rosmini's doctrine, it is not intended, in such a short notice as the present, to attempt anything like a full exposition or a criticism of doctrines which the author himself has carefully elaborated with such detail and at such length. We will, therefore, simply point out the main outline and order of the book, running very summarily through its contents, stating what is here set forth, not judging one way or the other thereupon.

Rosmini classifies the philosophical sciences under three general heads—namely, the sciences of intuition, the sciences of perception, and the sciences of reasoning; although into all these, as he observes, reasoning must necessarily enter; but they are so classified because some of them receive their object from simple intuition, others from intellectual perception, and others again from reasoning. According to this order, then, the sciences of perception start with Psychology, whence also the method adopted by Rosmini throughout this work of basing his entire argument on the observation of common and universally experienced psychological facts. The psychology is divided into two main parts, which at once suggest the natural division of the first two volumes, leaving a third, which has still to follow, for collateral matter in the form of two appendices. The purpose of the first volume is to establish on facts of experience, aided by a rigorous logic, the firm basis and first principle of Psychology, by determining the Nature and Essence of the Human Soul, the properties and relations of which are exhaustively examined and discussed in five books. In the first of these are carefully gathered up the elements from which results his definition of the Human Soul, and which are supplied by aid of a critical examination of the "Ego" or intellectual perception man has of himself. As a result of this examination, Rosmini defines the Human Soul to be "a Principle of substantial-active-feeling, having for its terms the body in extension, and the Idea of Being or Existence, so that the Human Soul is at once substantially sensitive and intellectualive."

Considerable care is taken to impress the reader with two remarkable consequences of this definition, upon which indeed Rosmini's

system in great measure depends. The one is that since it belongs to the essence of the soul continuously and uninterruptedly to feel, this feeling must be "fundamental," so as to pre-exist as the very condition of all transient sensations, which are but mere modifications of the "fundamental feelings." The other observation regards the mind, concerning which he draws a like conclusion—namely, that since it belongs to the essence of the soul continuously and invariably to think the intuition necessary to constitute thought—i.e., the intuition of the idea of being or existence in general must be "fundamental," so as to pre-exist all ideas of particular things, as the condition without which these would not be possible. But just as he finds that this "fundamental feeling," that it may be a basis of particular feelings is necessarily indistinct and vague, so likewise does he find that the "fundamental intuition" of ideal being, which belongs, like the fundamental feeling, to the very essence of the soul, is again necessarily indeterminate or without particular limitations, precisely because it forms the basis of all human knowledge; so that the essence of the human soul is further circumscribed to an indistinct feeling of its invariable term, and an indeterminate intuition of its invariable object, ideal-being or the idea of being. The remaining four books of the first volume discuss at length the great questions of the unity of the soul, her Identity, Spirituality, and Immortality, which latter properly receives a totally new proof from Rosmini's evidence drawn from the relation of the soul to her intellectual object—ideal being or the idea of being or existence—which, itself incorruptible and unchangeably fixed before the soul, constitutes man's spirit of its nature everlasting. Many highly interesting questions are here dealt with concerning the union of soul and body, and their reciprocal influence, the organization of animal existence, &c. As regards the burning question whether the primary elements of matter be living, and what is to be said about spontaneous generation, Rosmini has an explanation to offer by way of hypothesis, which is well worthy of consideration from a scientific point of view. He has much also to say concerning the various degrees in the order and development of sensitive life.

The second volume treats of the development of the human soul by means of her own essential activities, which are exercised by powers subject to certain fixed laws. These are carefully deduced and examined at length. Four books are dedicated to these investigations. Of these, the first is for the most part devoted to the accurate definition and genesis of these activities and powers, and particularly to elucidate their relations to the body and to matter, in which the action of the soul in part terminates. Here Rosmini treats of Extension, the Body, Substance, and *Materia Prima* all which subjects have engaged so much of the attention of the greatest minds ancient and modern, and which he here considers in their relation to the human soul, with which they have, directly or indirectly, a physical influx of action. It is important, however to

observe that Rosmini derives all the activities, powers, and faculties of the human soul *immediately* from the essence of the soul itself, in which they are rooted; for according to him a "power" is nothing else but the relation of a "first and essential act" to "second acts," while the "first act" is that which constitutes the substance and essence of the soul itself. But on this point our author shall speak for himself:—

In the very essence of the soul we found all those elements that cause and that divide its activities, all the germs of its powers. We saw, indeed, that the human soul is the permanent seat of those entities that are different from it, but yet stand in diverse intimate relations to it: (1) Ideal being united to it through intuition; (2) Animality coupled with it by a fundamental immanent perception. In this animality we distinguished several elements: (1) a *sensitive principle*, which in like manner contains other entities foreign to it, and to which it is united through special relations of its own; (2) the *corporeal extended* contained in the said principle through the immanent relation of *sensibility*; (3) Matter, or a virtue which does not act directly upon the sensitive principle, but upon the *corporeal extended*, and forcibly alters it in such a way as to be indirectly felt by the sensitive principle itself. Thus we have in the very essence of the soul all the roots of human activities, the ground of all the various powers and faculties; and these powers and faculties are by their roots distinguished and determined to be these rather than those, just so many and neither one more nor one less (vol. ii. p. 7).

The application of these principles is reserved for the next book, where it is shown that as the soul's primary and essential act which constitutes her being consists in sense and intellect, which, united in one principle as they are, result in reason, so her primary powers, which, as was observed, are nothing but the relation between this primary and fundamental act and the second acts, may be reduced to three primitive Powers—namely, those of sense, of intellect, and of reason—which combines the two; whence the reason, considered as a *power*, starts from the "Ego," or the intellectual perception the soul has of herself. To each of these powers again correspond Faculties, active and passive, called Instincts and Passions; the former arise from the activity of the soul on the terms to which she extends her action, while the latter spring from the activity of these upon the soul. With reference to the primary power of sense, there is much interesting matter concerning the Vital and Sensual Instincts, as also with regard to Sensations. Under the head of the Power of Intellect Rosmini treats of the Will with its primacy and secondary functions, this latter power being but the activity of the intellect itself. The law of activities is that to every *passivity* there corresponds an *activity* which arises out of the passion itself; the same law, in fact, which in Optics requires that the angles of incidence and refraction should be equal, and which in Physics generally makes the reaction equal to the action, as Galileo gathered from the swing of the pendulum. Thus from the passivity which receives the intellectual light there springs up an activity to embrace it. Such is the human Will, the supreme active Principle which constitutes the soul's personality.

We have thus presented the reader with an outline, however meagre, of the contents of these two large volumes, without venturing to pass a judgment on the merits of Rosmini's Psychological doctrines. For these manifestly form part of the system which starts from his fundamental ideological principle of the *innate idea* of Being or Existence, which he maintains to be the obvious primal fact of human thought established *à posteriori* by observation. We leave the patient examination of them to the studious reader. This, however, we may say, that the work before us can scarcely fail to create an impression in the scientific world, since there can be no doubt that it offers an explanation of some of the most arduous of psychological questions.

Breviarium Romanum ex decreto ss. Concilii Tridentini restitutum, S. Pii V. P. M. jussu editum, Clementis VIII., Urbani VIII., et Leonis XIII. auctoritate recognitum. Editio typica. 4 vols. Ratisbonæ: Pustet. 1886.

MR. PUSTET, the well-known liturgical printer to the Holy See, published in March last the splendid new Breviary now before us. It is in four volumes 12mo (paper being about 7 by 4½ inches, and the print about 6 by 3½ inches). The type is beautiful, and of a good deep black—quite a boon to weak eyes—printed, it need hardly be said, with the highest finish, with very artistic woodcuts, perhaps superior to anything yet published by Pustet. The Breviary has the approval of the Congregation of Rites, dated Rome, September 12, 1885, and worded thus: "That this edition is most accurately shaped on the most recent rubrics, is to be considered typical, and any future editions to be conformed to it." Of course it contains the text, rubrics and lessons lately reformed by Leo XIII., and all the offices of newly canonized or beatified saints up to date; among others, S. John Baptist de Rossi, S. Laurence of Brindisi, and S. Clare of Montefalco. The editor has also included in this edition not a few of the indulgenced prayers for priests in their preparation for Mass and thanksgiving, some of which the present Holy Father has recently indulgenced. Lastly, there is a "Proprium" for England, same size and type.

Series Episcoporum Ecclesiae Catholicae, qua series, quae apparuit 1873, completur et continuatur ab anno 1870 ad 20 Februarii 1885. A pluribus adjutus edidit PIUS BONIFACIUS GAMS, O.S.B. Ratisbonæ: Manz. 1886.

IN the DUBLIN REVIEW for April, 1880, I called attention to F. Gams's "Supplementum Primum," to his large work, the "Series Episcoporum" from St. Peter to our own time. The present second supplement, like the first, does the double work of correcting and supplementing its predecessors. As we read the venerable

editor's preface—written, as becomes a learned Benedictine, in elegant Latin—we realize the immense difficulties he must have experienced in collecting accurate and reliable record of the years of each bishop's consecration, translation and reign. We feel therefore the more grateful for what F. Gams has given us in the above work. I may call the attention of students to the lists of Irish bishops (pp. 64-70).
BELLESHEIM.

De rationibus Fectorum Sacratissimi Cordis Jesu et purissimi Cordis Mariæ libri IV. auctore NICOLAO NILLES, S.J., editio V. novis accessionibus adornata. 2 vols. Ćniponte: Wagner. 1885.

JUST at the close of last year Father Nilles, Professor of Canon Law and Sacred Liturgy in the University of Innsbruck, brought out the fifth enlarged edition of his great work on the devotion to the Sacred Hearts. It consists of two thick volumes, whose contents are both theological and devotional. From the late Pius IX. the work received this proof of esteem, that his Holiness had a large quantity of copies bought and distributed among the students of the Roman seminaries.

In this new fifth edition Father Nilles is to be congratulated on having made an exhaustive collection of official liturgical documents bearing on the subject of his treatise. He gives us an accurate historical account of the growth of the devotion which resulted in the solemn petition of 525 bishops to Pius IX. to consecrate the Catholic world to the Sacred Heart, which the Pope did in 1875. Every heresy throws into stronger relief true Catholic doctrine, and our author, with great pains, details the attacks which were directed, in the course of three centuries, against a devotion that was thus shown to be linked with the most essential facts of Christianity. We may also mention the minute list sent to the Congregation of Rites in 1765 of such ecclesiastical bodies as were dedicated to the Sacred Heart (i. 266-322), their total number amounting to not less than 1089. Also we call attention to the long catalogue of all books, treatises, or periodicals bearing on this subject published in any part of the Catholic world (ii. 517-642). Of more practical interest is the collection of such liturgical documents as Masses, hymns, litanies, prayers relating to the Sacred Hearts (ii. 1-512), which collection affords ample matter both for meditations and sermons. We may safely recommend this solid work both to the scholastic and mystical theologians
BELLESHEIM.

At Antioch Again. By the Right Rev. Lord PETRE. London and New York: Burns and Oates.

THIS is a sermon which was preached at the Cathedral, Salford, in aid of the schools. The title may, at first sight, seem fanciful, but in reality it is not so. The Right Rev. preacher gives,

in these pages, a vivid and striking picture of the corruption and decay of society in the East in the time of St. John Chrysostom, and then draws out, with a bold and vigorous pen, the parallel between those days and our own. The sermon is worth reading; it is full of earnest thought, and contains some powerful passages.

The Pulpit Orator. By Rev. JOHN EVANGELIST ZOLLNER. Translated by Rev. A. WIRTH, O.S.B. Third Edition, revised and enlarged. Six vols. New York and Cincinnati: F. Pustet & Co.

THESE are six volumes of "elaborate skeleton sermons." There are seven "sketches" for each Sunday in the year: two homiletic (*i.e.*, one on the Epistle and one on the Gospel), one dogmatical, one symbolical, and two moral. The sixth volume contains "sketches" for the principal feasts of the year, giving three and sometimes four "sketches" for each feast. It must not be supposed that, because these are "sketches," there is anything scanty or meagre in them either in matter or form. On the contrary, they are very full and substantial in every sense. Each "sketch" occupies at least five pages, and, indeed, reads like a complete sermon. It often happens that, in "plans" and "sketches" of sermons, the hard work is left to the preacher—that is, the thinking out of the matter and the clothing of the ideas with suitable language. In the "elaborate sketches" here presented to us, all is done that can be done. The divisions of the discourse are made, and the matter so fully given, and that in simple and forcible language, that little or nothing remains to the preacher but to deliver what is thus supplied to his hands. A preacher who has the facility of amplification and the gift of expression will find plenty of material ready for his purpose. We have carefully examined many of these "sketches," or rather "sermons," and have found them good, sensible, solid, and practical. This is the third edition of the work, which speaks well for the welcome it has already received. We consider Father Wirth has done an excellent service to his brethren in the ministry by presenting them with this very useful and valuable "Pulpit Orator." This edition seems very free from errors, but we may be allowed to point out one on page 202 of vol vi., where the General Council of Vienne is called the Council at *Vienna*.

SS. D. N. Leonis XIII. Litteræ Apostolicæ quibus Extraordinarium Jubilæum indicitur, In Usus Cleri, cura A. KONINGS, C.SS.R., Ed. H. KUPER, Ejusdem Cong. Neo-Eboraci: Benziger Fratres. 1886.

IN this little brochure is reprinted the commentary of the late learned Redemptorist, Fr. Konings, on the Brief of the Jubilee as it affects the practice and the faculties of the clergy in charge of souls.

Essays on Ireland. By W. J. O'NEIL DAUNT. Dublin :
M. H. Gill & Son. 1886.

THE name of Mr. O'Neil Daunt is well known in the pages of the DUBLIN REVIEW. He has fought for many a long year on the National side in Ireland. He was one who contributed more to disestablishment than any other man, except perhaps the late Sir John Gray of the *Freeman's Journal*. More than half a century ago he was prominent in the Repeal Association. It was in 1861 that he commenced—"almost single-handed," says Mr. A. M. Sullivan, in "New Ireland"—to arouse public opinion against the Irish State Church. He has here reprinted in a handy and convenient form the papers on "Ireland in the time of Swift," "How the Union robs Ireland," and "Tithe Rent-charge in Ireland," which have appeared in our own pages. In addition to these, we have here "Ireland under the Legislative Union," contributed to the *Contemporary Review*; "The Irish Difficulty" and "Ireland in the time of Grattan," from the *Westminster* of last year and this, and other papers, including a criticism of Mr. Lecky's "England in the Eighteenth Century," which seems not to have been before published. These essays, like all Mr. Daunt's writings, are sober and serious, and full of facts, incidents and figures.

Historic Aspects of the à priori Argument concerning the Being and Attributes of God. By J. G. CAZENOVE, D.D. London : Macmillan & Co. 1886.

THESE are four lectures, with additions, delivered in Edinburgh in 1884 by the Chancellor of the Protestant Episcopal Church of that city, on a foundation established by one Mrs. Honyman-Gillespie, in memory of her husband, who, in 1833, wrote a work on the same subject. The lectures give evidence of much wide reading and conscientious labour on Dr. Cazenove's part: perhaps little more is to be looked for in a matter that has been so completely exhausted. The author's treatment of it has rather suffered from his not discriminating clearly between such essentially different arguments as those given by St. Anselm in his two treatises. Among other results, Dr. Cazenove has been unable to come to any definite conclusion as to St. Thomas's attitude towards them. Much of his difficulty seems due to his having learned St. Thomas's opinion at second-hand. Had he read for himself, he could hardly have missed seeing that the proof given in the *Monologium* (previously employed by St. Augustine and Plato) was fully accepted by St. Thomas; while the strictly ontological, Cartesian, argument was rejected by him as decidedly as by Kant. Mr. Honyman-Gillespie's argument is naturally dwelt upon in some detail; as far as can be gathered from the account here given, it seems to have been Clarke's argument from infinite time and space.

which was refuted (it is generally thought, conclusively) by Leibnitz and Butler.

One point in Dr. Cazenove's book calls for special notice here. He quotes a passage from this REVIEW (July. 1884, p. 147), in which it was said that "the man who does not believe in these things" (the Trinity, the Divinity of Christ, sin and grace) "cannot believe in God, in the true and catholic sense of that word." This he characterizes as "a somewhat extravagant enlargement in the meaning of the term Theism." Yet surely, supposing the dogmas mentioned to be true, they add a large amount of information to the knowledge of God obtainable by natural reason alone; and our statement was therefore a simple truism. The full and catholic belief in God of a Christian is as different from the belief of a simple Theist, as the knowledge of a triangle in the mind of a mathematician differs from a triangle as known by a rustic. J. R. G.

Scientific Theism. By F. E. ABBOT, Ph.D. Second Edition.
London: Macmillan. 1886.

THE main conclusion of this work is, that the universe is an "infinite self-created and self-evolving organism." In fact, it is a consistent and ably developed scheme of Pantheism. As such it will not commend itself to our readers; but the first part of the volume contains a very powerful attack upon the leading principles of modern philosophy, which may be found of service. The examinations of Spencer's "Unknowable," of Clifford's "Ejects," and of the tendencies of Kant's system are particularly trenchant and conclusive. J. R. G.

Catholic Historical Researches. Edited by Rev. A. A. LAMBING,
A.M. July, 1885, &c. Pittsburg: Myers, Shinkle & Co.

THE publication of printed records like these will be very valuable to the historian of the Church in the New World. The editor has already written the "History of the Catholic Church in the Dioceses of Pittsburg and Alleghany;" and in 1884 he began a quarterly series of publications, containing in brief space original documents and traditions never before printed, chiefly regarding Catholic history in Pennsylvania. The title is now changed to "Catholic Historical Researches," and the ground widened so as to include the whole country; and it is hoped that it will remain as an established historical magazine, to collect the history of the Church in North America. Its low price ought to give it a large circulation, and as proof of its excellent editorship we may note that it will contain no quotations at second-hand, but that its records will be taken from the original works, and references will send the student to the right quarter for following out any subject of inquiry. It is also to contain essays, to give a synopsis

of the proceedings of historical societies with the most interesting papers read before them; and there is a very useful department for queries and their answers.

Flora, the Roman Martyr. Two vols. London: Burns & Oates.

THIS work is sold for the benefit of the nuns of Italy expelled from their convents. The author explains that it was written many years ago, when a visit to Rome suggested to him at various shrines and among the remains of the ancient city the impressions which he wove into this story. A martyr, bearing his heroine's name, suffered in the persecution of Gallienus; beyond this fact Flora is an ideal character. She is here represented as the cousin of Saint Laurence, and with him lineally descended from that young Hebrew, who in the Gospel heard the Master's call, and turned away, sorrowful. Cecilia and Valerian, Agatha, Martina, and other saints are introduced in the unwinding of a plot which is avowedly imaginative. There are fragments of true history all along the way; glimpses of Roman life; worship in the Catacombs; household scenes; the consecration of a vestal virgin, and her doom of living burial for alleged infidelity to her vow; city illuminations; and, of course, the games in the amphitheatre, which are shown with a strength of colour that makes the old theme new.

On the marble tripods ornamenting each *balneus* fires were lit simultaneously, and burning perfumes emitted a sweet odour. A pleasant shade fell over the amphitheatre, as the cerulean awning, studded with golden stars, was drawn over the spectators. . . . The ground yawned where she had stood but a moment before, and displayed those huge mechanical contrivances so loved by Nero, and concealed in the vaults beneath the arena of the Coliseum. Artificial trees rose above the soil; also a hill constructed of wood, but so covered with verdure as effectually to conceal its foundation; it was overrun with hares and inoffensive animals. From adjoining cages were heard the lion's roar and the panther's howl. This was a spectacle prepared for the amusement of the Roman people, in which the martyr was to figure; but beside her, *Venatores*, richly clad, appeared on the arena.

There are some sketches of suffering, quite terrible in their realism, especially the martyrdom of St. Laurence. As for the construction of the plot, there is an *embarras de richesse* of Christian virgins; but criticism is disarmed by the author's explanation, and the book has great claims upon our convents, and upon the choosers of prizes.

The Working Boy. Published by the Rev. D. B. ROCHE, Working Boys' Home, 113, Eliot Street, Boston, Mass.

WE wish we had on this side of the Atlantic a paper like *The Working Boy* for our boys' clubs, schools, and workshops. At present it is published monthly, and we wish it success enough to warrant weekly publication. It is edited with a thorough know-

ledge of the reader's nature; and there is a fronte and fearless tone in its religious advice which are just the qualities to commend it to a poor boy's liking, and to make the flimsy sheet of newspaper as helpful as a good companion near.

The Keys of the Kingdom; or, the Unfailing Promise. By the Rev. JAMES MORIATY, LL.D., Pastor of St. John's Church, Syracuse, N.Y. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Company. 1885.

THIS is an intelligent and fluently written treatise on the Marks of the Church; embracing in addition to chapters on the usual notes of Unity, Sanctity, Catholicity and Apostolicity, two interesting chapters, "Is Religion worthy of Man's Study?" and "What Rule of Faith was laid down by Christ?" The author is successful in his clear statements of Catholic principle, and makes some good points by contrasting it with the evil practices deduced from the perversities of Protestant private judgment. The subjoined comment on divorce is quoted by him from a Protestant preacher:—

Laxity of opinion and teaching on the sacredness of the marriage-bond and on the question of divorce, originated among the Protestants of Continental Europe in the sixteenth century. It soon began to appear in the legislation of Protestant States on that Continent, and nearly at the same time to affect the laws of New England. And from that time to the present it has proceeded from one degree to another in this country, until especially in New England and in States most directly affected by New England opinions and usages, the Christian conception of the nature and obligations of the marriage-bond finds scarcely any recognition in legislation, or, as thence must be inferred, in the prevailing sentiment of the community.

The volume is an evidence of the activity and enterprise characteristic of our brethren across the Atlantic; and, like most American books, is beautifully printed on good paper.

Gesta Christi; or, a History of Human Progress under Christianity. By C. LORING BRACE. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1886.

THE Holy Father, Leo XIII., in his great Encyclical *Immortale Dei* has told us that the Church, "although mainly and by nature concerned with the salvation of souls, and their future happiness in heaven, nevertheless, even in regard to the transitory things of this world, is by her own accord the source of so many and so great advantages, that she could not be more so had she been primely and chiefly established to ensure for man prosperity during his life here on earth. In truth, wherever the Church has set her foot, she has forthwith changed the aspect of affairs, and not only has she imbued the manners of the people with virtues hitherto unknown, but she

has endowed them with a new civilization, which has caused all those nations who have adopted it to excel in gentleness, in justice, and in prowess." Mr. Brace's book may be consulted with great profit in proof of these statements. He shows how much the teaching of our Lord has done for the protection of the weak, the succour of the poor, the elevation of woman, the emancipation of the slave, the promotion of education, the preservation of peace, and the mitigation of the horrors of war. Unfortunately, he draws a distinction between Christianity and the Church, and often speaks strongly against the action of the latter. Even in his favourite subject, Arbitration, his antipathy to the Church makes him overlook the intervention of the Popes which called forth the praises of such an opponent as Bentham. We can, however, almost forgive him when we read his many appreciative remarks on the Middle Ages, and above all his chapter on the Influence of Christianity upon Art. The reader will thank us for quoting the following beautiful passage:—

The great religious and æsthetic conception of the Middle Ages was undoubtedly that of the holy *Madonna*. The Madonna, so far as we can recall, has no exact counterpart in Classic or Pagan Art. It is the conception of the glorified woman, whose passions, affections, and whole nature have been purified and beatified by suffering and devotion, by the pangs of earth and the joys of heaven. It is the wife unstained by sin, hearing in sweet humility and unspeakable joy from the Infinite Spirit that she is to bear in her bosom the hope of the human race; it is the mother first looking upon the face of the blessed Infant who is to be the joy of the whole earth. . . . In all the best schools the Madonna is the highest Christian conception of woman, of woman indeed exalted and beautified by being chosen to be the mother of the Lord; but woman softened by suffering, elevated by consciousness of divine union, bearing the burdens of humanity as her Son had done, purified of human dross by love, sharing human weakness, but made almost superhuman in having been permitted to bring forth into the world the Holy One (pp. 478-479).

T. B. SCANNELL.

Mémoires sur les Règnes de Louis XV. et Louis XVI. et sur la Révolution.

Par J. N. DUFORT, Comte de Cheverny, Introduteur des Ambassadeurs, Lieutenant-Général du Blaisois (1731-1802): publiés avec une Introduction et des Notes par ROBERT DE CRÈVECŒUR. Paris: E. Plon, Nourrit et Cie. 1886.

M. DE CRÈVECŒUR has done well to publish these memoirs. Many eminent historians, notably M. Taine, have already drawn largely upon them while they were in manuscript. The author's post at Court gave him favourable opportunities of meeting the chief personages of the *ancien régime*, and these opportunities he turned to excellent account. He was not a politician or a philosopher, or even a historian. He did not write to uphold a party or to prove a theory. The Seven Years' War and the War of American Independence were almost unnoticed by him. His memoirs are simply the record of what he saw and heard. He is an

interesting story-teller, and his numerous sketches of the personal appearance and character of those whom he met show that he was a close observer. The reader, however, will note that M. Dufort, like most of his class, had not the least suspicion of the coming catastrophe. The world in which he lived was far removed from the world of the bourgeois and the peasant, and thus he knew nothing of the tremendous forces at work sapping the foundations of the monarchy and aristocracy. We have said that the author is not a historian; still, there are few historians who give us more vivid pictures of the gaieties of Court life and the terrors of the Revolution.

A word of praise must be given to the editor for the manner in which he has performed his task. He has enriched the volumes with many useful notes and (what is rare in French books) a copious index. He has also exercised a wise discretion in omitting certain narratives and details. Even after the expurgation, enough is left to make us doubt both parts of Burke's famous saying that vice had lost half its evil by losing all its grossness.

T. B. SCANNELL.

Pax Vobis. A Popular Exposition of the Seven Sacraments. By the Author of "Programmes of Sermons and Instructions," &c. Dublin: Brown & Nolan. 1886.

THIS work, besides being intended as a help to those engaged in public instruction, is also designed for family reading; and is therefore partly instructive and partly devotional. The instructions though somewhat diffuse in manner, are very practical. The book is full of matter, and commendable for the large use made of Scriptural illustration. It will doubtless prove serviceable to many.

The City of God: a Series of Discussions on Religion. By A. M. FAIRBAIRN, D.D. Second Edition. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1885.

WHY should this volume of "Discussions" be dignified by so fine a title as the "City of God?" That name has long ago been taken possession of by one of the grandest Fathers and geniuses of the Western Church and given to an immortal book, which the world has known these fourteen hundred years to be a *chef-d'œuvre* of philosophy, sublime moral teaching, and noble eloquence. We should not have thought that any writer would readily give the same title to a volume of his own production, which apparently has no more title to be called "The City of God" than any ordinary collection of discussions on matters connected with religion. The subjects here discussed have no striking unity in them as a series, but have been treated at different times in the form of lectures, articles and sermons.

In speaking of the merit of these "Discussions," we must say that they are the outcome of a vigorous and highly cultured mind. It is easily seen that Dr. Fairbairn is a powerful thinker and a very eloquent writer. After an introduction entitled "Faith and Modern Thought," the "Discussions" are ranged in four parts. The first part contains, "Theism and Science" and "Man and Religion;" the second part, "God and Israel," "The Problem of Job," and "Man and God;" the third, "The Jesus of History and the Christ of Faith," "Christ of History," and "The Riches of Christ's Poverty;" the fourth part, "The Quest of the Chief Good" and "The City of God."

In his Introduction, Dr. Fairbairn, in exalting modern thought, seems to depreciate, in some sense, Divine Faith. He would lead the reader to think that he puts reason on a level with faith, whereas objectively faith is immeasurably above reason. He speaks of reason being the complement of faith, whereas surely it is just the opposite: faith is the complement of reason. He speaks of the "reverent religious spirit of modern thought." Is it quite certain that the agnosticism of to-day, with its respectable exterior and its well-chosen phrases, is not a more deadly and bitter enemy of religion than the out-spoken coarse atheism of the eighteenth century? Again, we are astonished that Dr. Fairbairn should consider that religion in our day owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. Matthew Arnold. Some would say that religion in England has not had, in modern times, a much worse enemy than the smooth-tongued, rationalizing author of "God and the Bible" and "Literature and Dogma." In exalting the claims of reason, Dr. Fairbairn seems to minimize the authority of faith. Surely faith must always be authoritative; reduced to reason or science it is no longer faith; it is no longer the "argument of things that appear not." How did the Apostles, sent by Christ to preach the truth and guided by the Holy Spirit, present the Christian dogma to the world? Not explained by reason. Believing, then, was a submission of intellect and will to Divine authority. Such will faith always be. It comes not, in its origin, from reason, but from God Himself: it is His gift.

We are glad to admit that Dr. Fairbairn does excellent service for religious faith in the discussion on "Theism and Science," in which he reduces Mr. Herbert Spencer's evolution theory, used in its author's sense, to an absurdity. He shows clearly and convincingly that evolution is a *modal* not a *causal* theory of creation.

Dr. Fairbairn seems at his best in the "Discussions" treating of Christ, in which he often rises to a lofty and captivating eloquence. In spite of his narrow and defective theology, his pages glow with an enthusiastic fervour and fascinating beauty when Jesus Christ is his theme. We give a short extract from a finely eloquent passage, in which he contrasts the grandeur and splendid success of Christ's teaching with the comparative failure of that of Plato:—

But the conditions under which Jesus lived and worked stand in absolute contrast to Plato's—descent, birth, people, country, time, cir-

cumstances, education, opportunities, all were as opposite as they could be, and disadvantageous in the degree that they were opposite. The free air of Athens was not His, nor the joy which makes the teacher creative of susceptible and sympathetic disciples. Time grudged Him His brief ministry, sent want and suspicion and hatred to vex him, loaded Him with sorrow, burdened Him with disciples slow of heart and dull of wit. And He lived as one whose work was to suffer rather than to teach. He made no book, wrote no word, caused no word to be written; but with a confidence calm and steadfast, as if He had been the Eternal casting into immensity the seeds of worlds yet to be, He spoke His words into the listening air, that they might thence fall into the hearts of men. And then came the miracle of their creative action, the work which makes them so mighty a contrast to the Platonism which was so splendid in its promise, but has been so poor in its achievements.

Vagrant Verses. By ROSA MULHOLLAND. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1886.

THIS little volume will be no disappointment to those who already know its author as one of the most graceful and charming of contemporary writers of fiction. The fleeting impressions of a mind sensitive to all gracious aspects of Nature and humanity are here set to versified cadences with a wild woodland music of their own. The themes are of the simplest: the nightingales in summer, the dreaming woods in June, a sleeping homestead, a child at play, are sufficient to suggest a song as tenderly harmonious as its subject. A deep religious feeling underlies them all, and many are inspired by sacred subjects, like the following poetic rendering of a religious vocation, from the little ballad entitled "Sister Mary of the Love of God":—

A lovely maiden of a high estate,
She danced away her days in careless glee;
A bird beside her window came and sate,
And piped and sang, "*The Lord has need of thee.*"

Deep in the night when everything was still,
The restless dance, the music's merry clang,
That bird would perch upon the window-sill;
"*The Lord hath need of thee,*" it piped and sang.

She rose and fled her chamber in affright,
And roused with eager call the minstrel gray;
"The birds are singing strange things in the night;
Tune me, O minstrel, something blythe and gay!"

The minstrel struck his harp with ready power;
The laughing echoes awakened merrily:
The lady turned as white as lily-flower—
The music trilled, "*The Lord has need of thee!*"

Her guests came round her and her ball-room blazed,
While lively footsteps on the floor did beat;
The lady led the dance with looks amazed—
"*The Lord doth need thee!*" said the dancers' feet.

The feast was spread, and flowed the rarest wine
 In golden goblets clinking round the board :
 The flashing cups from hand to hand did shine,
 And rang and chimed, "*Go, give thee to the Lord.*"

This extract is sufficient to show that musical utterance has not been denied to one whose thoughts and fancies always seemed, even when clothed in prose, peculiarly fitted to be rhythmically expressed.

Amiel's Journal. Translated by Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD. London : Macmillan & Co. 1885.

MRS. WARD has done a good service to that section of the English public who do not read French with facility by giving them the opportunity of making acquaintance with a work which has created considerable interest in France. The class, indeed, can scarcely supply a very numerous public, but perhaps there may be more than one would at first sight suppose who, like M. Jourdain, would say, while disclaiming ignorance, "*Faites comme si je ne le savais pas.*" The effect produced by the original publication of Amiel's "*Journal Intime*" was heightened by surprise at its posthumous revelation of unsuspected power in a man who had been in life regarded rather as a failure. The Genevese Professor, whose lectures had been dry and ponderous, and his previous writings scanty and insignificant, appears in these pages as a critic of the subtlest acumen, a thinker of no inconsiderable philosophical ability, and a writer with the command of finished felicities of language and expression deserving the name of epigrams. The riddle why these gifts remained hidden in life, is to some extent solved by the following extract from the *Journal* itself:—

1st September, 1875.—I have been working for some hours at my article on Mme. de Staël, but with what labour, what painful effort! When I write for publication, every word is misery, and my pen stumbles at every line, so anxious am I to find the ideally best expression, and so great is the number of possibilities which open before me at every step.

Composition demands a concentration, decision, and pliancy which I no longer possess. I cannot fuse together materials and ideas. If we are to give anything a form we must, so to speak, be the tyrants of it. We must treat our subject brutally, and not be always trembling lest we are doing it a wrong. This sort of confident effrontery is beyond me; my whole nature tends to that impersonality which respects and subordinates itself to the object; it is love of truth which holds me back from concluding and deciding.

This passionless impartiality of mind, this many-faceted dispersion of intellectual vision, pursued him through every department of life, and marred his usefulness as well as his happiness. The ideal, as he says elsewhere, spoiled the real for him, the intellect overbore the will, and the result was paralysis of energy and impotence of production. Indecision of character kept him unmarried to avoid the risks of choice, and left him, while full of religious aspirations, with-

out a definite religion. A passion for introspection was indulged until the habit of brooding excluded all other forms of mental activity, and page after page of minute self-analysis reflects the morbid attitude of one regarding the universe through the prison-bars of exaggerated individual consciousness. The prismatic shafts of luminous thought that touch here and there the sombre web of gloomy speculation make one regret all the more the many gifts here neutralized by want of singleness of purpose. His pages are strewn with gems, like the saying that "the Frenchman's centre of gravity is outside him—he is always thinking of others, playing to the gallery;" and his verdict on Doudan, another fastidious author, summed up thus:—"He scarcely lacked anything, except that fraction of ambition, of brutality and material force, necessary to success in this world." Again, in wandering by the seaside, he found, he says, "in a hidden nook a sheet of fine sand, which the water had furrowed and folded like the pink palate of a kitten's mouth, or like a dappled sky. Everything repeats itself by analogy, and each little fraction of the earth reproduces, in a smaller and individual form, all the phenomena of the planet." His critical acumen is shown in his estimate of Victor Hugo, who, he says,

superbly ignores everything he has not foreseen. He is vowed to the Titanic; his gold is always mixed with lead, his insight with childishness, his reason with madness. He cannot be simple; the only light he gives blinds you like that of a fire. He astonishes a reader and provokes him, he moves him and annoys him. There is always some falsity of note in him, which accounts for the *malaise* he so constantly excites in me. The great poet in him cannot shake off the charlatan.

These extracts are sufficient to show the high quality of the translation, which, as well as the able Introduction, has evidently been a labour of love, and makes the book worthy to rank as an English classic.

Odile, a Tale of the Commune. By Mrs. FRANK PENTRIL.
Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1886.

A STORY for young people. The main interest is in the affection of a brother and sister. The Vicomte de Fougères is stopped by ill-health in his studies for the priesthood. Odile's love for her brother is her safety amid the worldliness of Parisian life; and her high principles triumph when she is offered marriage at the cost of another's broken engagement. The Commune scenes are not very vivid; but it will be enough for young readers that the hero and heroine act bravely in the face of death, and that all ends well in peaceful Brittany. The final moral of the story is that marriage in a quiet Christian home is happy and blest; but that misery is hidden behind the brilliant life of women who elect to shine before the world, indifferent to the claims of home.

The Life and Times of John Kelly, Tribune of the People. By J. FAIRFAX McLAUGHLIN, A.M. New York: The American News Company. 1885.

IT would be difficult to congratulate Mr. McLaughlin on the manner in which he has compiled this book. A short memoir of the man who did something to overcome the antipathy of American politicians towards foreigners in general, and Irishmen in particular, might have been made sufficiently interesting; verbatim reports of speeches which were delivered, and of altercations which transpired in Congress, some thirty years ago, between persons of whose very names most readers have never even heard, would require the digestive organs of the ostrich to assimilate.

Fortunately, however, Mr. Kelly and many of his friends and admirers are still living, and to him and to them Mr. McLaughlin's Memoir may be warmly recommended; only here it is to be feared the recommendation comes somewhat late in the field.

1. *The Acts of the Apostles*: being the Greek Text as revised by Doctors Westcott and Hort, with Explanatory Notes by THOMAS E. PAGE, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1886.

2. *St. Paul, the Author of the Acts of the Apostles and of the third Gospel.* By HOWARD HEBER EVANS, B.A. Second Part. London: Wyman & Sons. 1886.

THESE works are classed together because they treat of the same subject, although they treat of it in a very different way. Mr. Page's book is intended for schools. The notes occupy about two hundred pages, and are a real help to those who wish to thoroughly master the text. Mr. Page's experience as a Professor of Classics at Charterhouse too fits him to be a good exponent of the Greek text and to compress his knowledge into concise and clear notes. The care with which the different discourses in the Acts are analysed, and their logical bearing pointed out, is an especial feature of this learned but unpretending little work. Not unfrequently Mr. Page has occasion to correct the revisers' translation. It is a matter of surprise that he should adopt such mistaken readings as *ὡς εβδομήκοντα ἕξ* (xxvii. 37) and *Μελιτήνη* (xxviii. 1) on the authority of Drs. Westcott and Hort. We must, of course, protest against the explanation of our Lord's *ἀδελφοί* (i. 14) as an heretical following of Dr. Farrar.

The Rev. H. Evans has added a second part to his former work, published two years back. It consists of lists of words and phrases found in the Third Gospel, in the Acts, and in St. Paul's Epistles, also of Notes on some of the difficulties brought against his view, and an elaborate analogy between St. Paul and Esdras, printed in parallel columns. As this analogy, like the work of which it forms a part, is somewhat original, we may be allowed to give our readers a specimen.

4. Ezra was an *unique* personage in point of *character*. St. Paul was an *unique* personage in point of *character*. 5. Ezra was an *unique* personage in point of *position*. St. Paul was an *unique* personage in point of *position*. . . . 21. Ezra, at Jerusalem, besides writing a complete religious history, made additions to the existing books of the Old Testament. St. Paul, at Rome, besides writing a complete religious history, made an addition to one of the existing books of the New Testament—viz., the last twelve verses of St. Mark's Gospel!

This is an entirely new idea, never thought of even by Dean Burgon. No doubt, with regard to him, as to other "very respectable authorities, who failed to see" certain portions of his argument, Mr. Evans would reply, "So much the worse for these very respectable authorities" (p. 206). Certainly Paley, the author of "*Horæ Paulinæ*," might have saved himself the trouble of pointing out "undesigned coincidences" between the Acts and the Epistles, if St. Paul was the author of both. And other "very respectable authorities" need not have laboured so hard to reconcile the Acts with the first chapter of the Epistle to Galatians. We are surprised at Mr. Evans's moderation in not claiming the first Epistle of St. Peter as the work of St. Paul. It seems to us that this original writer would do greater service to the cause if, instead of robbing St. Luke and St. Mark of what a venerable tradition attributes to their authorship, he would vindicate St. Paul's claim to the Epistle to the Hebrews—a point which has so often been called in question.

The Pentateuch, its Origin and Structure, an Examination of Recent Theories. By EDWIN CONE BISSELL, D.D., Professor of the Hebrew Language and Literature in the Hartford Theological Seminary. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1884.

IT is a matter of congratulation to find a work in defence of the traditional and orthodox view hailing from America. Dr. Bissell studied in the University of Leipsic, and then became familiar with all the potent results of German criticism in connection with the Pentateuch, or rather Hexateuch, for it is the fashion now to count in the Book of Josue. The object of the present work is to examine and refute the theory of Graf and Wellhausen. It is composed of various essays written for periodicals from 1882 to 1884. In dealing with the Pentateuch, the "higher criticism" has evolved many hypotheses, documentary, fragmentary, and supplementary. It has at length culminated in the Wellhausen theory—"an hypothesis," as Dillman calls it, "of some perplexity." The Hexateuch, according to this view, is composed mainly of three documents, the work of different authors at different times. First, the Eloho-Jehovistic document, as it is called, from the names therein given to God. This is the work of two or more writers incorporated into one by the Jehovist author about the time of the earlier kings. It comprises Genesis (from ii. to iv.), and the so-called

Book of the Covenant (Exodus xx. to xxiii.). Next, the Deuteronomist in the reign of Josias (B.C. 621) supplies the legislative parts of Deuteronomy, and is busy with the Book of Josue. The third and most important document is called "The Code of Priests" comprising the Levitical legislation of the middle books of the Pentateuch, with parts of Genesis (ch. i.) and Exodus. This may have been written about the time of Ezechiel, but did not see the light till after the Exile. But the writer who combined all the documents into one and thus gave the finishing stroke to the Hexateuch, was the Redactor or Editor. This unscrupulous person after "trimming here and interpolating there" palmed off the whole work upon Moses. Who the Redactor was is not stated, but it implied that Esdras, who published the Hexateuch in B.C. 444, was at least a party to the imposition. From this astounding theory, it would follow that the great Lawgiver of Sinai is a mere name, his honoured Law the invention of a Jewish sect at the time of the Exile. It would follow that the Temple preceded the Tabernacle, the Prophets the Law. That a German professor should, out of his "inner consciousness" evolve such a theory as this, need not surprise us, for a German professor can evolve even a camel; but it is surprising to learn from an English professor—Robertson Smith—that it represents "the growing conviction of an overwhelming weight of the most earnest and sober scholarship." Dr. Bissell tells us that in Germany "heavy reviews have been started in defence of the new hypothesis, and voluminous commentaries written, saturated with its spirit and methods," that it has crossed the English Channel bodily, that it finds adherents among Christian churches in America, and that it "has even found its way in a series of Biblical articles, how and why I know not, into the most prominent of English Encyclopædias—the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.'" Dr. Bissell's learned work in refutation of the theory is therefore very opportune. He points out the inconsistencies and contradictions which result from such a complete reversal of all our traditional ideas about the Pentateuch. Following in the footsteps of Archbishop Smith in his learned defence of the Pentateuch, he shows how the Law of Moses is presupposed, and not unfrequently quoted in the historical books, such as Judges and Kings, in the pre-Exilian Prophets, and in Psalms, written long before the time of Esdras. He points to the intimate acquaintance shown by the sacred writer with all the wisdom of the Egyptians, to the corroborative evidence adducible from Assyrian sources, and above all to the Samaritan Pentateuch. And with good reason he derides the presumption of these German critics, who, with but that slender acquaintance with Hebrew literature possible in their day, claim to overturn the tradition of centuries, and to decide the exact age and the varied authorship of ancient records solely on the basis of characteristics of style or linguistic peculiarities. Very truly does Professor Green say:

The criteria of this proposed analysis are so subtle, not to say mechanical, in their nature, so many purely conjectural assumptions are

involved, and there is such an entire absence of external corroborative testimony, that no reliance can be placed on its conclusions, where these conflict with statements of history itself. Genesis may be made up of various documents, and yet have been compiled by Moses. And the same thing is possible in the later books of the Pentateuch (p. 78, note).

One defect of Dr. Bissell's otherwise excellent work is the sin of its origin—the American phrases and words which abound. The following are some examples :—"come-outer," "abnormity," "trend," "exulant," "un-sin."

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1. *Dunbar; the King's Advocate.* By THISTLEDOWN. Edinburgh : Waddie & Co.
 2. *In the Watches of the Night.* Vol. V. Poems in Eighteen Vols. By Mrs. HORACE DOBELL. London : Remington & Co.
 3. *"Inter Flumina;" Verses Written among Rivers.* London and Oxford : Parker & Co. 1833.

"DUNBAR" is a five-act tragedy in blank verse. The plot is founded upon what the author calls a tragic episode in the Reformation. The piece is written in a spirit of intense hatred against the Catholic Church, and at times the author allows himself to use expressions that are coarse and even indecent. Even if the play were cleansed from its offensiveness it would hardly prove a success on the stage. The only character well portrayed is that of "auld Elspeth," the reputed witch, who treats her judges to a few specimens of Scotch Billingsgate.

The fifth volume of the "Watches" contains poems that display considerable poetic ability, but most of them are spoiled by an unhealthy bitterness that persists in seeing only the darker side of human nature. Sadness is indeed a prevailing characteristic of these nocturnal musings, but at times Mrs. Dobell is not wanting in true pathos.

There are many pretty things in the little volume, "Inter Flumina," but the author's style is very laboured, and at times his meaning is too obscure. Occasionally it is difficult to extract any meaning at all from his verses.

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- A History of the Jewish People in the Time of Jesus Christ.* By EMIL SCHÜRER, D.D., M.A., Professor of Theology at the University of Giessen. Translated by SOPHIA TAYLOR and Rev. PETER CHRISTIE. Two vols. Edinburgh : T. & F. Clark.

THIS is one of the most valuable books that could be chosen for translation. It is pre-eminently a student's book and a work of reference. The marvellous erudition of the author, the wide extent of his reading, and the scrupulous care with which he sets forth his authorities, combine to make it the text-book of the subject.

Writers like Drs. Farrar and Edersheim have drawn largely on Rabbinic sources to illustrate the life of Christ. A desire to know more of Jewish thought and custom has been created. Now Dr. Schürer's learned work is a collection of all that can be gathered, both from the original authorities and the varied dissertations of scholars. Moreover, the translators seem to have done their work very carefully. Another volume, which will complete the work, remains to be translated; on its publication we hope to treat of it at greater length.

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1. *A Village Beauty, and other Tales.* With Nine Illustrations. London: R. Washbourne. 1885.
 2. *The Treasure of the Abbey.* Translated from the French of RAOUL DE NAVERY, by ALICE WILMOT CHETWODE. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1886.
 3. *Truth in Tale: Addresses chiefly to Children.* By W. BOYD-CARPENTER, D.D. London: Macmillan & Co.

THE little book, named from its first tale, "*A Village Beauty*," comprises three stories of sin, suffering and repentance. They have special reference to the homes of the Good Shepherd, and are dedicated to the Venerable John Eudes, in order that, through his intercession, they may promote the work he had at heart.

"*The Treasure of the Abbey*" is a sensational story, dealing with a castle and abbey in Brittany at the time of the First Revolution, and the fate of "*The Blue Child*," who has been saved from the castle dungeon, consecrated to the Blessed Virgin, and sheltered in the abbey.

"*Truth in Tale*" contains several sketches by the Protestant Bishop of Ripon. They contain no anti-Catholic doctrine; their teaching is too general and indefinite to be strong—a commendation of the good and the pure, of faithfulness and heavenward aims, put into poetical language in the form of parables.

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1. *The Catholic Monthly Magazine.* No. 1. February, 1886. Birmingham: E. & M. Canning. Manchester: T. Walker. London: Laslette & Co.
 2. *Merry and Wise: a Magazine for Children.* Nos. 1, 2, 3. January, February, March, 1886. London: Burns & Oates.

THE tone of the new magazine, *The Catholic Monthly*, is distinctly serious and religious, though it contains the extra attraction of the beginning of a ghost story. The first number contains a portrait of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, and a few prefatory words telling the *raison d'être* of the publication:—

The consideration of the fact that so many works are published, which are secretly or professedly anti-Catholic, has induced us to come forward and offer our humble aid to the noble Catholic press on the side of Truth. . . . We shall be happy at all times to act upon any suggestion of the clergy, and shall be ever ready to obey the commands of our ecclesiastical superiors.

The new magazine for children is a fresh series of the *Catholic Children's Magazine*, under the title of *Merry and Wise*. If we may make a suggestion, the monthly letter in the old series was a favourite feature with children, and it is missed now. Also, there are stirring stories wanted—exciting and amusing. The present magazine is, of course, only a small beginning. It rests with Catholic parents and schools to make it larger and more fit to cope with the success of non-Catholic publications. Enterprise and good-will on the part of its proprietors cannot do everything; if this beginning receives support, it will have a chance of advancing to better things.

Dulce Domum. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1886.

WE believe it is the author of "The Life of a Prig" who here reprints in a small volume a number of papers which he originally contributed to the *Saturday Review*. Unlike so many "collections" of essays, those which make up "*Dulce Domum*" have a real unity of purpose and plan, and they form a sequential series developing the three general headings into which the book is divided:—1. "The Pleasures of Home;" 2. "The Pleasures of Paying for Them;" 3. "The Pleasures of Sharing Them with Others." It need hardly be said that this is not a serious work on economics; it is a collection of pleasant chatty papers on some phases and incidents of social life; not without an underlying domestic philosophy perhaps, but notable chiefly for the healthy animation of the writer and the quiet flow of more or less delightful stories told, without "acceptation of persons," to illustrate the weaknesses of both masters and mistresses, the butler and the other servants, and their respective guests. It is a very charming book of gentle social satire, and its pages show from beginning to end the faculty of quiet observation which, letting nothing escape, makes a note of what is amusingly true, and yet does not seem to have been said before. Of course, for Catholic readers *quâ* Catholics, it will not have the deep interest of "The Life of a Prig," the popularity of which is not yet on the wane. But "The Prig"—as people speak of it—deals with a higher theme, even if it be not in every way a cleverer book; in proof of which one need only allude to the story, now going the rounds, that a gentleman, having read it, presented himself to a priest to be received into the Catholic Church, with the laconic explanation, "I am the Prig"—a story which, even if it should be only *ben trovato*, yet pays a high tribute to the book.

In "*Dulce Domum*" the aim is lower, but has its own merits; and
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the treatment exhibits tokens of the same kind of cleverness as is conspicuous in "The Prig."

In the first part of "Dulce Domum"—on the Pleasures of Home—we have amusing chapters on house-hunting (in which, by the way, there is no hint to inquire about those bugs which Mr. Justice Mathew has just admitted may be present to some extent without making the house "unfit for human habitation"), on servant-hunting, and on a variety of topics concerning our homes, the varied contents of which are inadequately suggested by such titles as "Old-fashioned Masters" and "A *Quiet* Day at Home" (we italicize the ironical particle). The chapter on "The Luxuries of Illness" shows still better work, as far as reflective power goes :

We are inclined to believe [we read] that very few people really know when they are enjoying themselves. Many persons suppose themselves to be supremely happy when they are partaking of amusements which afford them little pleasure, and imagine themselves to be undergoing a sort of semi-martyrdom when they are in reality pleasing themselves according to their own tastes. Now, people who have time to be ill often enjoy themselves in no mean degree without knowing it. . . . In other ways also there are pleasures peculiar to illness. One of the highest enjoyments in life to certain temperaments is the receipt of sympathy, and we get more sympathy when suffering from illness than when enduring any other misfortune.

There are, however, other luxuries of illness besides those about which we have quoted these words; but the reader will do well to pursue the subject if he cares for it at first hand. "The Pleasures of Paying for the Pleasures of Home," is a theme discussed in three very amusing chapters, headed respectively "What becomes of a few thousands a-year," "Things that come cheaper in the end," and "Hard up"—the latter an expression "difficult to parse," although "most people find it easy to understand its meaning." But the author is not all sympathy for those who are "hard up"; it is a relative evil; it varies widely in its nature and virulence; it is sometimes transient, sometimes intermittent, and sometimes chronic. "Like other maladies, too, it is often feigned by those who are free from it. It is by no means uncommon for people to sham illness, but to sham poverty is even commoner." The third part of this volume opens with certainly one of the most entertaining chapters in it, on "Callers." Other chapters on such suggestive topics as "The Difficulties of Dinner-giving," "Country House Banditti," "Dancing Men," "Dull People," and "Trapped Lions"—the latter being social "lions" whom you have succeeded in getting to your house, and who behave there about as courteously as caged beasts would—are all excellent. The author has some severe remarks—far from undeserved, however—on "Low Life above Stairs" and the growth of vulgarity and questionable amusements. The following short extract from this chapter explains itself:—

This leads us to contemplate the fashionable relations of husband and wife. There is certainly nothing new in the infidelities of married

people, and the present unusual pressure of business in the Divorce Court is merely a matter of degree. But the general view of society concerning such subjects reminds us of the answer given by an undergraduate under examination, on being asked the sequel of the story of the woman taken in adultery. The intelligent youth replied, "There was great joy among the ninety-and-nine just persons who needed no repentance." And so in our own day, if we are to judge from the current talk of society, there appears to be "great joy" among—we will not say the just persons, or those who need no repentance, but a large proportion of ladies, when a case of this kind has been discovered.

We are reminded by the last chapter in the book, on "The Art of Going Away," which we recommend to the attention of guests who feel the difficulty of ending a visit, that there is also an art of ending a review; and having said so much of the pleasure we feel in turning over the pages of "*Dulce Domum*," we leave it to its own merits.

History of the Catholic Church. By Dr. HEINRICH BRUCK. Translated by the Rev. E. PRUENTE. Vol. II. New York, Cincinnati, &c.: Benziger Brothers. 1885.

WE are very glad to receive this goodly volume, excellent in every sense—in substance, in paper, in type, and in binding. It completes Dr. Bruck's work, bringing the history of the Church down from Gregory VII. to our own times. The Introduction which was promised by the Right Rev. Dr. Corcoran for the first volume appears prefixed to this. The learned professor speaks in very high terms of Dr. Bruck's History, and earnestly recommends it as a text-book in our Catholic colleges. In our notice of the first volume, in the number of this Review for October 1885, we also spoke highly of its many merits. Our opinion, then so confidently expressed, is confirmed by the appearance of this second volume. We have still something to add to the praise we then so freely gave. We cannot but commend very strongly the excellent and beautifully clear order in which the historical matter is treated. Each period is divided into two large main headings: "The History of the Exterior Condition of the Church," and "The History of the Interior Affairs of the Church." Under the first of these main headings we have—(1) "The Spread of Christianity;" (2) "Church and State." Under these two sections we have brought before us, in a clear, succinct, yet interesting form, the active energy of the Church in her missionary work, showing us how she is ever advancing into the darkness of error with the torch of truth in her hand; how she is attacked at every step by the spirits of evil; and how she fights valiantly the battle of right against wrong, of civilization against barbarism; how, in fine, animated by the irresistible Spirit of God, she bears down before her all opposition, and establishes everywhere centres of light and spiritual life. Under the "History of the Interior Condition of the Church," we have—(1)

"The Constitution of the Church," in which the mysterious inward mechanism of this divinely organized society is displayed before us, showing us the wise action of Councils, the struggles and victories of the Popes, the special manifestations of God's Providence in the salutary influence of Religious Orders, and other various ways in which the Divinity works in His wonderful mystical Body; (2) we have the "Development of Doctrine," exhibiting the various "Ecclesiastical Studies" of the period, and the "Heresies and Schisms" which trouble from time to time the internal peace of the Church's life; (3) we have "Worship and Discipline," in which we are made acquainted with what is done with regard to promoting the power and influence of the Sacraments on the lives of the faithful, how religious art is fostered in the Church, how Christian instruction is carried out, and by what means, moral and religious, life is maintained in the souls of her children. This clear order and these divisions are observed throughout every period, giving us a lucid and interesting picture of the Church's action, progress, struggles, and victories through the course of ages. It is evident how convenient this clear order is, both for the student who is striving to master the history of the Church in a continuous course, and for him who wishes to consult the author on a particular period or special point. The latter knows at once where he can find the matter he is in search of.

If it were necessary, we could point out many points which illustrate the excellences we have already alluded to, in general, in Dr. Bruck's History. We may, however, mention one or two. For example, in the section on "Ecclesiastical and Spanish Inquisition," the author sets out by stating a principle which places in a clear light and justifies the action of this tribunal. "The Christian State," he says, "could not be indifferent to the admixture of error with the divine revelation. Necessarily it was compelled to consider every attempt of this nature as an attack on the highest good possessed by the human race, and one which called for repression."

Starting from this principle, which is in itself correct, the Christian Emperor declared heresy to be also a crime against the State" (p. 108). Here we have, in a few lines, a statement which throws a flood of light on the nature and object of this much-maligned tribunal. This is the same mode of treating this great question of history as was adopted by Count Falloux in his excellent *Life of St. Pius V.*, where this author, in the beginning of his work, puts before the reader, with unanswerable force, the reasonableness of the Inquisition.

Again, if we consult Dr. Bruck on the "History and Meaning of Scholasticism," we shall find all the satisfaction we desire. The scholastic method of treating theology is seldom properly understood, and hence is frequently misstated by historical writers. It is not simply a special arrangement of arguments. It would not be satisfactory to say that it was throwing theology into a logical form. Such definitions or descriptions do not touch the real nature

of scholasticism; it is something deeper and more subtle. Dr. Bruck gives it us in a few simple words: "The object of scholastic theology is, (1) to *demonstrate the interior connection of the several dogmas of faith, and thence deduce other truths*; (2) to refute the objections of heretics; and (3) by means of human wisdom to illuminate and strengthen the truths of faith" (p. 75).

If we have any faults to find with this excellent History of the Church, they are only of small dimensions. At p. 239 Dr. Bruck speaks of Sisters of *Mercy* of St. Vincent of Paul, instead of Sisters of *Charity*. It is well known that Sisters of Mercy are quite a different Order of nuns. Again, in giving an account of the revival of Catholicity in England, the sketch is meagre, and does not take in all the principal forces at work in this great event. For instance, it would be only just to mention, by the side of Stonyhurst, Ushaw, and Oscott, the Benedictine colleges of Downside and Ampleforth, quite as old in point of time as the others, and institutions which have sent forth learned bishops and many priests to help in the great work of building up the walls of Sion.

Taking, then, Dr. Bruck's "History of the Church" as it is here presented to us, in two handsome volumes, we consider it in many points worthy of high praise: it is most clearly arranged, interestingly written, and compact—indeed, taken altogether, for the practical purpose of a collegiate course, the best work of the kind yet placed in the hands of the English-speaking student.

Saint Pierre et les Premières Années du Christianisme. Par L'Abbé C. FOUARD. Paris: Victor Lecoffre. 1886.

THE work of the Abbé Fouard possesses a double claim to be read and studied by Catholics and truth-seeking Protestants. It is not only a book on a popular and important subject, but it is also a treatise of great historical, critical, and dogmatic erudition. The great Pastor of the Church is a historical personage, about the dogmatic position of whom all Christianity in every age is desirous of receiving new proofs and fresh illustrations, and Abbé Fouard has offered to this laudable curiosity a work as solid as it is interesting and instructive. The history that he relates is clear and luminous, and strict as to exegesis and facts, without being either hypercritical or even what is usually termed dry. Indeed, the chapters that are devoted to an exposition of the character of the religious and pagan deities of Rome, the importance of their cult and its ceremonies, the decline of belief among the higher classes, the lively religious sentiment among the lower orders, the decadence of morality among the women in the family and public life under the pagan empire at the time of Augustus, are in the highest degree attractive. The author's account of the introduction of Christianity, also of its progress and development among the Romans, and of the part played by St. Peter, contain much that will scarcely be found in popular works referring

to the same subject. Though chiefly treating of the early Church in its specific relation to St. Peter, Abbé Fouard, as is evident from the above remarks, has touched on several points that tend to illustrate and explain the position of the Church in the first century. Thus the legal position of the Christians, the respect of the Romans for a foreign religion, the toleration of the civil magistrates, and the civic enfranchisement of the Christians in the first century, all find notice in turn, and serve to throw additional light on the origin of the Church and the first years of Christianity. Nor does the author omit those ecclesiastical characters who were prominent in the early work of evangelization. Several chapters are devoted to the work of St. Stephen, to the missions of the Deacon Philip, and to the conversion and labours of St. Paul. The Gospels also, in so far as they are marked by peculiarities that require comment and explanation, are treated historically and exegetically; the geography and topography of the various countries traversed by the Apostles in founding and diffusing the Church, are illustrated by a coloured and accurate map; while numerous appendices and foot-notes supply additional information, and give the sources from which the author has compiled and authenticated its statements. The work is prefaced by the approbation of the Archbishop of Rouen, whose eulogy of the author's vast and conscientious research is in itself sufficient to ensure for the book a favourable reception from the Catholic world.

Christianity, Science, and Infidelity. By Rev. W. HILLIER, Mus. Doc.
Second Edition. London: James Nisbet & Co.

THIS book is made up of a series of "Letters" which originally appeared in the *Bucks Advertiser*. As these letters were meant to be popular, they cannot be expected to deal with the important subjects of which they treat in a profound and exhaustive manner. The author has an excellent object in view in publishing these letters—viz., to supply a ready and popular answer to the difficulties brought forward in these days against Christianity, in magazine, newspaper, and conversation. There is no doubt that most persons who so glibly parade their atheistic views are quite unable to defend them for five minutes by any serious argument. Hence the answers supplied by Dr. Hillier, though in some cases, inadequate against a learned adversary, would be sufficiently effectual against those of the ordinary shallow type. There are weak places here and there in these pages, but for the most part they are pungent and full of sharp hits, and on the whole are well calculated to attain the object which the writer has in view.

Translations from Horace, &c. By Sir STEPHEN E. DE VERE, Bart.
London: G. Bell & Sons. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1885.

IN these days of bustle and excitement on the one hand, and of ultra-scientific philology and sometimes pedantic criticism on the other, it is, we own, refreshing to come upon the calm, dignified, old-fashioned scholarship recalling the best days of the "polite learning" of the old school, which characterizes this little volume of Sir Stephen E. de Vere. The gifted author might fittingly adopt as his motto the opening lines of the first Horatian ode which he translates:

Odi profanum vulgus et arceo:
Favete linguis
Virginibus puerisque canto.

Fond as we are of the exactitude of modern science, we confess it to be a positive relief to get back from the monstrosities of Thoukudides and Aischulos, κ.τ.λ., to the graceful poetry of Sir Stephen de Vere. But this little volume is not only the pleasant distraction of a ripe and elegant scholarship, it also professes to be in some sort an experiment. In his Preface Sir Stephen states his theory of translation. Speaking of the translator in his relation to his author, he writes:

To be true to his spirit, he must claim liberty as regards the letter. The true canon of poetical translation—that which such men as Dryden and Shelley understood and obeyed—is to lay before the reader the thoughts that breathe in the original, to add nothing that is not in entire harmony with them, and to clothe them in such language as the author would have employed if writing in the tongue of those who have to read the translation.

This precept is, of course, that of Boileau, and Sir Stephen adds that his specimens have been published "with the purpose of testing Boileau's precept." Naturally there will be some considerable difference of opinion regarding the extent to which this canon may be applied; many will prefer to follow F. Newman and A. Lang rather than Dryden or Shelley. But few, we think, will question that Sir Stephen has been eminently successful in the task he has set himself—that of "endeavouring to transfuse into English verse some of the vigour, thought, and tenderness—a tenderness often blended with an apparent harshness—of the great Roman lyricist." The spirit of Horace he has certainly caught in a most happy manner, and his ten odes are exceedingly agreeable and invigorating reading. The selection is made with great skill, and presents Horace to us in all his best and most powerful moods. We have not space to quote many extracts which we should much like to reproduce here, particularly the fine version of the Hymn to Bacchus (Carm. iii. 25), in which the translator seems to us to have caught much of the wild fire and impetus of the original. But we must content ourselves with a few pleasing lines from the well-known *Integer vitae*:

Unstained honour, pure from sin,
 Roams the wide world, serene, secure;
 The just man needs not javelin,
 Nor poisoned arrows of the Moor.

Fearless where Syrtes whirl and rave;
 Where from Caucasian summits hoar;
 Or where the legend-haunted wave
 Of old Hydaspes laps the shore.

These last two lines—ending

. . . vel quæ loca fabulosus
 Lambit Hydaspes—

seem particularly happy. In the subsequent verses, however, the single word “lupus” is expanded into

*A tawny wolf, all dashed with gore,
 Fierce from a neighbouring thicket sprung :
 He gazed.*

This will appear to many readers almost too great an “expansion.” However, to quote the concluding verses :

Place me where never Summer’s breath
 Wakes into life the branches bare;
 A cheerless clime, where clouds and death
 Brood ever on the baleful air.

Place me where ’neath the fiery wheels
 Of nearer suns a desert lies,
 A homeless waste that pants and reels,
 Blighted and burnt by pitiless skies;

I reckon not where my lot may be:
 On scorching plain, in desert isle:
 I’ll love and sing my Lalage,
 Her low sweet voice, her sweeter smile.

The versions from Horace are closed by a spirited and jovial rendering of the Bacchanalian verses of Archdeacon Walter de Mares of Oxford, which to many will appear the most successful attempt in the collection.

The Valiant Woman. Conferences addressed to Ladies living in the World. By Mgr. LANDRIOT, Archbishop of Rheims. Translated from the French by ALICE WILMOT CHETWODE. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1886.

THIS translation will introduce to English readers a valuable and pleasant book. In seventeen conferences the author carries the “Valiant Woman” of the Book of Proverbs into the nineteenth century, and shows how she acts and looks in the new surroundings. In describing the heroine of the inspired penman the Archbishop of Rheims displays wonderful knowledge of human

nature, and power of applying the treasures gathered from his patristic reading; and wherever he has to make any apparent concessions to the "requirements" of modern society and manners, he cleverly contrives to turn the concession to advantage. Lively and good-natured these conferences continue to be in their English dress; in the original may be enjoyed also their polished style and the delicate flavour of literary elegance. That the latter qualities show quite as much as they might have done in a translation, we should not like to say; but considering how really difficult it is to represent very choice and idiomatic, and to some extent familiar French in idiomatic English, we acknowledge that the present translation is on the whole fairly done.

The most conspicuous quality of "*The Valiant Woman*" is perhaps the one which we should least expect to find in French conferences to ladies—i.e., the golden medium of good, plain common sense. The conferences are also eminently practical in treatment, and full of practical suggestions.

On the subject of manual labour, as on that of intellectual, the author has some excellent pages. As to the latter, whilst he claims for woman the right to cultivate her mind and acquire learning, he has severe words for the mere blue-stocking, and he lays down some practical rules for guidance in the matter of study. These are three: first, the rule of "time"; intellectual studies should never interfere with others that are and always will be primary—household duties, &c. Secondly, the rule of "measure"; he recommends each young aspirant after literary excellence to consult the extent and quality of her mental powers, and choose her studies accordingly. And thirdly, the rule of "reserve," which Fénelon calls "decency" in learning, or the golden rule of what to avoid. The author acknowledges the advantages of literature, but shrewdly reminds his fair hearers that *the* beneficial influence of woman at home and in society will continue to be due rather to qualities of heart, to her natural goodness and attractive sweetness of manner, and her true virtuousness. He is outspokenly severe on the mere "*devotee*," small-minded often, and generally full of petty passions, who is a dishonour to religion. Her husband, "not having made a vow of patience," has Mgr. Landriot's cordial sympathy! (p. 50). One of his remarks in another place, worthy of note, is that women are seldom mediocre in anything, and must therefore help themselves to real excellence where deficiency would be most regrettable. Equally good remarks are scattered through the conferences in which the author successively treats of duties to husband, to children, to servants, friends, society, and self, and in the matter of dress. His remarks on firmness are excellent, as decidedly is the whole of the conference on Sleep. However, in that "morning battle" with the pillow, we fear that many others besides "ladies of the world" ingloriously allow themselves to be conquered!

We think that "*The Valiant Woman*" will make an admirable gift-book, especially for a newly married wife, or for girls entering

or already entered into society. With delicate candour the author treats themes that must quickly rouse interest; he rebukes with pleasant earnestness; he is careful not to "preach;" whilst at the same time never forgetting his purpose of raising his audience, who are to remain "ladies in the world," to the elevation of true Christian women.

In the Light of the Twentieth Century. By INNOMINATUS.
London: John Hodges. 1886.

IT is to be feared that "In the Light of the Twentieth Century" reading will have become a severer mental strain than it is at present, judging from the little metaphysical skit lying before us. Doctrines concerning God, immortality, the soul, the origin of matter, if easy to accept on faith, are hard of discussion; while, when it comes to refuting such arguments as that the apparent You and I are mere thought-creatures of the infinitely real Ego; that every individual man is but a manifestation of the Ego, who is the one and the many—the one in pure reality, the many by creative emanation—it really requires a conciseness of style and a simplicity of language to which Innominatus has not altogether attained. To the reader of mere average powers his uneasily followed arguments make, as Lady Themis observes on page 50, "one's brain reel and one's heart sick." Innominatus predicts, with many other true prophets, the great impending social and political changes, but in the frenzied struggles of the present time he sees no chance of a safe landing on *terra firma*, but rather a deeper sinking into the mire. He looks at life at through sad-coloured glasses, and, noting certain facts through their pessimistic medium, he deduces therefrom certain effects which about the middle of the twentieth century will reduce us to a condition of the most pitiable coerced decadence, and to the brink of final ruin. His chain of cause and effect is good, but then those spectacles of his magnify and distort the cause. For instance, our devotion to Japanese fans and blue china is certainly foolish, and may have exercised a deteriorating influence—say, in the parish of Kensington; but it has not yet corrupted the vital sources of English life; there is absolutely no fear of its overthrowing religion; the extension of the franchise need not necessarily lead to a servile subjection to the will of majorities; we may discourage indiscriminate almsgiving, and still hope to preserve Christian charity and brotherly love amongst us. It is true that at the present moment it seems as if social and moral restraints were loosened; it is true that a wave of mental insubordination is passing over the country; but Innominatus makes allowance neither for any aspirations after higher things, nor any sort of natural goodness, nor for that groundwork of common sense on which Englishmen not unjustly pride themselves. And even should the evil days which Innominatus dreads come to pass, surely the great body of Catholics in England will not, as he would have

us believe, retire, mouse-like, to holes and corners, and never raise a voice against the blasphemous rubbish of the Infinitely Real Ego? If so, they would for the first time be false alike to their principles and their traditions.

Handbook of Greek Composition. By HENRY BROWNE, S.J.
Dublin: Browne & Nolan.

THE main purpose of the author of this excellent little book is to give a concise treatment of the rules of Greek Syntax with clear arrangement. To accomplish this end, the rules are written with the greatest possible brevity, the more important parts being pointed out by a thicker type, and the examples are all separated from the rules by being placed on the opposite page to the rules. The author has succeeded admirably in his attempt to combine brevity with clearness. Occasionally, however, clearness suffers from excessive brevity—*e.g.*, in the explanation of the difference between the Aorist Subjunctive and Present Imperative in prohibitions, and also in the treatment of the Conditional Prepositions. The arrangement would, we think, scarcely admit of improvement.

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1. *Euphorion*: being Studies of the Antique and the Mediæval in the Renaissance. By VERNON LEE. Second and Revised Edition. T. Fisher Unwin. 1885.
 2. *Baldwin*: being Dialogues on Views and Aspirations. By VERNON LEE. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1886.

WERE it not that there is an entire absence of evil motive, we should call "*Euphorion*" a bad book. As it is, there is such outspoken presentment of the grossest vice—for reprehension it is true—such license in the use or abuse of language, that pure-minded men and women had much better leave its pages unexplored. Although the treatment of these unsavoury subjects is grave and severely critical, never for a moment displaying the slightest trace of sympathy with morbid sentiment, or lingering with zest over unholy passion, we cannot excuse the authoress for deliberately selecting such themes as the subject of her essay. We repeat the question which the essayist, after minutely examining the garbage of *trouvères*, *troubadours*, and *minnesingers*, puts into the reader's mouth, "But where is the use of telling us all this?" and in Vernon Lee's attempted justification we find no satisfactory reply. Independently of this, we have to protest against the open irreverence in which the authoress occasionally indulges. Such a passage as the following, though too silly to be regarded as a serious utterance, illustrates the reckless self-confidence with which Vernon Lee promulgates her opinions and impressions:

Had the arrangement of the universe [she says] been entrusted to us, benevolent and equitable people of an enlightened age, there would

doubtless have been invented some system of evolution and progression differing from the one which includes such machinery as hurricanes and pestilences, carnage and misery, superstition and license, Renaissance and Eighteenth Century. But, unfortunately, nature was organized in a less charitable and intelligent fashion, and among other evils required for the final attainment of good we find that of whole generations of men being condemned to moral uncertainty and error in order that other generations may enjoy knowledge peacefully and guiltlessly. Let us remember this, and let us be more generous towards the men who were wicked that we might be enlightened!

If we pass from the morals of the work to its artistic contents, we find the enlightenment to which the authoress has just referred scarcely worth the sacrifice of countless mediæval souls. Impressions of books, and allusions to the works of writers and artists, make up the principal part of these 450 pages. Vernon Lee has no message to deliver, no artistic capacity which enables her to explain or to elucidate the subtle problems to which the Renaissance gives rise; but she has to an extraordinary degree the rush and power of words, which would be eloquence if they were arranged in order, but which in their present condition resemble the exuberant vegetation of a tropical forest. So self-satisfied is the authoress, that she seems to think any word good enough for her reader; and we find, accordingly, "scribbly illustrations," "happy-go-lucky practicalness," an incident in a story introduced by a "fluke," and other vulgar colloquialisms, wholly unfit for serious composition. We wind up this notice with a choice specimen of her style:—"Marston, in the midst of crabbedness and dulness, sometimes has touches of pathos and Michelangelesque foreshortenings of metaphor worthy of Webster!"

In the six Essays which compose Vernon Lee's newest book, Baldwin—"a rather abstract personage," as he is described in the Introduction—converses with equally abstract personages on Morality, Art, and Metaphysics. Baldwin's opinions, indeed, are not such as Catholic readers will care to examine; for they are essentially irreligious, as we understand them, and are occasionally expressed in an offensive form. In point of literary skill, however, it must be said that this book is a decided advance upon Vernon Lee's earlier productions.

The Lepers of Molokai. By CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.
Notre Dame, Indiana: "Ave Maria" Press.

THE lepers of the Sandwich Islands are gathered by order of the Government into two villages, entirely peopled by them, on the island of Molokai. The death-rate per annum is one hundred and fifty, and the number at the settlement is always seven or eight hundred, in all stages of the slow and repulsive disease. These pages are record of the writer's impressions during a visit to the leper villages. His descriptions of the sunny luxuriance of Molokai redeems the narrative from the gloom of its subject; but still more

is it brightened by the example of Christian heroism in Father Damien, of the Society of Picpus, who was the writer's genial host, and who, after more than eleven years of voluntary exile among his leper flock, has become, as we learn from the concluding pages, a victim of the disease—beginning to suffer a living martyrdom. Very touching, too, is the description of the Walshes, the Irish family, who for some time were keepers at the settlement, and who drew comfort in their affliction, hardship and isolation, from a worn volume of "All for Jesus." The condition of the lepers is made as endurable—we had almost said as happy—as possible, mainly through the tender care and the energy of their heroic pastor; and the villages of suffering show a bright aspect, white cottages with gardens ablaze with flowers. The little book ought to be read to enlarge our horizon and show what the charity of Christ can do through the hearts of His servants.

A Summer Christmas, and a Sonnet upon the s.s. Ballarat. By D. B. W. SLADEN, B.A., Oxford and Melbourne, Author of "Frithjof and Ingeborg," &c. London: Griffith & Farran.

THE scene of "A Summer Christmas" is laid in Australia, where, as every one knows, Christmas falls in the middle of summer. A number of people gathered together at the house of a squatter to spend Christmas agree to tell tales by way of whiling away the evenings. Each tale is a separate poem, and the Christmas fireside is used to weave them into an harmonious whole. The story of "A Summer Christmas," "told in Hudibrastic verse, gives succinct pictures of life on an Australian sheep station," and we have descriptions of rabbit and kangaroo driving, bush races, &c., intermingled with the usual love story. Some of the verses are vigorous and telling, and we have been much pleased with the poem entitled "Ethel;" but must sternly set our faces against the "Chaucerian" character of certain passages in some of the other poems. These passages spoil a book otherwise readable and well got up, and in consequence we hesitate to recommend it as suitable for young persons.

America, and other Poems. By HENRY HAMILTON. New York and London: G. Putnam's Sons. 1885.

THE poems contained in this little volume are chiefly of the introspective order, and clothe in verse, often graceful and melodious, the thoughts that pass through many minds when in their best and most serious moods. The following extract will give an idea of the writer's tone of thought:—

Inaudible move day and night,
And noiseless grows the flower;
Silent are pulsing wings of light,
And voiceless fleets the hour.

The highest thoughts no utterance find,
 The holiest hope is dumb,
 In silence grows the immortal mind,
 And speechless deep joys come.

Rapt adoration has no tongue,
 No words has holiest prayer;
 The loftiest mountain peaks among
 Is stillness everywhere.

With sweetest music silence blends,
 And silent praise is best;
 In silence life begins and ends,
 God cannot be expressed.

The second part of the volume, entitled "God and the Soul," is a religious monologue, written in a thoughtful and devotional strain, the form being that of a series of sonnets. They may well fulfil the mission claimed in the following aspiration :—

Yet in these songs there may be found a note
 Which to some dolorous heart will solace bring,
 A tone which with high hopes will blend and float,
 A line which to some memory will cling.
 And therefore to their fate I them devote,
 Like seeds sown in the shifting winds of spring.

Books of Devotion and Spiritual Reading.

1. *The Little Gift for First Communicants.* By Canon G. ALLEGRE. London: Burns & Oates.
2. *Server's Missal.* A Practical Guide for Boys serving at Mass. London: Burns & Oates.
3. *A Course of Lenten Sermons.* By the Rev. P. SABELA. London: Burns & Oates. 1886.
4. *The Graces of Mary.* London: Burns & Oates. 1886.
5. *The Sodality Manual.* Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1886.
6. *Prayers for the Visits to a Church required for the Jubilee.* Arranged by the Rev. W. J. B. RICHARDS, D.D. London: Burns & Oates. 1886.
7. *The Virgin Mother of God.* By St. BERNARD. Arranged and Translated by a Secular Priest. London: Richardson & Son. 1886.
8. *Life of the Ven. Joseph Marchand, Martyr.* By the Abbé J. B. S. JACQUINET. Translated by Lady HERBERT. Dublin: M. H. GILL & Son. 1886.

9. *Life of Margaret Clitherow.* By L. S. OLIVER. London: Burns & Oates. 1886.
10. *Preparation for Death.* By St. ALPHONSUS DE LIGUORI. Edited by the Rev. EUGENE GRIMM, C.S.S.R. New York: Benziger Brothers. London: Washbourne. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1886.
11. *The Following of Christ.* By JOHN TAULER. Done into English by J. R. MORELL. London: Burns & Oates. 1886.
12. *The Lay of St. Barbara.* London: Burns & Oates. Sheffield: Pawson & Brailsford.
13. *What is the Holy Cincture?* By the Compiler of the Augustinian Manual. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1886.
14. *The Birthday Book of Our Dead.* Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1886.

1. **S**OME one has here translated a number of stories and legends about the Blessed Sacrament, gathered from the "*Petite Corbeille Eucharistique*" by Canon Allegre, of Calais. They are not all absolutely authentic; and the translation is not quite faultless. For example, we are told that the "King of Ithaca," in order to escape the snares of the Sirens, "attached a mast to his vessel." The French text is not before us, but surely it cannot have furnished this novel reading of the ancient story. The little *brochure*, however, will be useful.

2. "A Sacristan" has compiled a small and handy manual for the use of a server at Mass. He has added one or two things to the rubrics; but, this apart, we can recommend the little book.

3. It is only necessary to say that the Rev. P. Sabela's Lenten Sermons on the Passion are seven in number, average about ten pages in length, and bear the *imprimatur* of the Bishop of Nottingham.

4. A prettily got-up book for the Month of May, containing instructions, prayers and examples. The instructions are mostly based on M. Menghi d'Arville's *Annuaire de Marie*, and the examples seem to be gathered from various sources, chiefly modern, and re-written.

5. The Rev. Father Callen, S.J., has here edited a very complete "Manual" for the use of those students who are members of the Sodality of Our Lady, and of the children of Mary in convents.

6. A very useful and handy manual for the present Jubilee.

7. These are the celebrated Homilies of St. Bernard on *Missus est* and *de Aquæductu*, with others on Our Lady's prerogatives and mysteries, well translated and carefully edited. The book comes from Mount St. Bernard, Charnwood Forest, and a short note reminds us that (in 1885) the Cistercian Fathers are keeping the jubilee of their settlement there. The translator is the "Secular Priest" who translated the "Visions of B. Angela of Folegno."

8. Perhaps there is a little too much mere political history in the

Abbé Jacquet's life of the Ven. Joseph Marchand ; but as a record of the life and career of a devout seminarist, an enthusiast for the foreign missions, and a martyr to the faith in Tonkin, it is interesting and acceptable.

9. We are inclined to think that the form in which the writer has cast this history of Margaret Clitherow will prevent some readers from appreciating it as much as it deserves. We have here a regular "story," with conversations, descriptions, and a certain amount of plot. Yet the actual and authentic records of this heroic life are so numerous and so vivid that nothing more was required, except a little local colour and explanation, to make the book absolutely fascinating. In reading Miss Oliver's pious "romance," those who are unacquainted with their Challoner will hardly guess that so much of the narrative is not fiction at all, but history. But the book is charming, stirring the pulses of every reader who thinks ever so little of that faith which this glorious martyr confessed beneath the shadow of York Minster.

10. The American Redemptorist Fathers send us the first volume of a centenary translation of the ascetical and practical works of their great founder. The editor is the Rev. Father Eugene Grimm, C.S.S.R. The present volume contains the "Preparation for Death." It seems to be well and carefully done. We do not quite understand why in a few instances the Scripture and other references are not given. Once or twice the editor has been evidently at a loss, as for example as to the identity of the "devout Pelbart." It seems a pity the work has been translated from the French instead of the original Italian. English readers, although they have good translations of many of St. Alphonsus' works, have very little idea of the masculine and pointed style of the original. "La puzza si fa sentire" is rather feebly rendered by, "The body has already begun to exhale an offensive smell." When the dying man has to leave all things, the introduction of the lawyer to make the will is lyrical in its simplicity, "Già è venuto il notaio, e scrive questa licenziata, *Lascio, lascio!*" But the English, filtered through the French, is commonplace—"The lawyer is already come and writes this last farewell: *I bequeath such-a-thing and such-a-thing, &c.*" (p. 79). St. Alphonsus exclaims, when the blessed candle is brought in, "O candela, O candela, quante verità che allora scoprirai!" The sonorous Italian carries this off perfectly ; but there was no necessity for making things more difficult by rendering it, "O candle, how many truths will you then *unfold!*" (p. 85). But the translation of a masterpiece is not easy work, and we may be well content with what we have. The succeeding volumes will be awaited with interest.

11. The "Following of Christ," by the great Dominican, John Tauler, is a very different book from that of Thomas à Kempis, with which it seems to have been almost contemporary. If Tauler really wrote the book—which Denifle, its most learned modern editor, is inclined to doubt—it is hardly worthy of his great reputation. It is a treatise on unity with God, and it follows the justly suspected

lines of the teachings of Eckart. At the same time, the almost unanimous voice of Catholic historians refuses to pronounce Tauler unorthodox. Many of his expressions go dangerously near the denial of any difference between the soul of the just and the substance of God, and there is no doubt he seems to make too little of external works. But, on the other hand, his theoretical or mystical views are not his main purpose, as they were with Eckart; he writes for moral and ascetical ends, and in order to lead the heart to God. Besides, he expressly repudiates, in many passages of his works, both pantheism and what we may call quietism; and we must remember that the condemnation of Eckart's teachings, though pronounced during Tauler's life-time, cannot have been widely or distinctly known in those troubled times of schism and interdict. The book before us will not do much harm by the strain of perverted mysticism which runs through it. On the other hand, its true interest will hardly be appreciated, for its language is very hard to follow. Mr. Morell has probably done as well as any one could do; but to give an English dress to an old German text, which itself is full of technical scholastic philosophy, is a very difficult task. When Dr. Schlosser published in 1833 his edition of the "Following," he added a *Lexicon Taulerianum*. If the reader could carry as he reads this book a mental lexicon of words and phrases—if he could readily construe Taulerian as he goes on—he would appreciate the warm piety, the profound earnestness, the eloquent beauty, and the strange raciness and smack of mediæval life by the banks of the Rhine, and in the valleys of the German Switzerland, which the work presents.

12. The writer of this hymn on St. Barbara has succeeded in being pleasing and devout, and the introductory essay is interesting, and serves usefully to remind us of this virgin patroness of the death-bed.

13. A pamphlet explaining the origin and excellences of the arch-confraternity of the Sacred Cincture of SS. Augustine and Monica, established in churches of the order of St. Augustine.

14. The compiler of the "Birthday Book of our Dead" has had the idea of putting together a number of "mortuary" extracts from all sources—old and new, sacred and profane, poetry and prose—and distributing them among the days of the year, leaving blank spaces for the names of departed friends.

LIST OF BOOKS RECEIVED.

"The Life of Frederick Lucas, M.P." By his brother, Edward Lucas. 2 vols. London & New York: Burns & Oates.

"La Coalition de 1701 contre La France." Par le Marquis de Courcey.- 2 vols. Paris: E. Plon, Nourrit & Cie.

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"The Rule of St. Benedict." Edited, with an English translation, &c., by a Monk of S. Benedict's Abbey, Fort-Augustus. London and New York: Burns & Oates.

"The Theory and Practice of Banking." By H. Dunning Macleod, M.A., &c. Fourth edition. 2 vols. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

"The Final Science; or, Spiritual Materialism." New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls.

"Une Invasion Prussienne en Hollande en 1787." Par Pierre de Witt. Paris: E. Plon, Nourrit & Cie.

"History of the German People from the end of the Middle Ages." By Johannes Jansen. Authorized translation by M. Riamo. Part II. London: Hanson & Co., 26 Oxford Road, Hammer-smith, W.

"The Way of Salvation and of Perfection." By St. Alphonsus de Liguori. Centenary edition. Vol. II. New York: Benziger Bros. London: R. Washbourne.

"Golden Sands." Fourth series. Translated by Miss Ella McMahon. New York, &c.: Benziger Bros.

"King, Prophet, and Priest. Lectures on the Catholic Church." By the Rev. H. C. Duke. London and New York: Burns & Oates.

"The Revelation of S. John." By W. Milligan, D.D. London: Macmillan & Co.

"Henry Bazely, the Oxford Evangelist. A Memoir." By the Rev. E. L. Hicks, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co.

"The Apostolic and Post-Apostolic Times." By G. V. Lechler, D.D. Translated by A. J. K. Davidson. 2 vols. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

"The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles." With Illustrations from the Talmud. By C. Taylor, D.D. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell & Co. London: G. Bell & Sons.

"The History of Interpretation." The Bampton Lectures for 1885. By the Ven. Archdeacon F. W. Farrar. London: Macmillan & Co.

"The Growth of the Church." The Croall Lectures for 1886. By John Cunningham, D.D. London: Macmillan & Co.

"Ecclesiastical English. Criticisms on the Old Testament Revisers' English." By G. Washington Moore. London: Hatchards.

"The O'Connell Press Popular Library." No. 1. J. C. Mangan's Poems. 2. Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield. 3. Moore's Melodies. 4. On Irish Affairs, by Edmund Burke. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. (3d. each).

THE DUBLIN REVIEW.

OCTOBER, 1886.

ART. I.—WHAT TO DO WITH THE LANDOWNERS.

THE land question has become a part of practical politics, and every newspaper must be prepared to give to its readers *ex cathedra* judgments on the lawfulness or unlawfulness of land-owning; whether a private person may have any at all, or as much as he can get hold of; whether he may use it as he likes or not; and if he is to be controlled, who is to control him, and how much; whether the present landowners have any business to be where they are, and had not better be turned out and others put in their place. And do all our woes spring from the monstrous appropriation of the soil by individuals, and must our salvation be sought in the nationalization of the land? Or is the survival of an effete feudal system our bane, and free trade in land the remedy? Or must we at all hazards put peasant proprietors and small holdings in the place of tenant-farmers and large holdings, and for ever afterwards live in peace? However this may be, we are forced to listen to a great deal of strong language and much calling of bad names; so that if we are to believe what we hear, half our countrymen are tyrants, exterminators, greedy monopolists, revolutionists, socialists, breakers of the Decalogue, stirring up to their own profit the passions of the multitude; or again, making their profit out of the necessities of others, and trampling on the poor and the weak. And besides this mutual vituperation, there is the din of watchwords and phrases, the various political and economical shibboleths; such as the land for the people, unearned increment, three acres and a cow, the right to the fruits of your labour, the laws of political economy, the law of demand and supply, free trade in land, security of capital, application of capital to land, the rights of property, the liberty of the individual, the freedom of contract. Finally, it is scarcely possible to discuss many of the recent laws

and proposals dealing with land without raising a violent storm of denunciation, or being lost in an incense cloud of praise.

Amid all this clamour and discord, amid this labyrinth of words, we are in evident need of some clue for our guidance. It is little use giving us advice to be calm and impartial, and avoid extremes; and nothing is more feeble and unpractical than eclecticism, which declares there is much to be said for all parties and opinions, and proceeds to offer you a select mixture, being so much of Messrs. George and Hyndman with an equal quantity of Messrs. Chamberlain and Arch, added to a strong composition of Lord Bramwell and Sir James Stephen. There is nothing to be done with such an indigestible compound. No doubt a great many people are eclectics—that is, they pick and choose, not on any principle, but as the fancy strikes them. And so we find excellent people holding opinions that lead straight to socialism, and others holding opinions that would justify any tyranny, and yet who would never dream themselves of committing any act of plunder or oppression. They are better as men than as logicians, and must be judged by their practices rather than by their professions. But after all we cannot permanently set logic at defiance, and the incoherent or contradictory views on social questions that are held by so many of our contemporaries are an accidental phenomenon not likely to be repeated. Our young men call on us to set before them something more clear and reasonable, and there seem but three social doctrines that we have the opportunity of teaching them. One is the socialistic or humanitarian theory, aiming at abolishing the poor and weak by equalizing property and power, and based on the assumption of man's natural goodness and equality. The second is the Darwinian or scientific theory, based on the doctrine of the survival of the stronger and the elimination of the weak; it refuses to protect the poor and feeble, so as not to interfere with the free development of higher organisms and the decay of lower. This is the suitable doctrine for the freethinkers (and there are such) among the Conservatives; while the socialistic theory is adapted for freethinkers among the Liberals; and both theories are equally opposed to Christian teaching, which recognizes inequality as providential, and will not admit that the rich are vampires and the poor are victims; nor again will admit the poor and weak and suffering to be inferior types, but, on the whole, puts them on a higher level than the rich and powerful, and seeks to bind both classes together by preaching submission and content, paternal care and fraternal charity. These are the three theories—the Socialist, the Darwinian, and the Christian—that are the only serious competitors for our allegiance; pull down the rich, or keep down the poor, or bind the two together by the bonds of religion.

Now, the question of the ownership of land being one of the chief among the social questions, will naturally be answered differently by each of these theories. With the two irreligious theories we are not now immediately concerned, for we are asking whether the Christian theory of society can give us clear and definite principles on the ownership of land which we can apply to the present circumstances of our country. I think it can; and the principles seem to me to be something as follows.

The right of every family to occupy and hold as its own so much unoccupied land as it can itself cultivate is a right that so obviously flows from the Christian view of man's position on the earth, and the nature of the family, that it needs no defence or illustration. The point of interest is whether any more may be occupied. Now, there is one kind of occupation that cannot be recognized—namely, where immense tracts of land fit for cultivation are claimed as their own by individuals, or families, or tribes, and kept out of cultivation. For this contradicts the end for which the earth was given over to men—to increase, multiply, and subdue the earth; and such nominal occupancy confers no title to exclude others from becoming genuine occupants of the land. This is a matter of no slight practical importance. For example, the greater part of the United States a few generations ago was in the occupation of tribes of Indians. Had they the right to exclude all settlers, and keep the vast valley of the Mississippi as their hunting-ground for ever? Not at all; for they were not using it as it was given to man to be used, and were keeping the earth unpeopled. For many hundred men could live by agriculture on the space that one man required to support him as a hunting-ground. I know well, indeed, that the Indian tribes have been treated with much cruelty and injustice, but this does not alter the fact that they had no claim to exclude agriculture from North America, and keep it as a perpetual wilderness for hunters and game. This is an extreme case, but the same principle applies in other cases, notably to the gigantic sheep-runs of the Southern Hemisphere. I am not saying a word against the temporary use of vast regions for raising wool, as is done in Australasia, as long as the temporary character of such occupation is recognized, and no serious hindrance put to the settlement of the country and the increase of population. But where there is such a hindrance—and there seems to have undoubtedly been such in Tasmania, where millions of acres are owned by a few dozen sheep-farmers, and settlement is blocked*—such occupation should be restricted, and the

* See the interesting account given in the *Times* for September 4, 1884. The vast, healthy, and fertile island, after nearly a century of settlement,

occupants have no more cause for complaint at their dispossession than the tribes of the aborigines.

But why tell us, you may exclaim, about squatters and Red Indians? We want to know about our landowners at home: are we to go on touching our hats to them, or to take them and hang them, *more Gallico*, on the nearest lamp-post? Well, if you will have a little patience, I will tell you plainly which of the two courses I recommend. And first, because it is not right or tolerable that one man or a few men should keep vast regions permanently uncultivated, it does not follow in the least that one man or few men should not hold vast regions of cultivated land as their own. No doubt there is a *political* danger if very much land or very much of any kind of power is in the hands of one or two people. There is a well-known sentence in Roscher's "Economics": "A dreadful lesson is to be learnt from history, when we read how six men owned half the province of Africa, and then Nero had all six put to death." But this does not prove that it is unjust and wrong to own a vast estate—only impolitic; and may justify measures to restrict gigantic ownership, but does not touch the ordinary rich landowner, whom you are in doubt whether to salute or to hang. Now, what is the meaning of a rich landowner? He is one who is the legal owner of much more land than he can cultivate with his own hands and with those of his family, and this land is cultivated by his servants or dependants, who work on his land, and after getting from it enough to support themselves, get a surplus above, which goes either in part or wholly to the landowner, and forms his revenue. Thus he can be freed from all labour except that of superintendence, and even this he can delegate to an agent. He has, therefore, both leisure for himself and his family, and can live in a fine house full of fine things, and (an essential requisite) with servants to take care of his goods and enable him and his family to enjoy them and live a cultured life. It may be noted, by the way, that not only landowners but every man who is above the poorer classes, in proportion as he is rich, must have others who are poor working for him; his revenue, as far as it exceeds the salary that he would pay an agent to do his work, must come from the surplus produce of the labour of the poor—call it rent, call it profit, call it interest: it can come from no other possible

has no more than 126,000 inhabitants; and in the twenty years from 1860 to 1880 the increase was only 27,000: manufactures remained next to none. The wheat produced was between six and seven hundred thousand bushels less, and the average number of sheep to each inhabitant sank from twenty to fifteen. The more energetic among the young men leave their country, as it can give no scope to their energy.

source. To attempt to justify the rich under false pretences, as though they were only recipients of wages for their services, is a paltry deception, and quite out of date. Every one of them, and not merely the landlords, are *ipso facto*, by the force of terms and the necessity of the case, receivers of "unearned increment," and the sooner we make up our minds to meet this fact the better. And, indeed, the three social theories I have named are all quite prepared to meet it, only in different ways. You rascally plunderers, says the Socialist, you are found out at last. Nonsense, says the Darwinian; one cultured life is worth many rude lives, and the existence of a cultured class with leisure for scientific research is essential to the progress of the race. And as it seems that these cultivated lives presuppose (in our present state of evolution) a squalid serving class below them, we must accept their presence as a necessity, instead of grumbling. This theory, indeed, has a weak point—namely, the difficulty of persuading the inferior organisms to play their part properly and minister to the development of the higher organisms. How are we to reason with Israel Hands, that famous coxswain in "Treasure Island": "I've had a'most enough o' Cap'n Smollett. I want to go into that cabin, I do; I want their pickles and wines, and that." Even if you got him to admit the general beauty and advantage of culture and progress, still there is the particular and delicate matter to be explained why he, Israel Hands, should be below Smollett, instead of Smollett being below Hands. And there is just the same trouble with the land. Why should *you* have all that large estate, and not *me*? Nor can I think of any convincing reason you can give me why I should not try and oust you from your place, except only that I shall be sent to prison if I try.

Now, the religious theory is able to justify the accumulation of much property—of land, for example—in the hands of one man, without issuing in any such brutal and violent conclusion. It is quite right to say there ought to be culture—that is, science and literature and art and refined social life—and that there must be great inequality of wealth as a pre-requisite; but then the Socialists are also quite right in thinking that if you say no more than this, and offer to the vast masses who are not rich no other compensation than to be the ministers of the cultivation of the few, the situation for these masses is intolerable. Now, precisely Christian teaching does say a great deal more. The rich and cultivated are not irresponsible; on the contrary, exactly in proportion as they exceed others in wealth and cultivation they incur a responsibility for the use of these gifts. They hold these gifts from God in trust for the general good, and are bound to dispense them by a useful life and abundant alms-deeds. Thus the

distinctions of class and education, of wealth and power, are destined to be a means of binding men together by a number of friendly ties, and of giving the opportunity for the exercise of a number of virtues that would be impossible if we had socialistic equality. And both rich and poor among all Christian people know well that every neglect of duty by the rich will receive in some way or other its punishment. Moreover, in a Christian State, the more mischievous neglects of duty will be restrained in various ways (which we will presently consider) by the law. Then besides, we are being always reminded of the paltry and trifling character of these temporal goods, and of the all-importance of spiritual goods, in gaining which the poor and simple have greater advantages than the rich and learned. Indeed, a life of poverty is held up as an ideal to our admiration, and we are taught that obeying is better than commanding. Nor have we any difficulty in meeting each particular case of inequality. When I begin to clamour for your estate, and complain that you have ten thousand acres and I not ten perches, you can give me a better argument than mere threats ; you can tell me to go back to my catechism, and be contented with the state of life to which Providence has called me. It is a good answer to me, and is the only good one.

Before going further, it may be well to clear up one particular point, lest we let in Socialism by a back door. For we may have an historical argument brought upon us, and be confronted by a dreadful catalogue of misdeeds. We may be told that the actual owners at law have really no rightful claim to their possessions, being descendants of publicans and harlots, usurers and extortioners, petty thieves and public plunderers. It is a shocking tale, we say, and would that we could have prevented those misdeeds or punished the perpetrators ; but does that past iniquity, assuming that it is all as you tell us, give *you* any claim to the land, even supposing that you in your turn can show that your own pedigree is quite stainless ? If the present holders are personally not guilty, why punish them for the sins of their forefathers ? Or why should not they be rich people as well as any one else ? And in truth there is much wealth that has not been accumulated by iniquity ; nor is it possible in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred to distinguish clearly which estates have sprung from a pure source, and which from a corrupt source. If you refuse to admit prescription, no title is secure, and social order is dissolved. And remember that, as many a muddy stream grows clear by running, so we find the grandchildren of the usurer the defenders of the widow and the orphan. I do not wish indeed to be an apologist of all accomplished facts, or to say that in particular and exceptional cases, especially where there has been

a foreign conquest, the actual owners may not many of them be unlawful owners, or have only a claim to slender compensation ; but this is a delicate question of politics and nationality which cannot be treated in a mere digression, requiring a discussion of what constitutes a nation, who is a native, who an alien, and what are the steps that may be taken to preserve a nationality and the rights that can be claimed by aliens. So this question I will altogether pass by, as it is not necessary for our purpose to discuss it.

We have now, I hope, reached a secure position, and can take for granted that the landowners have a valid claim to their lands, and are by no means to be restricted to what they can cultivate with their own hands. But the same train of reasoning that ought to make them secure in their rights, simultaneously fastens upon them their obligations. They can take the whole of the "unearned increment" as their own, with easy conscience and the law approving ; but then they are responsible for the moral and material welfare of all who work on their land, of all their servants and dependants, and more responsible the lower down in the social scale, the weaker and the poorer these are ; nor should their conscience or the law allow them to disregard this obligation. All these dependants have a claim to live a decent and secure life according to their station ; not in idleness and insolence, not as partners in the property, not as co-operators and co-proprietors, but in honest service, with a proper home and security against sickness and accident, and with a refuge in old age ; and the outlay (it need not be an extravagant outlay) for all this should be a first charge on the estate, no one else receiving one farthing's worth of the produce till all this has been secured. How this can be done—and it is no Utopian novelty—we will consider in due course. Here it is the place to make two very necessary explanations. First, when I speak of an obligation in conscience, I am not presuming to trespass on the domain of moral theology, still less to condemn any individual, but only to state the general and normal relations that should exist between landowners and their dependants. In the present diseased state of society, and after political economists have been leading rich and poor astray for a century with their false and immoral doctrines, there may be a hundred excuses and a hundred modifying circumstances in any particular case, and if the servants are to be independent of the master, we cannot expect the master not to be independent of the servants. Only, this unnatural separation and hostility, this casting-off of submission and fidelity, of care and responsibility, is already a social calamity, and will lead us, unless we amend, to a social catastrophe.

The other point to be explained is this, that in speaking of rich landowners and their duties, I do not wish to restrict the term landowner to its legal sense, but to include under it all those of the richer classes who derive any of their revenue from land, and in particular mortgagees. Many a so-called landowner is really little more than a channel for conveying the proceeds of the estate to others who have claims on it, and there is an obvious unfairness in allotting all the duties and responsibilities to him, and all the profits and pleasures to them. No doubt it is impossible, and perhaps not even desirable, to prevent every case of wealth being enjoyed without legal responsibility ; but this particular abuse can be made much smaller. For the power of mortgaging land can be very much and very beneficially restricted ; and if the Government is making a call on the rich, either for national defence or for giving the poorer classes a decent existence, or for any other great and urgent necessity, all should pay alike in proportion to their receipts, and the landowner who hands over three-fourths of his rents to mortgagees should only have to pay on the quarter he retains, and they should not escape paying (all contracts notwithstanding) on the three-quarters they receive.

I have spoken of Government and how certain of the duties of landowners can be rightfully enforced by the law. Let us endeavour to see what is the field for the interposition of Government, and whether we cannot get some true principle to guide us, instead of either avowedly having no principle at all and deciding each case according to our fancy, or else nominally adopting some unsound principle, and then running away from it, and escaping its pursuit by hiding in a forest of exceptions. All such unprincipled courses are to be avoided ; for if we follow them we shall be in imminent danger, either of being seized hold of by the Scylla of *laissez-faire*, which means the tyranny of the strong over the weak, or else we shall be sucked down by the Charybdis of Socialism, which means the tyranny of the Government over all the members of the State ; whereas by taking the right course of Christian politics we can steer safely through this dangerous strait. Now, the end of the civil power or government is the true temporal welfare of all the members of the State, such welfare, namely, as is not a hindrance but a help to their eternal welfare. The State is not a voluntary association for a particular aim, and the Government its chairman and board of directors. On the contrary, the State is a necessary association for the proper fulfilment of man's destiny on earth, and aims at all good in the temporal order, and the Government derives its authority, and all its claim to our obedience, from God. Hence it is an error to limit the action of Government to particular functions, such as keeping the peace and preventing theft ; but it is an

equal error to think that, because its end is all good, it may do anything it thinks conducive to that end. For God, from whom it draws all its authority, has not given it a monopoly of rights; on the contrary, He has given to man as an individual, to man as a member of the family, to man as a member of other associations, a number of rights which are as genuine and valid as those of the Government, and which the Government is bound to respect as springing from the same source as its own authority. But on no account let us imagine a constant state of antagonism between these private rights and the right and duty of Government to promote the general welfare. For precisely by making these private rights clear and determinate, and by giving them enforcement and security, Government is fulfilling its own end of promoting true temporal welfare; indeed, so great a part of the task of Government is done when it has protected these rights, that the rest it can do for the public good can be looked on as supplementary, though indeed a very valuable supplement. It is possible, no doubt, and occasionally happens, that a real conflict arises between private rights and public welfare, and the duty of the Government to promote that welfare comes in conflict with the duty to protect those rights. In such cases a reasonable Government will weigh the particular circumstances, not sacrificing important private rights to slight or uncertain or partial public good, nor again allowing great and general good to be hindered by private rights of comparative unimportance.

But let us again observe that such cases of conflict are exceptional; and since they are difficult to illustrate in a brief space without causing misapprehension, it will be better to pass them over and to explain a little more, and illustrate the ordinary and habitual duties of Government (sometimes miscalled the province of the State) before applying our principle to the landowners. The individual has a right to life and health. Hence the Government has the duty to determine and enforce that right, in general by punishing murder and assault, and in various other ways according to times and circumstances: for example, in countries liable to famine through failure of crops, compelling each district to keep a store of grain; and in thickly peopled countries enforcing various precautions against the spread of infectious diseases. Again, every individual man or woman has a right to be protected against attacks on his or her moral integrity. Hence every Government is bound to prevent criminal assaults and preserve public decency. In spite of some recent amendments, our law and its enforcement still falls shamefully short of what it ought to do for our protection; while in France there is scarcely a pretence of the Government fulfilling the elementary duty of suppressing filthy plays and publications.

Then, further, the family has various rights of the utmost importance, guarding its permanence and independence, binding together its members, and securing each in his proper position of superiority or subordination. Moreover, each small locality, as each village and town, is not to be held a mere administrative division, deriving all its rights from the Government, but as a body with rights of its own, and a certain autonomy which the Government is bound to respect. And then all private associations for all lawful ends, conducted in a lawful manner, can claim from Government such recognition and protection as is requisite for their proper working. Finally, we come to the duty of the Government to promote the public welfare by other means than by simply protecting the rights of the various members of the State. On this matter let me quote from the excellent work of the German Jesuit, Father Cathrein, on the office of the civil power :

This direct promotion of public welfare by Government should be confined to such necessary or very useful goods, which the private activity of families is not sufficient to procure, or which by their nature require single direction ; for example, to avert floods, fires, and other similar disasters from the elements, to build bridges and other means of communication, hospitals, schools and similar institutions. The local authority is indeed naturally the first that should complete and give a helping hand to the family in these matters, and the central Government should only step in when the work is too much for the local authority.*

And in another place he marks the fitness of Government promoting learning and art by establishments that would be too much for private efforts, such as observatories, institutions for anatomy and physiology, natural history and other museums, great libraries and collections of works of art.†

The foregoing illustrations will, I hope, make clear the manner in which Government is to fulfil its duties. No doubt in these matters, as in most questions of ethics, it is impossible to determine every particular duty with exact precision ; and a certain vagueness, justifying differences of opinion, must prevail about the exact point where the Government exceeds or falls short of its duty. But it is poor reasoning to conclude that because everything is not clear the greater part cannot be clear ; we may differ on the exact time when daylight begins and ends, but this does not prevent us being perfectly agreed that it is daylight at nine in the morning or at three in the afternoon. We are all

* *Die Aufgaben der Staatsgewalt und ihre Grenzen.* Freiburg in Breisgau, 1882. P. 93.

† *Ibid.* p. 123.

liable, indeed, to make mistakes in the application of our principles, but if only the principles are right, and we are constantly proclaiming them and referring to them, we cannot go far wrong. Thus, if we are always repeating that all authority is from God, and that individuals and families and bodies of men, united in associations or by the bond of neighbourhood, have *natural rights* which every Government is bound both to respect and to protect, we shall be in no danger of falling into State Socialism; for State Socialism is but a form of Cæsarism, and the essence of Cæsarism is to put man in God's place, to make the Government (they call it the Sovereign Power, or the State) the source of all rights, and bound by no duties; while all natural rights are to be held a silly figment—indeed, a contradiction in terms. The followers of Christ and of Cæsar may agree in many particular measures of government—we shall have a striking example presently before us—but their agreement is accidental, for their first principles are irreconcilable antagonism.

Let us return now to the landowners and the land, and inquire how, in this important department of State, the Government can fulfil its duty. But we are not yet in a position to answer the inquiry; for although we have examined in general the duties and position both of landowners and of Government, we cannot judge of particular measures till we are agreed on another question; and the question is, whether it matters how a country is inhabited and cultivated, and if so, what is to be desired? On this point, which is partly physical, partly moral, there is the same confused controversy as on the question of the ownership of land. We have idyllic pictures drawn of the happiness and virtue of rural life, and the happy peasantry where there are no landlords to oppress them; and Utopian schemes are propounded of transplanting the crowded inhabitants of our cities into the country, and reforming them by the transplantation. On the other hand, we are shown dark and dreadful pictures of the squalid misery and moral depravity of peasant proprietors and cottiers, till we begin to wish for every land the largest possible farms and the fewest possible cultivators. Now, part of these contradictory pictures comes simply from wrong observation: people look for what they have preconceived, and cannot see anything else; or they are struck by some good or bad feature that is in fact quite exceptional, and reason as though it was the rule. But these errors of observation account for only a little of the diversity of view; there are deeper causes behind. For example, much of the extravagant praise of country life and extravagant expectation of the happy and virtuous life that would be led were England filled with small cultivators, is built on the false doctrine of man's natural goodness, and that the vice of towns is

forced and artificial. Against such a doctrine we can cite experience, and point to those dismal poems of Crabbe, "The Village" and "The Parish Register"; or, if we are told that the English village a century ago was artificially corrupted by landlordism, then let us point to the French peasantry depicted by Balzac and Le Play. A kindred error is to imagine that the land can be repeopled and a virtuous peasantry formed out of a corrupt town population. Julius Cæsar tried it, and others before him and after him; but the attempt was vain, and we may adapt to our purpose an old quotation, and say: *Nascitur non fit—agricola*. Those bred in a town, a modern large town in particular, and even those long accustomed to its life, though reared in the country, become unfit for a husbandman's life—unfit to a certain extent in their body, and still more in their mental and moral dispositions. The comparative silence, solitude, and darkness of the country; the slow speech and manners; the monotonous plodding life, the early rising and early rest, all repel them, even the better among them; while the vicious have an additional abhorrence of a place where evil pleasures are more difficult to get, and vice is less easy to hide. Quite another form of error and source of false conclusions is to be found among those who give us such black pictures of the physical misery of peasant proprietors, cottiers, and crofters. No doubt a good deal of ink is unconsciously employed to make them appear worse off than the English agricultural labourers. No doubt also the peasantry in much of Europe is now very wretched, notably in Hungary and Italy, because they have been for many years shockingly oppressed and plundered by an un-Christian middle class. But these explanations still leave a great deal of dark colouring, which cannot be explained as exaggerated or exceptional. And here the error appears. They reason as though it were not part of the nature of things that the bulk of the cultivators in any land under any system must altogether do without servants, and change their shirt not oftener than once a week. But it is so. The mass of men must be rude and squalid, alike whether they are living in virtue or vice, in contentment and security, or in misery and apprehension. And thus to object to any system of land tenure, that it does not allow the rural population to take life easily, and appear washed and brushed in a best front parlour, is to make no valid objection at all. But because we are no dreamers, because we recognize that all wealth and refinement is of necessity the slender apex of a great pyramid of poverty and rudeness, because we call a spade a spade, and if a man is not washed we decline to tell him that he is: all this is no reason for falling into another error, and a worse and more irremediable error than the cheerful delusion that

every one can lead a pleasant and easy life. For the second error implies that our moral judgment is impaired. Now, the error is this; namely, to judge wrongly of squalor and rudeness, making them evils of the first magnitude, and making a well-tended body and a cultivated mind essential to a decent and endurable existence. This is a pagan error, and so opposed to Christianity that our religion has been accused (quite falsely indeed, but still accused) of fostering ignorance and dirt. What Christianity has really taught is that squalor and rudeness are indeed evils, but comparatively mere trifles, that can co-exist with all the essential qualities of a good life; that the weighty matters are that a man be an obedient son, a faithful husband, a careful father, honest and charitable towards his neighbours, contented with his lot, and living in the fear and love of God, and that no amount of perfume and polish, of accomplishments and erudition will compensate for any deficiency in these essential qualities. Refinement is not an evil, but assuredly it is something very different from happiness or virtue. A word more indeed must be added for English readers. We must not judge of the necessary condition of the poorer classes from those we too often see around us, who are sunk in intellectual and moral degradation. By the word rude which I have used, I mean rough and uncouth, clumsy, ignorant, and unrefined. But rude in this sense does not mean coarse, and brutal, and intemperate, and insolent, and vulgar, and insensible to higher things, and ignorant of all higher literature. On the contrary, rustic rudeness can co-exist, and wherever Christianity has got the upper hand has co-existed, with much knowledge and appreciation of high things, exalted doctrines, heroic examples, beautiful liturgies and ceremonies; and beneath a rough exterior there can be so much true courtesy and kindness that astonished travellers return and tell us they have found the ragged dwellers in hovels and huts behaving like gentlemen.

Having cleared ourselves from some of the most common misapprehensions about country life and the poor, we are in a position to see the real state of the case, and what we really ought to wish. Now, the conclusion seems irresistible, that for every State it is much to be wished that the great bulk of its members should live in the country, and have some part in the cultivation of the soil; both religion and patriotism are agreed on this point, and give on different grounds the same recommendation. For in the country the life of poverty, which from the nature of things the great bulk of mankind must lead, can be led in the manner most favourable to virtue and contentment, inasmuch as each family can be more separate and self-contained, the children reared in habits of industry and obedience, apart from the

contagion of vice, their work and their pleasures alike under parental control, and every youth and every girl as well as their elders being personally known, not lost as nameless units in a crowd, or able to do shameful things without being put to shame. Again, a country-bred population (with but a few exceptions) is physically stronger than a town-bred population; though this truth is often obscured by the most vigorous of the country youths flocking by thousands into the towns, leaving the weaker behind, and giving an appearance of strength to the towns which rests on a delusion. But a wise statesman looks to the future, and asks what will be the physical strength of the children and grandchildren of these country youths—of the future generations reared in great cities or in those manufacturing districts which have the character of cities; and he will answer that for permanent health and vigour the bulk of the inhabitants ought to be country bred. No doubt, country populations can be degraded morally, like much of England and some of France; or degraded physically, like the unhappy victims of oppression and *pellagra* in the plains of Lombardy; but we must look at the rule and at probabilities, and not judge by exceptions. No doubt also the vice and misery of modern great cities is in part remediable, and not a necessary concomitant of every great city; but this does not alter the general advantage of the country. No doubt, too, that a nation of mere agriculturists, with scarce any town population, is lacking in centres of learning and invention, art and literature, nor is any better physically or morally than if a certain proportion of its members were collected in towns. But the need of a certain number of townsfolk does not imply that the more you have the better; for then, because bread and butter is a better meal than bread, butter by itself would be the best meal; and it is precisely the aim of a wise statesman to preserve a proper balance between town and country, and not to suffer urban life to be stinted as in India, or overgrown as in England. On this aim, and on the particular measures for reaching it, an infidel State Socialist and a Christian politician may be agreed, only for different reasons: the one seeking for his country the maximum of physical vigour and military power; the other seeking to fill it with the maximum of virtuous lives.* Nor need we, having such convincing reasons for preferring country life for the great bulk of our countrymen, be disturbed by the murmuring of effete

* The advantages of a country life, over a town life, for the physical and national, and above all for the moral and religious welfare of a nation, have been well set forth, with especial regard to America, by Bishop Spalding in a previous number of this Review (DUBLIN REVIEW, January 1881).

economists, who pester us about division of labour, and reason as though man was created in order to exchange, and that everything was the better for being bought and sold before you use it, and the best if carried from the furthest distance and passed through the greatest number of hands. It is enough to say that division of labour, like all other things, has its abuse as well as its use; that trade and traffic are only contrivances to make up for our deficiencies, and the less we want them, the closer the produce is to the consumer, the greater the saving in cost; that, further, with men as they are, the less buying and selling, the less the occasions of dissension and dishonesty; that the dictum now quite common in the newspapers, "that small tenants and peasant proprietors, to succeed, must have something else than the land to depend upon," is a tardy and imperfect recognition of the truth to which we have so long shut our ears, that the countryside should be filled with industry, and primarily with industry for home consumption, exempting the petty farmers from much buying, from many occasions of debt, from much hasty and untimely selling; that each petty homestead should afford occupation at home to a numerous family: brewing, baking, keeping bees, poultry, pigs, goats, and often a couple of cows; if not spinning or weaving, at least only buying materials, and making, and mending, and washing all clothes at home; constructing and repairing buildings, making and mending tools; that besides these industries of independence there are many others, according to the district, which could be undertaken in order to sell the proceeds (such as knitting stockings or carving wood), and many local employments even now to be fulfilled, while the more the country is peopled the more are the opportunities (of course within certain limits, which I can leave to common sense) of supplementary employments. Hence each step forward in this great reform of giving the rural districts life once more will make the next step easier.

If we are agreed on the foregoing principles of private property and national well-being, we ought to be able without much difficulty to answer the question of how Government should treat the owners, the tenants, and the cultivators of land. We may differ indeed about particular laws and customs, because it is difficult to acquire the accurate knowledge of local circumstances on which the right applications of our principles depends; these circumstances vary in different times and countries; one province, county, or district may be quite unlike another. But the principles are simple. The Government is there for the general good and for the protection of all rights. Hence to take away land from the rich and give to the poor, with the aim of equalizing wealth, is plunder under the guise of philanthropy. Hence

also to allow the rich to deal as they like with the tenants and cultivators on their estates, without holding them responsible for the well-being of these serving classes, is oppression under the guise of liberty. No clamour about one man being as good as another shall make me withhold from the rich owners the entire surplus produce of the labour of the poor tenants or labourers; but then no clamour about the rights of property shall make me allow that surplus to be reckoned for the landowner, till enough has been set aside for the decent (not luxurious and indolent, but frugal) life of the husbandmen. This is the first charge on every property; let me add that just the same principle applies to all workmen in factories, on roads and railways, to all in shops and at sea, and that landowners are not the only people who have responsibilities. Hence neither rent nor interest, profit, dividend, or any kind of income is fair, if it encroaches on this first charge, and consequently does not leave enough to the dependants from whom it is drawn to live a decent life according to their station. Now, every Christian Government is bound to see as far as it can that this first charge is met; the method of enforcement indeed must vary according to times and circumstances, and may often, though not of necessity, take the shape of periodical assessments of fair wages (as formerly common in England), or of fair rents; and such assessments require to be supported by laws against reckless borrowing and usurious lending, lest that necessary minimum of income, which you have secured against landlord and employer, be seized by the creditor. Another way to the same end is to make each landowner legally responsible for all who ever work on his property, and to repay to the local authority whatever it may have to spend for the widows and orphans, the imbecile, the sick, and the aged, who can be reckoned among his dependants. Or he may be directly called on to provide all with decent habitations, or show that they are so provided. And there are various other methods of enforcement. Only remember once more, that after that first charge has been met, all the rest belongs *prima facie* to the landowner. To go on subtracting more and more from his income is not in harmony with what you have been doing before, but in contradiction; you were doing justly in protecting the poor, now you are doing unjustly in plundering the rich. And remember also that the good Government which enforces one part of the duties of landowners, and hopes they will perform the other part, will put them as far as it can in a position to fulfil these duties. Now, all reason teaches us that a landed nobility, or gentry, or yeomanry that is sunk in debt, cannot fulfil the duties of their position; and all history teaches us that the landowning classes have the money-lenders

as their peculiar foes. Hence Government should come to their defence—for example, by narrowly restricting the powers of mortgage, or by prohibiting and punishing usury, or by holding all mortgagees and all who draw any income from the land co-responsible with the nominal landowner for the well-being of the cultivators, and unable to contract out of their responsibility; or again, by adopting the Homestead Exemption Laws, so common in America, whereby house and home, and enough to live decently therein, are exempted from seizure for debt, and are preserved inalienably to the family on the death of the head till the youngest child is of full age. So Christian legislation by no means consists in doing everything for the tenants and nothing for the landlords. And the same can be said of the other duty of Government, one which obviously follows from the superiority, moral and physical, religious and national, of rural over urban life—the duty, namely, to keep or make the country well peopled, to avert the evil of rural depopulation. I will not discuss the various measures, preventive and remedial, of depopulation; for the point I wish to mark is that in general such measures are not blows directed against the honour and power and wealth of the landed gentry, still less the seizure of their property and its deliverance to the poor. They are indeed blows against the enjoyment of riches without responsibility, against leading a life of ease without recognized duties, against drawing an income without thought or care for those from whom it is drawn. It is less trouble, I grant, to deal with a few pastoral tenants and scanty herdsmen than with a crowd of farmers, cottiers, and agricultural labourers; it is scarce possible to fulfil all the duties towards them without dwelling in their midst, or at least visiting them often. But then the end of life is not to save ourselves trouble; and let us ask, whether, being dispensed from eating our bread like the multitude in the sweat of our brow, the trouble, the care, and the responsibility of ownership, mastership, and rule are not to be held as our manner of taking part in the common lot, and as the salt without which our riches would turn to corruption. Is it not a nobler office, though it may be more trouble, to rule men than cattle, and instead of slumbering in luxurious solitude, to be honoured in a hundred homesteads and to have the love of a thousand hearts? Surely we are agreed on these points; and then as we know our own weakness, it is not reasonable for us to resent the salutary pressure of laws and customs that are a bridle to our passions, and a spur to our indolence, and a help to us to fulfil those duties of wealth and culture for which assuredly, however much the Civil Power may allow us to neglect them, a Higher Power will call us to account. And the time has now come when we ought to be more united on

this matter of landowning, as indeed on all social questions. That we are apparently much at variance with one another is indeed natural, mingled as we are with an ill-principled or unprincipled crowd. We have been misled by our companions, or by forgetting our principles have been confused by phenomena. For example, amid cultivated evolutionists we have learned to detect and deride the follies of land reformers—their ignorance of human nature, ignorance of rural life, their presumption, their flattery, their self-contradictions, and vain hopes, and impossible nostrums; and we forget that our friends are no less in error. Or again, we witness the course of a Christian family compelled to leave the country for the town, and see with impotent horror how all their faith and morality yields to the surroundings, and gives place to licentiousness and blasphemy; or we watch the dismal, discontented, and evil life of an English country village; and in our indignation against the abuse of riches and power, forget that because this is wrong, it does not follow that revolution is a remedy or that Socialism is right. But it is time for us to be more reasonable, for social questions are urgent, and it has at last become plain that all social questions are religious and philosophical questions. So it is sadly to demean ourselves if we figure as the half-hearted followers of the gospel of Mr. Hyndman or the gospel of Mr. Herbert Spencer; and is quite unnecessary. For we have something better of our own.

C. S. DEVAS.

ART. II.—LONGFELLOW.

Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. With Extracts from his Journals and Correspondence. Edited by SAMUEL LONGFELLOW. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1886.

THE first printed verses of Longfellow appeared in a local paper when he was thirteen. The boy and his sister waited till their father had read the newspaper by the log fire, and then, with secret triumph, found that Henry's poem was actually printed. But that evening he went with his father to visit a neighbour, Judge Mellen, and the old judge happened to say: "Did you see the piece in to-day's paper? Very stiff—remarkably stiff! Moreover, it is all borrowed—every word of it." The poet of thirteen felt ready to sink through the floor; but he got away as soon as he could, without betraying himself. He

was not of a temperament easily discouraged, and he was crushed, but not extinguished, by his first critic. The career that followed has now been sketched by the poet's brother, with extracts from letters and journals enough to make it an autobiography. We find the sources of his poetry; we are let by the alchemist himself into his laboratory to watch the secrets of making the gold.

The poetic side of his nature came from his mother, the descendant of John Alden and Priscilla Mullens, of the *Mayflower*. His father, a hard-working barrister, and at one time a member of Congress, gave him industry and hospitality; but his character repeats his mother's—her piety, her cheerfulness, with a gentle fortitude, goodness to the poor, hatred of war, and delight in the country, in music, and in poetry. Both the Wadsworths and Longfellows were originally from Yorkshire.

His native town was Portland, in the State of Maine, New England. There, from the streets overarched with elms, he saw "the sheen of the far-surrounding seas," and became enamoured of "the pearly sea with its irresistible attraction." There, too, the ships of his verses were first seen:

The black wharves and the slips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships
And the magic of the sea,

The forests of his fancy began in Deering's Woods, "the breezy dome of groves" seen from Portland. The stars, like the forests, had a fascination for him always. At his grandfather's, during the holidays, he saw the village smithy and the spinning-wheel—that wheel at which the shadowy Evangeline and Priscilla were to sit. Swimming and outdoor games were his pastimes; but from violence and rough noise he shrank with almost physical dread, like the young Mozart's fear of the blast of a trumpet. An impetuous and lively boy, eager at everything, his truthful blue eyes looked one square in the face. Happy he was by nature, but very sensitive. He gave up shooting expeditions with his elder brother, and came home liquid-eyed, because he had shot a redbreast—a fitting beginning for the poet who described the Birds of St. Francis: "God's poor who cannot wait," with their crimson hoods and cloaks of brown. As a boy, to use his mother's words, he was "remarkably solicitous always to do right." A college classmate says, "From his very nature it appeared easy for him to avoid the unworthy." Hence those guileless poems that become, to the children of the household, life-long friends. A hatred of injustice was another characteristic of his boyhood; afterwards, it took the form of his abhorrence of slavery.

Writing to him at college, his mother says that she cannot

think obscurity favourable to the sublime in poetry. "It may be so, but I am much better pleased with those pieces which touch the feelings and improve the heart, than with those which excite the imagination only, and raise perhaps an indistinct admiration." Consciously or not, his taste followed hers.

At this time he was taking evening walks in the woods with his fellow-student, Nathaniel Hawthorne; and both were noted for never taking a shot at the flocks of wild pigeons. In Portland papers, verses were appearing signed H. W. L.

Sorrow is for the sons of men
And weeping for earth's daughters,

said one effusion; another lamented that spring was renewing the trees "but not my joys again." No wonder that a correspondent wrote: "With your poetry I am much amused; but that our cheerful and laughter-loving friend should write in strains of melancholy was an enigma to me." It proves that Longfellow, like the rest, did not soar to the summit; in his youth he climbed by slow degrees to the expression of genuine feeling—to true poetry.

Three elements appear in his works—religion; culture, including a wide knowledge of European literature; and lastly, what we may call the domestic element: he is the laureate of home-life. One sees in his career how naturally these three things—religion, culture, home affections—came to be the spirit of his writings.

His father, a staunch Unitarian, suggested that he should study for the ministry. He declined to enter the vineyard unless the vine would flourish more for his care; in other words, he had too much earnestness to choose religion merely as a profession. To medical studies he had a positive aversion; and as for law, he said he had no talent for argument. The father did not think anything of the "poetical productions;" but the son's heart was set upon literature: "My whole soul burns most ardently for it. . . . Whatever I do study ought to be engaged in with all my soul, for *I will be eminent* in something." His present wish was to study "history and Italian, a taste that he kept through life. He had "a most voracious appetite for knowledge;" and he had dreams of crossing the ocean to see France and Italy.

Just in time, a new professorship of modern languages was founded and offered to him at Bowdoin College, and the student of nineteen was to spend three years in Europe as a preparation. Before the end of his travels, he spoke French and Spanish like English, read Portuguese easily, and, despite his brown hair, bright complexion, and blue eyes, he was mistaken for an Italian in Italy. "I assure you," he wrote home to his sisters, "that

by every language you learn a new world is opened before you." At twenty-two he entered upon his professorship, and two years after his marriage took place to Mary Storer Potter. It was happy, but brief. During his second European tour she died at Rotterdam, saying with her last breath, "I will be with you and watch over you." Of her he speaks as "the being beauteous" in "*Footsteps of Angels*," a poem written during reveries of loneliness, and finished many years after. Strangely enough, the first time we hear of consolation, it is in a Catholic church. Three days after her death, he strayed into a church at Düsseldorf; "and the solemn stillness at the elevation of the Host, the kneeling crowd, and the soft subduing hymn chanted to the music of the organ soothed and cheered him." The journey had been undertaken to perfect his German and the Northern languages before accepting a higher and more lucrative post, given to him by the retirement of Ticknor from the Chair of Modern Languages at Harvard University, Cambridge. The American Cambridge was then a village, with a square shaded with elms, whence the omnibus started for Boston. Longfellow's college duties there began in 1836. His residence was Craigie House, a spacious mansion, where, after Bunker's Hill, a regiment had found quarters, and where Washington had spent a winter during the War of Independence. Surrounded with blossoming fruit trees and luxuriant gardens, and with a meadow and the river Charles seen in front beyond the elms and lilac hedge, it was to the poet "a paradise," and few poets have had such fortunate surroundings. But though the first professorship seemed made for him, and the second given for his advancement, it must not be forgotten that as a student he had earned the choice that fell upon him in the first case; and, because he did far more than was asked of him at Bowdoin, Harvard College had been anxious to secure him. Again, after college work, if his poetry won the world's praise easily, praise or fame never made him careless. In a word, he earned his success, and he kept his fame, not only by possessing a cultured and beautiful mind, but by being an ardent and persistent worker.

For the third time he crossed the Atlantic, in 1842, for the restoration of his health. A fortnight in London was spent with Dickens, and one of his letters was dated "from Dickens' study, with the raven croaking in the garden." On his return to America he was married, in July, 1843, to Frances Elizabeth Appleton, the daughter of a Boston merchant. Gifted with tastes like his own, as well as beauty, wit, and abundant sympathy, she was the helpmate of his most fruitful years. She was eyes to the blind when he suffered from bad sight; in the garden under the lindens, or by the fireside, she read aloud every evening, and, sharing

the pleasure of new books, he kept pace with modern literature told through her voice. Their life was busy with social pleasures and hospitality, and with the care of a circle of children—the “living poems” of the famous verse. He liked the seaside better than the country, because the idea of liberty was stronger there; and their favourite summer resort was Nahant—“cold roast Boston,” as his witty brother-in-law called it. The rest of the year he spent between Craigie House and the lecture-hall. When he walked down the street to the college he felt the difference between the prose world and his ideal world of poetry, and, as he said, the scaffoldings about the palace of song came rattling and clattering down. In his journal he wrote:

It seems like folly to record the college days—the working in the crypts of life, the underground labour. Pardon me, O ye souls, who, seeing education only from afar, speak of it in such glowing words! You see only the great pictures hanging in the light; not the grinding of the paint and oil, nor the pulling of hair from the camel’s back for the brushes.

Sometimes his lectures were given with such a headache that he spoke of Metastasio or Goldoni as in a dream, till, after indefinite time, there was somewhere a bell, and he was free. Examination day he called “*dies iræ, dies illa*”—a proof that the unfortunate victims of the questions have not all the trouble on their side. Evidently he was a most kind Professor, glad to be consulted, and giving to the slow or perplexed student an hour of such inspiring talk as turned work henceforth into pleasure. But there was not time for lectures, and study, and poetry, with eyesight for but half the day. He himself notes with glee the story of a white man who complained that he had no time to do anything, and got his answer from an old Redskin: “Why, you have all the time there is, haven’t you?” But with his bad eyesight, Longfellow had not all the time there was. The day had not space in it for the college, the study, the home circle, and the visits that began to be a heavy tax on his time; and he delivered his last lecture in 1854.

From his professorship dated his best friendships—with Felton, “heartiest of Greek Professors,” as Dickens called him; with Charles Sumner, whom he at first knew lecturing in the law schools; with Hillard, Sumner’s legal partner, and Cleveland, another *littérateur*. They were all of about the same age, and at the beginning they were all more or less dabbling in literature. At first they made a group or club of five, and then, by a play upon the word, they were known as the Five of Clubs. Longfellow’s wife wrote of them: “They praise and criticize each other’s performances with a frankness not to be surpassed, and

seem to have attained that happy height of faith where no misunderstanding, no jealousy, no reserve exists." Truly, a noble friendship.

Beside a large circle whom he knew, he began to have unknown visitors. The first drop of the shower came in 1846—two travellers from the English York; and he noted in his diary that this visit to him as an author was to be looked upon as an honour. Little did he imagine the invading honours in store for him! There was the youth with a carpet-bag, requesting five minutes and taking two hours. There was the English poetess with long fair curls, who arrived in the twilight, manuscript in hand; and the "weedy woman," who swept up to his family party out walking, and introduced herself as an admirer, and requested them to notice how very remarkable it was that she had met him. There was the young man from Michigan, who arrived after dinner, collecting money and books for a college, and said, "I don't mind if I take a cigar with you;" and, after a pause, putting off his overcoat, "If my horse were hitched, I would sit down and have a talk with you." There was the exasperating seller of scent, who would give him a dollar's worth in return for a poem, recommending himself and the scent to the bounteous Jenny Lind; and of course there was the young man who borrowed money to get home. Of his patience we may judge by the journal:

This afternoon a youth entered my study, and, throwing down with vehemence a red printed paper, exclaimed, "There, that's what I want to do!" and then, without pause, dashing a pocket-book upon it, continued, "And that's why I can't do it—that empty purse!" On the handbill, in large letters, was "G—— C—— will give a Select Reading," &c. He then began to recite Emerson; then "The Building of the Ship," in fragments. In fine, he wanted funds to go on with his poetic readings, having an eye to the stage, with great plans of reform in the drama! As I could not furnish the funds, his face changed; he rose, and shut the pocket-book, buttoned his coat across his breast, and said, "I don't want you to do it, unless you had rather do it than not! But I thought, if it turned out well, this might be the beginning of a friendship between us." I calmed him a little; he sat down again; we talked of his plans; and he stayed to tea.

Then there was the Polish Count, who first smokes a cigar on the summer verandah—a droll figure with round face and blue glasses, slouched hat, loose clothes, and white buckskin shoes. He is a mysterious personage, who has written books on America, and lives in good society, with a large experience and empty pockets. The writer of the diary is "weak enough" to ask the Count to dinner—they dine early; and he stays all the afternoon

and till eleven at night, and leaves the family feeling as if a huge garden-roller had gone over them. Next morning before sunrise, when the hard-working Professor is breakfasting by candle-light, there is a ring at the door-bell and a letter signed "The Homeless G." Worse still, next morning again, and earlier, before the poet has even got down to breakfast, "il terribile Conte," just to know if his letter has been received. It does not concern money, which he refuses afterwards with "great delicacy of feeling," lest their relations of friendship might be changed. But the early hours were very precious to Longfellow, and if they were invaded, he thought, "what will become of me?"

Sunday was always Sumner's day; without him, as his host said, the pudding behaved like Macbeth's Amen; but

After dinner "il terribile Conte" came in, and the smokers turned my study into a village tavern, much to my annoyance. The Count stayed till ten o'clock, and expatiated amply on the corruption of European society—like an old rake who has lost all faith in virtue.

And next Sunday again "il terribile Conte" arrives; but this time

very pleasant in his European chat. There was no violent discussion, so that the Count did not so often as usual clasp his round head with both hands, and say "Ouf!"

Finally, Longfellow makes a journey to town, and gets him an appointment with one of the Boston papers. The whole interlude of the terrible Count shows the courteous host and the patient friend. The income-tax returns are public property in America, and constant applications were made from men of all nationalities to the owner of Craigie House. Once on the piazza outside his windows he had met an Italian beggar with a printed petition. He regretted the impulsive refusal, and wrote in that day's journal a touching thought that is too often forgotten: "I have no doubt his story was false; yet one thing was true—his poverty."

The days became "worm-eaten with letters"—not from friends in whose correspondence he delighted, but from "the perfect stranger, as he is fond of calling himself, who always wants you to turn his grindstone." Some enclosed manuscripts, others demanded poems. One misguided young man requested an acrostic on a lady's name, and marked at the end of the note, "Send bill." To a little schoolgirl who asked for an original poem, he wrote a kind letter in his tenderness for children, and "tried to say No so softly that she would think it better than Yes." But he was obliged to leave half the letters unanswered; and even if there were time, what could he have said to the people who wanted to know—from two different towns on the same day—who was

Evangeline and what was the place of her birth, and to the very precise reader who could not rest until he knew, "Did the youth in 'Excelsior' attain his purpose or die before he had crossed the pass?" Seventy autographs were written, sealed, and directed in one day; in later years he wrote them in leisure moments, and applicants had to send envelopes ready directed, or it would have been impossible to satisfy all.

He kept the door of his study always open, both literally and figuratively, unlike his friend Hawthorne, who had above his house at Concord a tower, reached by a trap-door, upon which trap-door he set his chair when he wanted to write. It would be a mystery how Longfellow got through his work if we did not hear how early he began. At six o'clock on winter mornings he was awakened by the apparition of a tall Negro with a lantern. This was for college duties, and he heartily disliked the *reveille* and the breakfast by artificial light, with the red sun gleaming through the curtains. But at other times he rose still earlier by choice; often he saw the dawn like "an earth-surrounding hedge of roses;" and pleasant to his eyes was the kindling of the early fire in the study. Let us follow him into that laboratory to watch his method of work.

The short poems were inspirations of genuine emotion. The "Psalm of Life" was written one morning on the back of a note of invitation, and kept long in manuscript as sacred for his own soul. It was printed as "What the Heart of the Young Man said to the Psalmist;" and the psalmist was himself, whose heart was victorious over a mood of depression. It is well said that, if the ideas in this poem have become commonplace, it is the poem itself that has made them so. "Young men read it with delight," says his biographer; "their hearts were stirred by it as by a bugle summons. It roused them to a new sense of the meaning and worth of life." Thirty years after, a man "high in the community for integrity and generosity" declared he could never be grateful enough to his college teacher, who had read it for the class, because that day had been the inspiration of his life.

The translating of the poem saved the reason of an unhappy father, an old man, whose son was a prisoner during the Franco-Prussian War: "I feel that my mind is saved," he said, "and that faith and hope have taken the place of despair; I owe it all to Longfellow." In another case it prevented suicide.

Whatever may be said of fine distinctions between the poetic and the didactic, there can be no doubt of the power of those few verses. The "Psalm of Life" went all over the world. Among the poet's treasures was a Chinese translation of it on a fan.

The origin of "Footsteps of Angels" has been already told. The stanza,

He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,

refers to the husband of one of his sisters, George W. Pierce, the dearest friend of his youth. After twenty years, he said one day he had never ceased to miss his dear friend from his life.

"The Bridge" was written long before the calamity that overshadowed his last years. The burden greater than he could bear was probably his first grief at Rotterdam. The old wooden bridge was over the Charles, on the way to the port; and he never crossed without pausing there. In his diary he wrote of the long black rafters, the reflection of the stars like sparks of fire, the floating seaweed, and even of a better thought than that enshrined in the popular poem. After walking there with his wife in the early moonlight, he wrote :

We leaned for awhile on the wooden rail, and enjoyed the silvery reflection on the sea, making sundry comparisons. Among other thoughts, we had this cheering one—that the whole sea was flashing with this heavenly light, though we saw it only in a single track; the dark waves are the dark providences of God; luminous, though not to us; and even to ourselves in another position.

"Excelsior"—where he sets an image of all human aspiration in clear Alpine light—was suggested by seeing the heading of a newspaper bearing the seal of the State of New York, a shield with a rising sun and the motto "Excelsior." It was pointed out that the refrain ought to be *Excelsius*! or *Ad excelsiora*! but the word he had first used seemed to be the sound the poem needed, and he explained that it might be part of the phrase: *My goal is higher—"Scopus meus excelsior est!"* The first draft of it had only four stanzas, written on the back of a letter from his friend Sumner; it was dated "Sept. 28, 1841, half-past three o'clock."

"The Arrow and the Song" flashed into his mind one Sunday while he stood waiting with his back to the fire before going to church. It was an improvisation, and "glanced on to the paper with arrowy speed." Other poems after their conception were worked out laboriously; such was "The Occultation of Orion," begun with the fresh recollection of a view through a telescope, and, after despairing days, finished suddenly, the long-desired finale occurring to him as he came down from his dressing-room to dinner. Often he sketched out his ideas and afterwards put them bit by bit into verse. The most ordinary things gave inspiration: it was truly said of him, he translated life into music, and heard its echoes take the sound of fame. Like Gaspar

Becerra, he snatched the brand from the hearth to carve from it a statue:

That is best which lieth nearest,
Shape from that thy work of art.

"The Old Clock on the Stairs" was seen during the wedding journey after his second marriage; and on the same tour, at Springfield Arsenal, the bride suggested how like an organ the musket-barrels looked, and what dismal music war would make. The same weapons were very soon to raise in the American War "the loud lament and dismal miserere." The only love-song he ever wrote was the sonnet "To the Evening Star;" it was addressed to his wife, and he composed it one evening on the rustic seat under an apple-tree in his garden. Looking upon that garden from the house, he thought of the rapturous verses, "A Day of Sunshine." When such days came, he wrote in his diary, "It is delicious to live," and "Out, out into the free air, ye book-worms, revel in the sunshine, and thank God for the Spring!" On another "perfect day" he needs must take a holiday, and goes to see a friend. Gratefully he rejoiced, with a beautiful thought, calling it a gift:

O gift of God! O perfect day:
Whereon shall no man work, but play:
Whereon it is enough for me
Not to be doing, but to be.

Blow winds! and waft through all the rooms
The fragrance of the cherry-blooms!
Blow winds! and bend within my reach
The fiery blossoms of the peach.

O Life and Love! O happy throng
Of thoughts whose only speech is song!
O heart of man! canst thou not be
Blithe as the air is, and as free?

As his feelings were genuine, his impressions of travel were truly painted. Spain was the land of his predilection; its costumes, customs, scenery, were the pages of "Don Quixote" come to life; and the Alhambra was a romance in stone and colour, upon which he could have gazed for ever. In his young ardour he had travelled through Spain, and, though he was three times in Europe afterwards, he would never touch that ground again lest the glow might fade from his remembrance. To write "The Spanish Student" was a labour of love, so easy that he himself wondered. "At present my soul is wrapped up in poetry," he wrote to a friend. "The scales fell from my eyes suddenly, and I beheld a beautiful landscape with figures, which I have trans-

ferred to paper almost without an effort, and with a celerity of which I did not think myself capable."

Take, again, his sonnet on Venice :

White phantom city, whose untrodden streets
Are rivers, and whose pavements are the shifting
Shadows of palaces and strips of sky ;
I wait to see thee vanish like the fleets
Seen in mirage, or towers of cloud uplifting
In air their unsubstantial masonry ;

and compare this with his diary after approaching Venice from the lagoons by moonlight :

There was something so like enchantment in the scene, that I almost expected to see it sink into the sea and disappear like an optical delusion or some magic city in the clouds. Indeed, all is so visionary and fairylike here, that one is almost afraid of setting foot upon the ground lest he should sink the city.

The scenes in the Dutch picture where Simon Danz walks and smokes were also described from memory—the house by the Maas, with its weathercocks and roof of tiles, and its tulip garden, and

The windmills on the outermost
Verge of the landscape in the haze.

Actual experience gave vivid colour also to the poems of Bruges and Nuremburg, where his historical knowledge was as rich as his poetic sympathy. "The Belfry of Bruges" was the first of his dissolving views—a style which has been copied widely, especially in America : for example, in Bryant's "Song of the Sower ;" his own "Kéramos" is, perhaps, its perfection.

His method of work with long poems, was a beginning in love with his subject, and afterwards careful labour with much study and fitful glows of enthusiasm. The chief name was chosen at the outset, mainly by its musical sound, and often altered afterwards. *Évangeline* was *Gabrielle* at first, and *Celestine* was also running in his mind. At least a line was to be added every day to his idyll of *Acadie* ; but, after all, it was sometimes untouched for a month. His friends doubted the success of English hexameters, and he turned a few couplets of the second part into rhyme—trying heroic metre. The shortening and rhyming sacrificed the beauty of ideas.

As after showers a sudden gust again
Upon the leaves shakes down the rattling rain,

is a poor substitute for

As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree tops
Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the branches.

At that time he could only use his eyes in the morning for reading or writing. Portions of "Evangeline" were written in the early clear daylight, while he stood at his desk in the window; and these needed no copying. The rest was scrawled with a pencil, while he sat by the fire in a darkened room with a portfolio on his knee—a plan that he thoroughly enjoyed. The hospital, where the last scene was to be laid, was remembered from the time of his first journey to Europe, when he filled up the delay of waiting for the New York packet-boat by a visit to Philadelphia, where he was shown through the Pennsylvania Hospital. A panorama of the Mississippi was advertised, and he called it a special benediction, as the river was to flow through his story. He went to see the three miles of canvas, the "forest primeval," the cotton plantations by moonlight; and the result was that transcript of scenery for which Americans welcomed the poem as well as for its tender human interest. It was finished on his fortieth birthday, February 27, 1847. In correcting the proofs, he noted that "some of the lines want pounding. Nails are to be driven and clinched."

Hearing of "Der Armer Heinrich" of Hartmann von der Aue, the tale seemed to him exquisite and the heroine as sweet as Imogen if he could but paint her. He would try. The result was "The Golden Legend;" and the further result was that while writing it he noted in his diary, in November, 1841: "Thought of a long and elaborate poem by the holy name of Christus—the theme of which would be the aspects of Christendom in the Apostolic, Middle, and Modern Ages." The Legend was written between the end of 1839 and 1851—a long span. But there was no hurry in his work, and often a few short poems and a scene of a long one were the fruits of a year—college duties, and visitors, chiefly strangers, made heavy demands upon his time; and his anxiety always was to produce something of value rather than to produce much. There were hot summer days when the artist had him prisoner in the morning and the sculptor all the afternoon; "and so," he lamented, "'The Golden Legend' waits." The first scene had been written in blank verse; and, thinking his blank verse heavy, he ran it into rhyme. "Copied some parts of 'The Golden Legend.' Oh! for a pair of eyes to work with!" This is one entry in the diary. And another, "In the evening wrote a passage on the Virgin in 'The Golden Legend'"—the famous verses of praise—and of all dates it was written on the 8th of September—an immortal birthday gift from one who had never been taught to honour her, but who had found her for himself with a brave reverence. As it was composed in the evening, it must have been part of the work pencilled without using the eyes. The whole

poem was now to be but a part of something greater, that was still a secret dream. Longfellow had a strong belief in keeping secret the plan of any great work. "Those plans we form," he said, "are of so ethereal a nature that the moment we uncork them the flavour escapes." More than thirty years passed before the "Christus" appeared—"a loftier strain, the sublimer song whose broken melodies have for so many years breathed through my soul in the better hours of life." It was in the order of subjects the first part of a great whole, but it was written last in order of time. The second part was "The Golden Legend"—Mediæval Christianity; the third part, the "New England Tragedies," published in 1871. The three composed "The Divine Tragedy," which appeared complete in 1873. In the "Christus" he reverently used only the Gospel words for the central figure, and worked up the incidents with poetic fancy, so as to present a few scenes from the public ministry of Our Lord in a sort of lofty dramatic form. It is the least known of Longfellow's more important works; and yet it was the one that he had meditated upon most, tasting, as he said, the delight of the poetic vision, without the pain of putting it into words. Evidently his conception was very far above the "Christus" that he wrote in two months of his later years.

Always, in his own judgment, the execution fell short of the conception. He felt "a cruel pang" whenever he opened a page of his own writing; and his consolation was that "to be fully satisfied with what one has done is a bad prognostic of what one is going to do." In "Epimetheus," the poet's after-thought, he arraigns his Sybil, his deceiver, lamenting that the beautiful dancing fancies that came to him unbidden, sunny and bewildering, the moment he had grasped them looked haggard, cold, and spectral.

But if he found them "fade and perish with the capture," he worked on undaunted. It made him miserable to find himself "building up life of solid blocks of idleness," even at the lazy seaside; and in times of sadness he counted it a distinct good to have no idle time to mope and grieve. It seemed to him sheer laziness for a poet not to write because he was not in the mood; for, as he said, he could not tell whether he was in the mood or not unless he began, and the excuse meant reluctance to the manual task of writing, or to the mental labour of setting one's thoughts in order. "It must not be forgotten that the mind grows warm by exercise. Always try!" Yet after "The Golden Legend," as far back as 1853, there came a time when he turned back to "dear old Dante" in despair of writing anything original. There had been helpless seasons, but none as hopeless as this, and he feared all faculty of song had gone out of him

for ever. Yet often before he had "found an unexpected passage through the adamant wall." Every artist and every author, every one whose life is made up of intellectual effort, must have come at some time to that sense of powerlessness; and there are seasons when the only course is, as Longfellow said, to "let the mind lie awhile in the rain and sunshine of heaven, unvexed by laborious ploughshare." At last a happy idea came; and the poet conceived the plan of joining together the old Indian myths, and he escaped "through the adamant wall" with "*Hiawatha*"—or "*Manabozho*," as it was at first, another name for the same legendary hero. A friendly critic thought it lacked human interest at the outset; so did his wife; "so does the author," he reflected; "I must put a live beating heart into it." And then he brought in "*Minnehaha*, laughing water." Bayard Taylor wrote to him: "It will be parodied, perhaps ridiculed, in many quarters. But it will live after the Indian race has vanished from our continent, and there will be no parodies then." When it appeared in Boston, the Indian tribes were by no means a remote subject. Not long after, he noted some of the prose in his journal:—

There is a grand display of Indians in Boston—Black Hawk and some dozen other bold fellows, all grease and red paint; war clubs, bears' teeth, and buffalo scalps in profusion; hair cut close like a brush, and powdered with vermilion; one cheek red, one black; forehead striped with bright yellow, with a sprinkling of flour between the eyes—this will fit almost any of them. They are to have a pow-wow on the common to-morrow.

"*Hiawatha*" was the subject passed through a poet's crucible, shining, with all the dross rejected, and the cruelties of history left aside. In two years, fifty thousand had sold, the greatest immediate sale of any of his works. The least sale was for "*Outre-Mer*"—travels—and "*Hyperion*" and "*Kavanagh*," prose romances, which he himself liked intensely, though critics fell foul of them and the world forgets them.

In early years he saved himself "the momentary pang arising from abuse" by never reading what was written against him. Later, he could afford to joke at his critics. Of one who quarrelled with "*Hyperion*," he pleasantly remarks, "What an unhappy disposition he must have to be so much annoyed." And in 1846, "Read an abusive article on my poems, by Mr. Simms the novelist. I consider this the most original and inventive of all his fictions." A fine example this last of the disparity between critic and author. It was well he was too strong to be wounded, for where is "Mr. Simms the novelist" now, when Longfellow is popular in both hemispheres?

But if he was proof against the pricks of newspaper criticism, he was sensitive in an extreme degree to the influence of the weather and the seasons. Cold and heat, gloom and glow, influenced him mentally as well as physically. Sunshine brought the thoughts whose only speech was song—poetic visions coming as sound comes out of silence, as the appearing stars, as the white sails in sight on the verge of the sea. But in bitter weather, half-crazed with pain from “the cold steel arrows of the east wind,” or shrouded with a cold “like a monk with his hood,” he cowered by the fire, wondering how the old Icelandic skalds could sing at all. Dismal days made him “prodigiously low-spirited,” crushed as if he were one of the four dwarfs who in the Northern mythology upheld the dome of heaven on their stooped shoulders. Snow was beautiful, but inexpressibly sad; he liked a clear winter with brown branches. But, of all seasons, autumn was his harvest-time, and he wrote the first date of October with—to use his favourite word—“infinite delight.” The diary is full of poetry among the prose of life.

Autumn has written his rubric on the leaves. The wind turns them over and chants like a friar.

The vines are red on the hedges and in the trees, and golden leaves gleam all over the landscape. But where are the golden fancies?

If I write no poems, yet I indulge in many fair poetic dreams. When the dull rainy November comes, I may put them into language.

Welcome, O brown October! like a monk with a drinking-horn, like a pilgrim in russet.

The leaves begin to turn, and the creeper is blood-red among the lilacs and the hedges.

Beautiful is now the harvest moon, set like a ruby in the horizon's ring.

And what perfect descriptions of the wind are these:—

In the evening we had a tremendous gale from the south. Broken branches from the old trees were flying about in all directions. Down came a dead tree crashing in the darkness. Blinds got loose, and banged about like mad. Anon, the wind lulled, and with one great expiring blast exhaled its soul.

Again :

A great wind to-day. Sat on the back piazza and heard it rave and roar. The trees seemed to turn their backs upon it and try to run; but their roots were fast planted in the ground, and they struggled as in a kind of nightmare.

The tides under the wooden bridge had a fascination for him, and his thought flowed into verses that were only entered in his journal, beginning—

O faithful indefatigable tides,
That evermore upon God's errands go.

He was full of the idea of Nature doing the bidding of God—"God sent his messenger the rain." The sound of summer rain was a positive pleasure, and at night he lay awake making hexameters to describe its pouring on the roof. But of all things and of all times, the sunshine of the spring brought joy. "The whole country is a flower-garden," he wrote in exultation when his own grounds were clouded with pink and white peach and cherry bloom, "and all the birds are singing, singing, singing!"

Common sounds had poetry for an echo in his mind. Who has ever found such an image as this for a prosaic fog-horn?—

A rainy day with mist on the sea, through which the steamer blows its horn like a Triton's conch.

Or this for the noise of trains?—

I see the red dawn encircling the horizon, and hear the thundering railway-trains radiating in various directions from the city along their sounding bars, like the bass of some great anthem—our national anthem.

Common things took in his record quaint, fantastic turns. A snow-storm after spring weather was winter coming back for his umbrella. "Begone, old man, and wag not thy hoary head at me!" He caught cold at the Opera: "Some demon always holds a door open at such places." Thackeray, Ole Bull the Northern violinist, and others came to supper, but two guests failed him: their places were empty, and their plates looked on "with hollow hungry eyes." One day he "went through the domestic offering of burning out the chimneys, a rather wild spectacle out of doors, and a roaring within as of pent-up bulls and lions." After which we may observe that he was no dreamer, but a practical man with a prose side to his life; nor were his surroundings always the most ethereal. For a poet and a lover of music, it was hardly the best situation to be lodged, as he was at one time, with Beethoven Hall in front full of discordant musicians practising, "and in the rear a circus—the band playing 'Zip Coon' and 'Clar' de Kitchen'!"

He relished a good story, such as the anecdote of the discussion in Congress, in 1796, when a red-hot member moved that the English language be abolished, and Sherman seconded the motion, with the amendment—"that we compel the English to learn Greek, and keep their language for ourselves." Ludicrous things, heard or read, were noted in his journal; he picked out from an article in an American magazine the story of the lady playing an andante of Pleyel on the organ, and the Malagasi's

criticism, "Dat's a beautiful noise as ever I see!" And it was he who discovered a miserable pun even in "Paradise Lost":

Nor could his eye not ken
The empire of Negus to his utmost port.

Many of Longfellow's pages are clearly the work of a mind with a charmingly delicate sense of humour; but his diary is absolutely alive with it. And yet the earnestness, in his poetry, his life, his daily notes, outbalances the lighter quality. His brother says that sympathy was the secret of his success. In his works and in his life he faced the realities of the struggling, aspiring, sorrowing world:

O suffering, sad humanity,
O ye afflicted ones who lie
Steeped to the lips in misery!

His sympathy roused him to an interest in political life, though he began by having no more taste for politics than for newspaper advertisements. He was glad he was not a politician, "nor filled with the rancor that politics engenders." But the question of Slavery called from him a protest in a public cause. He thought out the anti-slavery poems during sleepless stormy nights crossing the ocean. It is difficult to realize now that their publication was a brave act, that brought down upon him a shower of arguments and of condemnation from intelligent and otherwise benevolent men. The burning question was not for him a mere discussion of events far off. He saw exhibited in a jeweller's window the iron collar of a slave, with a huge piece of iron to fill the mouth, and every drop of blood in his body quivered with rage. He saw at his house the fugitive of years before, with a disabled arm once broken by a blow. He heard the frequent news of fugitives captured in the city close by—heard of the failure of a forlorn attempt at rescue, and all the day was "sick and sorrowful with this infamous business." His friend Sumner, who had now plunged into political life with a tremendous earnestness, became doubly dear to him for his championship of the black race. The slavery laws were to the poet a dead weight covering infinite evil: "Whenever you lift it, what reptiles crawl out from under it!" He watched the American War chiefly as an anti-slavery struggle; but war in itself he abhorred. From one day's entry in his diary his whole view may be gathered. On the 1st of September, 1862:

Yesterday we had report of a great battle at Manasses, ending in defeat of the Rebels. The moon set red and lowering; and I thought in the night of the pale upturned faces of young men on the battlefield, and the agonies of the wounded, and my wretchedness was very

great. Every shell from the cannon's mouth bursts not only on the battlefield, but in far-away homes North or South, carrying dismay and death. What an infernal thing war is! Woe to him by whom it cometh!

Compare this with his ballad, "Killed at the Ford":

And I saw in a vision how far and fleet
That fatal bullet went speeding forth,
Till it reached a town in the distant North,
Till it reached a house in a sunny street,
Till it reached a heart that ceased to beat
Without a murmur, without a cry.

But though the diary illustrates his poetry and his opinions, he himself calls it a brief chronicle of his outward life, "and of my inner life not a word." The case would be different, he wrote, if he was sure the journal would never get into print, "but death picks the locks of all portfolios, and throws the contents into the street for the public to scramble for." One is glad to see the diary, thus written, laid open by no stranger, but only in chosen portions by his brother's hand; and, if there are subjects of vital interest hardly touched, one is content to receive the few words of explanation which is added by the brother and editor. The question is naturally asked, What was Longfellow's religion? while he showed such an attraction for Catholic ritual, such a sympathy with Catholic faith. The narrative tells us:—

In the congregation of the First Parish of Portland, the moderate Calvinism of the old preachers . . . had gradually passed into the early form of Unitarianism. . . . It was in the doctrine and the spirit of the early Unitarianism that Henry Longfellow was nurtured at church and at home, and there is no reason to suppose that he ever found these insufficient, or that he ever essentially departed from them. Of his genuine religious feeling his writings give ample testimony. His nature was at heart devout; his ideas of life, of death, and of what lies beyond were essentially cheerful, hopeful, optimistic. He did not care to talk much on theological points, but he believed in the supremacy of good in the world and in the universe.

The remaining shreds of Calvinism seem to have given him an impression of hardness, and Unitarianism and the other sects were to him human systems, for he knew no divinely appointed centre of truth. His words were, that men by their human systems had made it difficult for the wayfaring man to walk in the light and liberty of the Gospel, and that it seemed to him that religion ought to be a cheering and sociable companion, instead of a stern and chiding taskmaster. When he heard of a New York architect who, for reasons of conscience, had declined to make a design for a Unitarian church, he reflected that, if the man's mind was full of the sublime idea of his profession, build-

ing temples for the Lord, it would be profanation to build for any but Christians, "and such he deems Unitarians not to be. *There* is the meanness and the narrowness of the matter, that his soul does not embrace all sects of Christians." His mind was religious, but not logical; and he failed to see the vital importance of truth in worship, or the unity that truth implies, or the infinite difference between the position of worshippers of Christ the Incarnate God, and believers in Christ as a merely human teacher divinely sent. He himself notes, one Sunday, "a good sermon on the character of Christ, which is wonderful *even if looked upon as a mere human character*—inspiring cheerfulness, encouragement, hope." The words which he underlined in his comment clearly imply that the sermon treated of a view not habitual to his own mind. His whole writings are full of what we may call a personal devotion to Jesus Christ and to His public ministry, with confiding faith in His reign in heaven. There is every evidence that "our dear Redeemer" was to his heart and mind infinitely above the Unitarian view of "a mere human character." In the only poem relating to the chapel, he tells of the hay-scented wind turning the leaves of the hymn-book on the window-ledge, and the sunshine coming through the laths of the blind, making a dusty Jacob's-ladder of light; but these are externals that he might have seen in any room, and of the service the only words are, "long was the good man's sermon," and "long was the prayer he uttered." One cannot escape the impression that so religious-minded a man fled from the idea of doctrine because he had heard doctrines confused and unpalatable to the common needs of the lives of men; and, judging from his own comments in brief and his poetry at length, it is plain that even if he "never essentially departed" from Unitarianism, the "system" did not satisfy his soul, and the whole current of his spiritual sympathies went beyond the Sunday service in the chapel.

The ritual of the Church, all the accessories of her worship, are meant to touch the human senses, and through them to reach the heart and lift it heavenward. After all, a poet has always one of the most sensitive of human hearts; so it is no wonder that, even when he kneels as a stranger, he feels the mystic touch, the heavenward influence, of morning Sacrifice or evening Benediction. Longfellow always knelt—that is, he was too noble to scoff, and too well informed to mistake the meaning of Catholic services, too true to feign contempt, too earnest to gaze uninterested. He felt the influence; but alas! only with a vague poetic appreciation, and with a life-long yearning after the glories of our faith and the beauty of our ritual. At first, during his travels in Spain, he forgot that, if the literature and

the customs of countries must differ, far more must national ways in the externals of devotion; and he counted simple garish Spanish altars as ludicrous as "a small grocery store full of sugar hats and gingerbread images." But he soon perceived that, no matter how the gaudy display might surprise his national taste, there was a reality of faith behind it such as no earnest man could ridicule. In the streets he had seen the passing of the Host to the sick, the crowd upon their knees with heads uncovered, the ringing bell, the approaching tapers and banners.

But the other night [he wrote in a letter home] I witnessed a spectacle far more imposing. I was at the Opera, and, in the midst of the scene, the tap of a drum at the door and the sound of the friar's bell announced the approach of the Host. In an instant the music ceased; a hush ran through the house; the actors on the stage in their brilliant dresses kneeled and bowed their heads; and the whole audience turned towards the street, and threw themselves on their knees. It was a most singular spectacle; the sudden silence, the immense kneeling crowd, the group upon the stage, and the decorations of the scene produced the most peculiar sensations in my mind.

We have seen him, at Düsseldorf, years before, soothed and consoled by the Elevation scene, in his first sorrow. At the Church of the Escorial, he notes, "the effect was most powerful." The facts are beyond question—that he was solemnly impressed whenever he witnessed the adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, and that he revered, as natural, just, and ennobling, the Catholic devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

Both subjects enriched his poems. Thus in the Sagas:

Then over the waste of snows
The noonday sun uprose
Through the driving mists revealed,
Like the lifting of the Host,
By incense-clouds almost concealed.

And, again, in one of the five magnificent sonnets on the "Divina Commedia," viewed as a vast cathedral, the same idea makes the supreme climax:

I lift mine eyes, and all the windows blaze
With forms of saints and holy men who died,
Here martyred, and hereafter glorified;
And the great Rose upon its leaves displays
Christ's Triumph, and the angelic roundelays
With splendour upon splendour multiplied;
And Beatrice again at Dante's side
No more rebukes, but smiles her words of praise.
And then the organ sounds, and unseen choirs
Sing the old Latin hymns of peace and love,

And benedictions of the Holy Ghost ;
 And the melodious bells among the spires
 O'er all the housetops and through heaven above
 Proclaim the elevation of the Host !

Then in "The Golden Legend" he showed his reverence for Catholic devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and his clear understanding of its spirit. First the familiar passage spoken by Prince Henry on entering Italy :

"This is indeed the blessed Mary's land,
 Virgin and Mother of our dear Redeemer !
 All hearts are touched and softened at her name ;
 Alike the bandit, with the bloody hand,
 The priest, the prince, the scholar, and the peasant,
 The man of deeds, the visionary dreamer,
 Pay homage to her as one ever present !
 And even as children, who have much offended
 A too indulgent father, in great shame,
 Penitent, and yet not daring unattended
 To go into his presence, at the gate
 Speak with their sister, and confiding wait
 Till she goes in before and intercedes ;
 So men, repenting of their evil deeds,
 Offer to her their prayers and their confession,
 And she for them in heaven makes intercession.
 And if our Faith had given us nothing more
 Than this example of all womanhood,
 So mild, so merciful, so strong, so good,
 So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving, pure,
 This were enough to prove it higher and truer
 Than all the creeds the world had known before."

Less often quoted is the outburst of gratitude by the peasant woman Ursula, in the midst of the news that her daughter still lives :

"Virgin, who lovest the poor and lowly,
 If the loud cry of a mother's heart
 Can ever ascend to where thou art,
 Into thy blessed hands and holy
 Receive my prayer of praise and thanksgiving !
 Let the hands that bore our Saviour bear it
 Into the awful presence of God ;
 For thy feet with holiness are shod,
 And if thou bearest it, he will hear it.
 Our child who was dead, again is living !"

"I have been so long in Catholic countries," he wrote, "that the abuses in this religion have no effect upon me. Its principles are as pure as could be wished." In estimating abuses he seems

to have forgotten to make allowance for nationality. He would not have expected the same literature and taste from the grandees of Castile and the brown Basque peasants as from the students of Boston or the society of New York—not the same externals of life in the glow of the Old-World South as in the colder culture of the North; and in a religion, which is part of the very life of the people, one must expect customs and accessories with a national colouring. He was anxious that the meaning of his sympathy should not be mistaken; and after the publication of “The Golden Legend,” when it seems some talk arose about him and his friend Sumner, he wrote to him that they were on the same road, and about as near getting to Rome as that guide-board in the Tyrol pointing the way there.

His poetic leaning towards things Catholic was the cause of one of his earliest mistakes. Having read that Count Pulaski’s banner was embroidered by the Moravian nuns of Bethlehem in Pennsylvania, at once he wrote the well-known verses, ignorant that the identical banner was far too small for either a cloak or a shroud, and that the Moravian Sisters, who lived partly by embroidery, were not Catholic nuns, and had neither solemn functions of blessing, nor burning censers, nor dim mysterious aisles.

Words were judged by their music to his ear. “Christe Eleison!” sung by snow-white choirs was a fitting close for the music of the sea, when the very stars were listening. “Ave Maria Purissima!” was the right sound for the right thought where the watchman calls through the night in the love-scene of “The Spanish Student.” But his poetic sympathy and his fancy for Catholic words and ideas had a basis of deep reading and of observation that saved him from error; he was never superficial—never wrote of the Church as those artists paint who imagine that a nun consists of black and white and a pale face with coldly clear eyes. Some false notes he touched, but in his earnest writing very few. No Catholic reverses the names, like the Black Robe of “*Évangeline*,” “and tells them of Mary and Jesus;” the habitual order has a meaning beyond mere chance. Nor would any Catholic in any country say, like the Spanish Student, “the cross she prayed to ere she fell asleep.” In “*The Legend Beautiful*” there is a slight flaw to prevent it from being one entire and perfect chrysolite. All the thought of the poem is supposed to be in harmony with the mind of the monk who sees the vision of his Lord, but when the bread and wine doled out at the gate tasted that day like a sacrament, there is an image from Protestantism, a momentary discord.

“*Évangeline*” and “*The Golden Legend*” abound with imagery

from Catholic life ; and the successful throwing in of this sidelight is more remarkable than the direct description :

The bell from its turret
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air as the priest with his hyssop
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon them.

And even more striking than the abundant imagery is the heart-felt sympathy that gives a clear understanding of the Catholic spirit. There is a wonderful instinctive knowledge in his description of Evangeline's after-glow of serenity :

But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—
Shone on her face and encircled her form when, after confession,
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her,
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.

And the practical use of the crucifix appears in the scene of the tumult in the church, written at a time when even the cross was far less familiar to the outside world than it is now :

Lo! where the crucified Christ from his cross is gazing upon you!
See! in those sorrowful eyes, what meekness and holy compassion!
Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, "O Father, forgive them!"
Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail us,
Let us repeat it now, and say, "O Father, forgive them!"

The sketches of Catholic missionaries are sympathetic, both in "Evangeline" and "Hiawatha." None but an unprejudiced and reverent mind could have imagined the closing scenes of the Indian epic: peace and hope give to its end a kind of sunset splendour before the hero of his people disappears into the purple twilight; and the peace and hope in which he leaves them are the gift of

The Black Robe chief, the Pale Face
With the cross upon his bosom.

It reminds us of an entry in the poet's diary—a glimpse of "the scaffoldings round about the palace of song": "Looked into Kip's early Jesuit Missions in North America—a curious and very interesting book."

Thus it is not the description of Catholic scenes which is remarkable, but their sympathetic and instinctively right description. In "The Golden Legend" there was a tendency to exaggerate what we may call a grotesque view; just as, in describing a foreign carved oak pulpit, he might have had a weakness for making too much comment on the intrusion of monsters and goblin-demons underneath.

"I have endeavoured to show in it, among other things," he wrote, "that through the darkness and corruption of the Middle

Ages ran a bright deep stream of Faith, strong enough for all the exigencies of life and death." He looked upon the life of the Middle Ages very much as he looked upon a great Gothic church. When he entered a Gothic cathedral, his feelings were so delighted, so ennobled and lost in admiration, so intricate, and so grotesque withal, that he never found words to describe them; they were like an inner reflection of the building itself. Strasbourg cathedral enriches "The Golden Legend" with its rose-window, "the perfect flower of Gothic loveliness, its Pillar of the Angels, and its vastness where generations built their very hearts into the sculptured stones;" and he had the same admiration for the Faith of the "days gone by, that knew no doubt and feared no mystery." But as the quaintly grotesque in Gothic ornament strikes us with surprise, being the part we in our times least understand, so did the eccentricities and the occasional abuses in religion strike him with surprise and become sketched in his picture, not as a minor part, as they really were, but as objects of too great prominence. After all, it was not upon the carven monsters that the people gazed; but upon their angel pillars, the evangelists above, and "the blessed Christ."

The poem contains whole passages that win surprise and gratitude, as if a stranger showed us the likeness of a familiar face. Such is all the first part of Elsie's prayer, through the sufferings of her Redeemer and Lord, and through "those bleeding wounds" upon His hands and side; and the priest's night thoughts in the darkening church; the legend of the monk Felix and the happiness of heaven; and of the Sultan's daughter and the Master of the Flowers. The unrhymed short lines of the last are exquisitely pathetic:

"O Love, how red thy heart is,
And thy hands are full of roses!"
"For thy sake," answered he,
"For thy sake is my heart so red,
For thee I bring these roses!
I gathered them at the cross
Whereon I died for thee."

.
And the sultan's daughter
Followed him to Paradise.

Elsewhere he illustrates from the history of St. Cecilia and of St. Dorothea. He makes Prince Henry know the legend of the lily, quoted by St. Liguori; the Prince exclaims to Elsie:

"O pure in heart! from thy sweet dust shall grow
Lilies upon whose petals shall be written
'Ave Maria!' in characters of gold!"

And St. John Nepomucen of the German bridges is well known
to him ; Prince Henry at the castle balustrade stands

Like St. John Nepomuck in stone
Looking down upon a stream.

He understands the peace of monastic life, and sees that the
"peace of God that passeth understanding reigns in these
cloisters and these corridors." He appreciates conventual life ;
after her passionate tale of a former time, the nun tells of a love
turned to higher things in the security of the present.

" In this sacred and calm retreat
We are all well and safely shielded
From winds that blow and waves that beat,
From the cold and rain, and blighting heat,
To which the strongest hearts have yielded."

And there, as the poem says, like " the virgins seven "—no
doubt the five were meant—they wait for the bridegroom with
their hearts as lamps for ever burning.

Humility, the one virtue unpraised by the poets, is not for-
gotten by him—the " self-forgetfulness of lowliness." " The
Legend of the Monk Felix," " The Tale of Count Robert of
Sicily," and " The Saga of King Olaf " are all in praise of it.
There is the true ring in his voice, too, when he speaks of pain ;
he sees its mystery from the Christian point of view :

Faith alone can interpret life, and the heart that aches and bleeds
with the stigma
Of pain alone bears the likeness of Christ, and can comprehend its
dark enigma.

And again :

But now our souls are more subdued ;
The hand of God, and not in vain,
Has touched us with the fire of pain.

Where other poets make capital out of revolt and lamentation,
he only sees the divine meaning.

Then, in " The Golden Legend," one difference between the
priest and the demon confessor is really worth remark. The
devil enters scoffing at everything in his own way :

" Here stands the holy water stoup !
Holy water it may be to many,
But to me the veriest liquor Gehennæ,
It smells like a filthy fast-day soup ! "

And then he proceeds to the carved confessional, where he
absolves Prince Henry from the sins he is about to commit :

"Ay! and from whatsoever sin
Lieth around it and within,
From all crimes in which it may involve thee,
I now release thee and absolve thee."

In some quarters it was an old-fashioned mistake to talk of Catholic absolutions and indulgences as a permission for evil yet to come. This is precisely what Longfellow makes Lucifer do in "The Golden Legend." The priest absolves the sinner departing—"a new and better life begin;" but the demon masquerading adopts the plan which the ignorant believe to be the meaning of absolution or indulgence.

Some of Lucifer's observations are very shrewd. Flying over the city at night, he rejoices in the reproach:

"I have more martyrs in your walls
Than God has, and they cannot sleep."

And again, in a very different scene, where he in his disguise does not relish the story of "St. Dunstan of old":

"Ha! ha! that story is very clever—
But has no foundation whatever."

Monastic subjects had an attraction for the poet. In "Midnight Mass for the Dying Year," the hooded clouds, like friars, tell their beads in drops of rain. The whole of that poem is deeply religious in its own weird wild way. He had been seeing "King Lear" acted in Boston, and his thoughts of prayer for the dying mingled with the idea of the despised old king out in the tempest. The end of the year, the falling of the leaves, reminds him of a more awful ending:

Howl! howl! and from the forest
Sweep the red leaves away,
Would the sins which thou abhorrest
O soul! could thus decay
And be swept away!

For there shall come a mightier blast,
There shall be a darker day,
And the stars from heaven down cast
Like red leaves be swept away!
Kyrie eleison!
Christe eleison!

This brings us to his confidence in immortality beyond all death and decay. Where the modern minor poets, and some of the greater ones, are morbid with doubt, he is alive with strong faith in God and in His promises. To take his own words, death meant transition, a beginning, not an end; gratitude is due to

him for filling popular verses with that truth, and more praise than if he had been the master of all music, the sweetest of all singers. "Footsteps of Angels" is the longing of a soul in this world for communion with those gone before; the transition has broken for them no tie of kindred, nor, in a world where all they were here is but perfected, has it changed the love that was part of their individual selves. They will not grieve for us till we join them; but how could they cease to love us without ceasing to be themselves?

It were a double grief, if the departed
Being released from earth should still retain
A sense of earthly pain;
It were a double grief, if the true-hearted
Who loved us here should on the further shore
Remember us no more.

And, in a corresponding way, he could not help thinking that his remembrance of his dead child would reach her where she lived, thus keeping the bond of nature unbroken. In all this he is writing in the spirit of the Church; and one does not wonder that he honours the Mother of Our Redeemer, when "the bond which nature gives," the tie of kindred, and the affections of the heart were to his mind formed on earth to endure for ever.

The religious spirit of his work has two other great characteristics beside faith in immortality. There is always the suggestion of rising by effort and aspiration—rising after fall and failure. Adelaide Proctor's catholic thought would have been after his own heart: "We always may be what we might have been." He is the Laureate's singer of hope:

I held it truth with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

And the third characteristic of the religious side of his writings is faith in Providence. We have read his own secret thoughts on the bridge when the bright track on the water reminded him that every wave of the sea and every hour of life would be radiant and sparkling if one could view it from the right point; even "the dark waves—the dark providences" would be bright seen from elsewhere. Noble words and beautiful imagery filled his mind when he wrote of the possibility of trial and the certainty of divine care:

All is of God! If he but wave his hand,
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,
Till with a smile of light on sea and land
Lo! he looks back from the departing cloud.

In the sonnet called "To-morrow" he has too much confidence to question anxiously. The night advances with chiming hours towards sounds of morning, and "through the opening door that time unlocks" he feels the fresh breath of another day, a mysterious unknown guest :

And I make answer : " I am satisfied."
I dare not ask : I know not what is best,
God hath already said what shall betide.

He had evidently a habit of looking at life in a supernatural light, and he took the highest view of a poet's work even when it was in parts gay and trivial.

God sent his singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men
And bring them back to heaven again.

We must now take a glance at the other side of the religion that is in his poetry. Puritan life is somewhat too cold for him ; he makes Priscilla a winsome and worthy little maiden, but "the hundredth psalm" is too heavy for her lips, and "the excellent elder of Plymouth" is a stiff companion portrait. In fact, the poet never seems to warm into his subject for long together ; it is uncongenial air, and his fancy tries in vain to enrich a background. "The Courtship of Miles Standish" was meant, perhaps, to counterbalance the Catholic effect of "Evangeline ;" and as a Puritan story it is perfect in its way, only a Puritan story was not the poet's own way. The loveliness most touching of "The Legend Beautiful" was placed among the "Tales of a Wayside Inn" to balance off the grim story of Torquemada. So we may conclude that the poems in monologue called "Martin Luther" and "St. John" were a little weight thrown into the scales against the impression of a Catholic leaning in "The Golden Legend." Compared to the countless passages in sympathy with us, the few pages with an opposite tendency are quite insignificant. It sounds even unnatural in Longfellow's verse, somewhat rough and forced, when Martin Luther says hard things of Pope and priest, and of convent life ; in Longfellow's own mind convents were places of peace and heavenward desires, priests were devoted men, and monks were mildly looked upon as obsolete perhaps, but picturesque. "Martin Luther" deals with the conflict against mediæval ideas ; "St. John" is made to deny the necessity of truth—even in the worship of the God of Truth. There is almost a condemnation of doctrinal religion. We are coming here to the poet's own views, perplexed, no doubt, by the contradiction of pulpits outside Catholic unity.

'The clashing of creeds and the strife
Of the many beliefs that in vain
Perplex man's heart and brain.

.
Poor sad Humanity,
Through all the dust and the heat,
Turns back with bleeding feet
By the weary road it came,
Unto the simple thought
Not he that repeateth the name,
But he that doeth the will.

The Theologian in the "Tales of a Wayside Inn" is made to expand the idea further. He gives thanks that the reign of violence is ended—"the war and waste of clashing creeds":

"I stand without here in the porch,
I hear the bell's melodious din,
I hear the organ peal within,
I hear the prayer, with words that scorch
Like sparks from an inverted torch,
I hear the sermon upon sin,
With threatenings of the last account,
And all, translated in the air,
Reach me but as our dear Lord's prayer
And as the Sermon on the Mount.

.
"I know that yonder Pharisee
Thanks God that he is not as me ;
In my humiliation dressed,
I only stand and beat my breast,
And pray for human charity.

"Not to one church alone but seven
The voice prophetic spake from heaven ;
And unto each the promise came
Diversified, but still the same ;
To him that evercometh are
The new name written on the stone,
The raiment white, the crown, the throne,
And I will give him the Morning Star !"

This is the best possible description of the poet's quiet-minded but illogical creed. It is complete, if we add to it a personal devotion to Our Lord in His public ministry. This last is summed up in the "Christus." The third part of "The Divine Tragedy" was the "New England Tragedies," concerning the persecution of Quakers in seventeenth-century Boston, and the old laws against witchcraft—an inadequate conclusion for "The Golden Legend" and the "Christus;" the author himself was never

content with his third part. Of the "Christus" there is at least one scene which deserves to be better known, and that is the wonderful scene describing Mary Magdalen. She sits "companionless, unsatisfied, forlorn" in the tower of Magdala, looking upon "the hills that swoon with heat," and seeing her past life pass before her as in a vision. Yesterday One landing from the boat, and followed by the people, had raised His eyes towards her window, and the look of mercy made her past life hideous, and she recoils from the possibility of an eternity continuing her sinful pleasures, lost among the lost, their slave in decrepitude and repulsiveness. What if this were to be her lot "hereafter, in the long hereafter"?

"I look upon this raiment that I wear,
These silks and these embroideries, and they seem
Only as cerements wrapped about my limbs!
I look upon these rings thick set with pearls
And emerald and amethyst and jasper,
And they are burning coals upon my flesh."

Again, this morning, she has seen the Figure in white with wind-tossed garments walking on the lake. She has heard Him say, "It is I—fear not!" and to one of His own followers, "O thou of little faith, why didst thou doubt?" Sick of the past, she has seen hope in Him, and impetuously comes the resolve:

"O I must follow him,
And be with him for ever!
"Thou box of alabaster in whose walls
The souls of flowers lie pent, the precious balm
And spikenard of Arabian farms, the spirits
Of aromatic herbs, ethereal natures
Nursed by the sun and dew, not all unworthy
To bathe his consecrated feet, whose step
Makes every threshold holy that he crosses,
Let us go forth upon our pilgrimage,
Thou and I only! Let us search for him
Until we find him, and pour out our souls
Before his feet, till all that's left of us
Shall be the broken caskets that once held us."

If the whole of the "Christus" had been equal to this magnificent passage, it would be to poetry what the paintings of the great masters are to Christian art; but with few exceptions it fell short of the author's conception and of the reader's ideal. It was a late work, written in the aftermath, when his long life had already given its best.

Besides the religious element, which has done much for the popularity of Longfellow's poetry, there is also a domestic

element, which did still more. His religion appealed to one large class, his culture to another; but as the singer of home affections and the poet of the children he appealed to all the world. His own children were the beginning of his interest in all others, and his diary shows unconsciously what a tender father he was, and how he entered into the "beautiful world" of their fancy, sharing alike the making of the snow-house with the boys or the keeping of the doll's birthday with the girls, and laying open his house and garden and hay-field for merry-makings with the children of others. They had Maypoles and Christmas trees, and played at correspondence in Lilliput letters exchanged between night and morning, with some little sleeper's pillow for a post-office. "Come to me, O ye children," tells his joy in their caresses when he was tired with work; and a visitor to Craigie House says no description of his study would be complete without the children coming in now and again to put an arm round their father's neck and whisper a coaxing question. If one of them was ill, he could not give his mind to anything else, and the poem "Resignation" was written out of his own heart in moments of "inappeasable longing" after the death of his first daughter as a little child.

The mother of these children was the companion of his happiest years, and with personal beauty she possessed the greater treasures of a beautiful mind and soul. In 1861 there was a break in his journal. The great sorrow had fallen suddenly, and the wonder was, as he said afterwards, not that his own life was shattered, but that in any way he was able to live on, having seen what he had seen. On the 9th of July his wife was sealing up small packages of her children's curls, when a fallen match set fire to her summer dress; the shock was too great, and she died next morning. Her face, untouched by the flames, was crowned with a white wreath, for she had died on their marriage anniversary; her husband was unable to go to the grave, so badly was he burnt in his struggle to save her; she had literally perished by fire in his arms.

Even after months he was hardly able to speak of it, except to say, "God's Will be done!" To a friend who hoped he would be able to bear such a cross, he answered, "*Bear* the cross, yes; but what if one is stretched on it?" The very brightness of summer was melancholy now like the brightness of empty rooms. In letters, if he dared to speak of himself, it was only as "wretched and overwhelmed—outwardly calm, but inwardly bleeding to death. . . . Perhaps some day God will give me peace."

Eighteen years after, looking over a book of Western American scenery, he was struck by a picture of a rounded rocky height where furrows filled with snow made distinctly a vast cross spread

in immensity, clear and white, on the side of the dark mountain. At night, watching the picture of the lost face in the lamp-light on the wall, he wrote a sonnet, dated July 10, 1879. It was laid by in his portfolio; as his brother says, death has removed the seal of secrecy now.

THE CROSS OF SNOW.

In the long sleepless watches of the night,
 A gentle face—the face of one long dead—
 Looks at me from the wall, where round its head
 The night-lamp casts a halo of pale light.
 Here in this room she died; and soul more white
 Never through martyrdom of fire was led
 To its repose; nor can in books be read
 The legend of a life more benedight.
 There is a mountain in the distant West,
 That, sun-defying, in its deep ravines
 Displays a cross of snow upon its side.
 Such is the cross I wear upon my breast
 These eighteen years, through all the changing scenes
 And seasons, changeless since the day she died.

To turn back through that long lapse of time—we find that in his crushing sorrow, next to the thought of God's Will and His Providence, his best resource was in his children. They diverted him from the one great grief; and, when holidays were for himself no longer, he provided their Christmas trees, and softened their loss by sharing their small household pleasures. Soon he felt the need of continuous occupation, and he returned to Dante, the dearest study of his life, and day by day worked through his complete translation:

I enter here from day to day,
 And leave my burden at the minster gate.

In translating Dante, he saw that one should either sacrifice the beautiful rhyme "that blossoms all along the lines like a honeysuckle on a hedge," or else give up fidelity, truth—the life of the hedge itself. His unrhymed translation is beyond all others in accuracy and the music of words, if not of rhymes; and his five sonnets on the "Divina Commedia" ought to be reckoned among the glories of our language—the grandest tribute it has ever paid to "that mediæval miracle of song."

While he was occupied with Dante, in 1863, he was called to Washington to bring home his eldest son, wounded in the last battle on the Rapidan. The young lieutenant of cavalry, not yet twenty, was, in his father's words, a brave boy. "Not a single murmur or complaint, though he has a wound through him a foot long. He pretends it does not hurt him."

In 1868 Longfellow and his family visited England, every-

where welcomed and fêted. Cambridge conferred on him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, and when he appeared in the red robes to address the University he was the very realization of the glory of old age, with his noble eyes deep sunken under massive brows, and with long white silken hair and beard of patriarchal whiteness.

In London there was one round of hospitable welcome and friendly homage, from a breakfast with Mr. Gladstone to midnight calls from Bulwer and Aubrey de Vere. The Queen sent for him, and received him at Windsor "cordially and without ceremony;" and, by request, he visited the Prince of Wales. There was a Sunday at Gadshill, and two days with the Laureate—"King Alfred," as he used to call him—in the Isle of Wight. The fountain, like a pile of stones, near the Crab Inn at Shanklin was given an inscription by him; it had been asked for, and was perfect of its kind, beginning like Scott, but in the end touched by his own spirit:

O traveller, stay thy weary feet,
 Drink of this fountain pure and sweet;
 It flows for rich and poor the same.
 Then go thy way, remembering still
 The wayside well beneath the hill,
 The cup of water in His name.

Writing to a friend long before this last visit, he had said, "You are not wrong in supposing that England is to me a beloved mother country, for which I have a strong affection." With a winter on the Continent these his last travels ended; henceforth he had only "Travels by the Fireside"—hearing again, from his books, the Alpine torrent, the mule-bells on the hills of Spain, and seeing afar off the castles of the Rhine and the Italian convents. If he had not been at once a lover of travel and of culture, Longfellow's poetry would have lacked half its riches.

In 1870 he brought out the second series of the "Tales of a Wayside Inn." In November, 1871, the subject of the "Christus"—so long planned—took possession of his whole mind. It was finished at the end of the next January, 1872; never had he so many doubts about any book, but, as we have seen, it contained passages worthy of his most vigorous years.

He himself had once said no poet could write much after fifty; but, considering his advanced age, the close of his life was wonderfully prolific; nor had his bounty relaxed, and the sale of his works made a noble charity fund. To increase it, a friend, unknown to him, sold "The Hanging of the Crane" for three thousand dollars. Then came "Kéramos," bought for a

thousand, to appear, with illustrations, in *Harper's Magazine*. It was the last and greatest of his dissolving-view poems; one flies over the earth from Delft to France and Italy, old Africa, far China and Japan.

His memory recalled the old pottery still standing in Portland, near Deering's Woods, where it had been a delight of his boyhood to stop and watch the bowl or pitcher of clay rise up under the workman's hand, as he stood at his wheel under the shadow of a thorn-tree. There within doors, amid the shelves of pots and pans, he may have read the inscription upon a glazed tile:

"No handicraftsman's art can with our art compare,
We potters make our pots of what we potters are."

He hears the wheel murmur between the visions—that some clay must follow, some command—"so spins the world away;" and the furnace flame is to try the vessels of clay and stamp them with honour or dishonour.

Turn, turn thy wheel! All life is brief;
What now is bud will soon be leaf,
What now is leaf will soon decay;
The wind blows east, the wind blows west,
The blue eggs in the robin's nest
Will soon have wings and beak and breast,
And flutter and fly away.

Turn, turn thy wheel! This earthen jar
A touch can make, a touch can mar;
And shall it to the Potter say
What makest thou? Thou hast no hand?
As men who think to understand
A world by their Creator planned,
Who wiser is than they.

The end was approaching for the poet also. On his seventy-second birthday the children of Cambridge (U.S.) gave their famous present of the carved chair made from the "spreading chestnut-tree" that had overhung the village smithy of his early verses. In 1880 came the thin volume, "Ultima Thule," the last published under his own eyes. "Never was your hand firmer," Mr. Lowell wrote to him. And certainly up to that time he could make a witty speech as well as a brilliant poem. Proposing the health of Agassiz at the Saturday Club, he began with a hit worthy of Dickens up for a speech:—"Wordsworth once said that he could have written Shakespeare's Plays 'if he had a mind to;'"* and I suppose I could make a speech if I had

* Charles Lamb said, "So all he wanted was the mind."

a mind to. But I shall do nothing of the sort." Neither time nor disaster had robbed him of his cheerfulness, his generous reception of strangers, and his delicate humour; they all remained to the last. His affection for the young remained also undimmed. One of his last pastimes was to play at playing backgammon with a little grandson; one of his last acts to receive and show round his study some schoolboy visitors who had asked permission to come. His "long, busy, blameless life" ended peacefully on March 24, 1882: and, as his brother well says, "the world was better and happier for his having lived." Wherever our language reaches, his poems have gone, with their teaching of faith in God, their tendency to a pure happiness for man. He does not rank among poets of the first magnitude; but there are few, even of the highest, who deserve so much praise. While modern poetry throws a halo over doubt, have we not reason to prize him whose verses worship God, whose simple lucid poems persuade human hearts to trust in His providence, to look to immortal life, to make a brave struggle upward and rise on the ruins of failure? And while other poets illuminate unreal pictures, impossible earthly hopes, have we not reason to be thankful to him who threw light about home affections and the common experiences of life? Again, it is the style of the time to suppose sorrow and bitterness of heart poetical and beautiful; ought we not to hold as a good gift these works of a long life, all tending in the main most distinctly to contentment, to hope and happiness? His grandest achievement was this—to have made popular the poetry of faith and of joy, for, if there is sorrow in his voice, it is only enough to soften the heart, not to depress the soul. Speaking in public on "The Education of the Poor," Cardinal Wiseman long ago pointed out that England has no poet who is to its labouring classes what Goethe is to the German peasantry, unless it be the one who has "gained such a hold on our hearts that it is almost unnecessary to mention his name. Our hemisphere cannot claim the honour of having brought him forth, but he still belongs to us, for his works have become as household words wherever the English language is spoken." There is doubt enough in the world, and sorrow enough and weariness; it is a true blessing that this poet of the household came laden with faith and hope, and with refreshment, courage, and joy.

HELEN ATTERIDGE.



ART. III.—FACILITIES OF MODERN PILGRIMAGE.

THERE have been periods in the history of Christendom so marked by danger and disaster that hostile observers have fancied the crisis would prove fatal, if not to the Church's existence, at least to her vitality. Such was doubtless the case when the Reformation shook the fabric of religious and social order, and overthrew the traditions of ages; such also was the case at the time of the French Revolution; such again in our own days when the Civil principedom of the Pope was overthrown; and other instances might be easily gathered from the records of the past. There is, however, one calamitous event that has almost been forgotten, because it is separated from our own times, not only by the interval of six or seven centuries that have since elapsed, but by the still greater interval that divides the ideas, the manners, and usages of modern Europe from those of the Middle Ages.

After the capture of Jerusalem by the Crusaders in 1099, the Latin kingdom was established with the Holy City for its capital, and the Catholic Church reigned in triumph in the land which had been its cradle a thousand years previously. Yet so bright an episode was not permitted to last long; in October 1187, Salah-ed-Dîne, or Saladin, as he is commonly called, captured the city, and reduced it under Mussulman rule. The third crusade, undertaken in the hope of regaining Jerusalem, failed, owing in great measure to the dissensions among the Catholic princes; and eventually, though twice given up by treaty to the Christians, and remaining in their possession at first for ten, and a second time for five years, the Holy City fell into Mahometan hands in the year 1244, and so has continued—not, however, without several changes of masters—down to the present day. The Latin kingdom survived the seizure of Jerusalem by Saladin for more than a hundred years. The town of Acre, or Akka, as it is now called, having been retaken by the Crusaders in 1191, became the head-quarters of the Franks, receiving the name of St. Jean d'Acre; but just a century later, in 1291, the Egyptian Klalife, Ibn-Kalaoun, laid siege to it and took it by assault, thereby extinguishing the last remnant of Latin domination. Thus it was that the shock felt by all Europe when Jerusalem was lost in the twelfth century, was followed by another, though at an interval so great that the memory of no man then living could bridge it over, when at the close of the thirteenth century the kingdom that the Crusaders had founded fell to rise no more. The first of the two events was probably the one most keenly felt. The

Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem had been the centre of the hopes and aspirations of Christian chivalry; it had been wrested from the hands of the Mussulman and had been under Catholic guardianship for three generations (as we commonly reckon them), so that the pang caused by its loss was a bitter one indeed. And yet the second blow must have been very severe, for with the fall of Acre the hope of rescuing the Holy Land from Mahometan sovereignty was finally extinguished.

It is curious that this town of Acre was the scene of the last warlike operations that took place in Palestine. Mehemet Ali, Viceroy of Egypt, had obtained possession of it, and also of a part of Syria, but in the year 1840 some of the European Powers, including England, intervened on behalf of Turkey, an English fleet bombarded Acre, which was almost destroyed, and the whole country was restored to the Porte.

We need not discuss the merits or demerits of Mehemet Ali, whose government is said to have caused discontent among the inhabitants, but it is probable that, so far as material civilization is concerned, it would have been better for Syria and Palestine to be under Egypt than under Turkey; and if we may imagine events to have run the same course in other ways that they have since done, those countries would have come indirectly under English influence and tutelage. Things, however, might be much worse than they now are: the Turkish Government undoubtedly operates in a manner unfavourable to agriculture, commerce, the making of good harbours and roads, and the establishment of safe and rapid means of communication; but so far as religion is concerned, the Catholic Church is in as good a position, and probably a much better one, than she would be under certain European Governments. The modern Turks, though they can be fanatical and even cruel when excited by religious or political passions, are not, generally speaking, tyrants or persecutors, and they are amenable to the Powers of Europe for the treatment of Christians living under their sway.

We turn, however, from these questions of high politics to the humbler but more practical inquiry how it is that Catholics of the present day, especially among ourselves, have ceased to take in the Holy Land and its sacred shrines that vivid interest which animated the Crusaders and the mediæval pilgrims?

After the loss of Jerusalem, permission was obtained, by agreement with the Mahometan authorities, for Catholic priests to officiate at the Holy Sepulchre; and the Franciscans eventually came, under the personal guidance of their great founder, to take charge of the sanctuaries; a charge which, notwithstanding occasional persecutions, they have ever since retained. But the custom of making pilgrimages to the Holy

Places appears to have gradually abated. There was a time in the Middle Ages when it was a not uncommon act of devotion, and was done sometimes as a penance for sin, sometimes in performance of a vow, sometimes for other reasons; but whether it was that faith became colder, or that dangers and difficulties were more formidable, as the centuries rolled on few pilgrims, comparatively speaking, found their way from Western Europe to Jerusalem. And then came the Renaissance and the Reformation, and men's thoughts were diverted into other channels. The present age, however, has seen a partial revival of the ancient and time-honoured usage. Almost every year a large body of French pilgrims are conveyed from Marseilles to Jaffa, where they disembark, and proceed to the Holy Sepulchre and other sanctuaries. Moreover, the great facility and rapidity of travelling now existing tempt many persons in the same direction, who are devoid of any high sympathy with Christian traditions or any true appreciation of the historical significance of what they see.

Yet it is remarkable that much as Englishmen delight in travel, only a small proportion of them ever make their way to the Holy Land, and that proportion includes very few Catholics. A recent pilgrim met not one single English or English-speaking Catholic among his chance companions in those regions. There were Anglican clergymen; there were Methodist missionaries; there were the inevitable American tourists; also a few Catholics from the Continent—French, Belgians, and others: from England none.

May it, then, be my humble mission to encourage the timid or the irresolute among our Catholic countrymen by explaining to them how very small is the difficulty of the pilgrimage and how great the advantage. This is not the place for entering into details as to expense or other matters, but I may say, in passing, that I am persuaded that many people spend as much or more in less interesting and less profitable voyages. Undoubtedly those who have an antipathy to the sea must be prepared for some disagreeable contingencies—a drawback existing in many other journeys. This may be minimized by taking the route through Vienna to Varna, and so going to Constantinople, and thence by Smyrna, Rhodes, and Cyprus, to Beyrout; but it cannot be entirely escaped.

The pilgrim just alluded to, who had visited Constantinople many years previously, chose the other route—that from Brindisi to Alexandria, and from thence to Port Said and Jaffa. Those to whom time and money are no object can, if they please, go out by one route and return by the other.

The most economical way of travelling in the Holy Land is

to go from one religious house to another, including under this designation the residences of secular priests, which are sometimes large enough to accommodate three or four strangers; but this supposes a small party and an absence of ladies, for though in some places the Franciscan Fathers have hospices detached from their own conventual buildings, where ladies can be entertained as well as men, yet in other places that is not the case; and if there be a large or mixed party, tents must be taken and an encampment made each night.* Any one who may be desirous of seeing all the principal spots connected with the history of the Israelites as related in the Old Testament, will have to spend five or six weeks in doing so; less ambitious persons may complete their pilgrimage in about thirty days; whilst, lastly, those who wish merely to visit the chief of the Holy Places may go to Jerusalem, which is one long day's drive from Jaffa; may stay there for a week—allowing a day to Bethlehem (only six miles distant)—may return by road to Jaffa, and go on by carriage to Haïfa, or by sea, if they meet the fortnightly steamer; from Haïfa they may go also by carriage to Nazareth; from thence, if they wish to go to Tiberias, they must ride on horseback—it is but one day's journey—or, if unable to bear such a fatigue, they may go in a palanquin carried by two mules; they can then return to Nazareth and Haïfa, and to Jaffa; and they will have visited the principal places without much fatigue in the space of about twenty-one days. This is a supposed minimum for persons of infirm health or shattered nerves. Those who are blessed with health and

* There are two well-known firms, Messrs. Cook and Messrs. Gaze, who undertake the entire care of travellers; both of them are good, but of the former I can speak with a greater personal knowledge; and for those who are not acquainted previously with the country, and who are not bound to very rigid economy, the advantage of sailing under the flag of Messrs. Cook is considerable. At Alexandria, Jaffa, Beyrout, a boat, with men in red jerseys, appears, ready to land passengers without trouble or expense; at all the principal places there is an agent whose services are at the disposal of the "tourist;" sufficient food and shelter, horses and baggage-mules, all provided, and a dragoman to accompany the party. Some people have a sort of religious dread of all this, but it is to be noted that it is only for temporal necessities that you resort to this celebrated firm; for spiritual advice and consolation, if you need them, you must go elsewhere. It is true also that you run a real risk of being bound compulsorily to uncongenial companions, and this (particularly in the case of sensitive persons) is the one serious drawback. Those, however, who have time at their disposal may contract with either of the above-named firms for conveyance to and from Palestine, and on arriving at Jaffa or Jerusalem may make their own arrangements as to the party they join, going even by themselves, if they do not object to the additional cost of such a journey.

vigour ought to ride through the country, particularly between Jerusalem and Nazareth, where they will pass through several places that cannot fail to interest them, among which the principal is Nablous, the ancient Shechem, near to which you may see "Jacob's well," the almost undoubted scene of our Lord's conversation with the Samaritan woman. Nablous is mainly a Mahometan place, notorious for the fanaticism of its inhabitants; it contains, however, a small Catholic Chapel (of the Latin rite) and also Greek and Protestant places of worship. One of the curiosities of this ancient town is that it is the seat of a singular sect, now small and languishing in numbers, the old Samaritans. Here resides their chief priest, Jacob Shellaby by name, an intelligent man, of handsome person, and speaking English fairly well. Every year they go to the summit of Mount Gerizim to celebrate their Paschal feast. Here the lambs are slain and morsels of the meat distributed to the people, and all that remains is publicly burnt. This remarkable spectacle frequently attracts strangers, from the fact that it is almost the only occasion on which one can see that most ancient of all ceremonies, the offering up of a burnt sacrifice. Not long ago, two English travellers rode to the summit of Mount Gerizim in company with this Samaritan patriarch, who pointed out to them the spot where the rites were celebrated, and described to them the manner of keeping the passover practised by himself and his flock. The weather was bad, or the view from the summit would probably of itself have well repaid the ascent of the hill.

After leaving Nablous on their way to Nazareth, those who follow this route pass near the town of Sebâtieh, which stands nearly on the site of the ancient Samaria; it is beautifully situated on the slope of a hill surrounded by fertile valleys. Before reaching Nazareth the traveller comes down on the fertile plain of Esdraelon, or Jezreel, 250 feet below the level of the sea. So much of the Holy Land is barren, rocky ground, that a plain such as this is a relief and a delight to the eyes. Of Nazareth itself I will speak later on; I may remark in passing that it is a ride of at least four days from Jerusalem.

Reasons of health, time, or economy that would prevent a person from riding over the steep, stony paths of the hills of Judæa and Galilee, need not, as already remarked, discourage him from a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, any more than one need be prevented from visiting Switzerland, because one has not the strength and activity to ascend the higher peaks of the Alps. Such a traveller should land at Jaffa, or otherwise at Haïfa. I take the first and more usual alternative, the only difficulty about which is that, since Jaffa has no sort of harbour, it is impossible to land there when there is a very heavy sea running. The

pilgrim, however, having happily disembarked, will go either to the hospice of the Franciscan Fathers, or to a very respectable, though small, hotel, kept by a civil and intelligent German. While at Jaffa he will visit the house of Simon the tanner—at least the place that claims to be so—he will even see the stone cistern of water which Simon probably used for the purposes of his trade; and he will go up to the roof of the building and so stand almost on the spot where St. Peter was praying when the messengers sent by Cornelius the centurion arrived; and he will look on that view of the “Great Sea” (as the inhabitants in those days termed it) on which the Apostle must also have gazed, perhaps enabled by Divine illumination to foresee that vast spiritual empire beyond the sea over which he and his successors were to rule. The pilgrim then, if he can descend to things terrestrial, will visit the orange gardens of Jaffa, where this fruit is produced in great perfection and abundance, and the groves of lemons that flourish luxuriantly in this genial climate. Early the next morning he will start for his long day’s drive to Jerusalem; he will cross the rich plain of Sharon, and, after a midday halt for refreshment, will ascend gradually the mountains of Judæa, bleak and desolate, and if the weather should be bad, he will have to exercise much patience while the feeble horses drag his carriage along the rough and soaking road. Indeed, it has happened to travellers who were making the journey somewhat early in the year, when the rain was falling in torrents, to be obliged to descend from their vehicle and literally put their hands to the wheels and help the tired horses in drawing their burden over heavy pieces of ground. Once arrived at the Jaffa gate of Jerusalem, he will descend from his carriage, and entering the gate on foot, will proceed to the Franciscan hospice called the Casa Nuova—a building entirely separate from the house of the Fathers—or else he will go to an hotel, or to the hospice of the Knights of St. John. But wherever he takes up his abode, he will do well to put himself under the guidance of the good Franciscans, one of whom will probably show him all the sacred sights in and about Jerusalem. If he content himself with following the lead of Messrs. Cook’s dragoman, he will indeed see the same places, but accompanied as he will naturally be by a party of a somewhat miscellaneous character, he will not be able to enter very intimately into the religious associations; not that even so he would probably hear any offensive remarks made, at any rate so far as the dragoman was concerned—many of these men are Catholics; all of them would understand the propriety of respecting the feeling of Catholic pilgrims, *if they knew them to be such*; but it is far better to make the round of the Holy Places with the

help of the Franciscan Brother, who it need not be said is a more sympathetic guide than any professional cicerone.

Thus accompanied, the pilgrim will visit the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and will kneel on the very spot where ancient tradition teaches that his Redeemer was laid in the tomb, and rose again from the dead. The actual sepulchre is hidden by the marble slab placed over it, but you are on the very place where this mighty mystery was worked. And should the scornful or the sceptical be at hand to suggest to the visitor at the sacred shrine a doubt as to its genuineness, he may answer that a spot consecrated by the tradition of fifteen centuries carries with it a right of credibility until it shall have been clearly disproved; he may add, too, that even were there a well-founded doubt, it is only a question of a few hundred yards, and you must inevitably be in close proximity to Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre; which were outside the ancient wall, but only at a short distance from it, as is evident from the words of the Gospel.

And if, before visiting in detail the hallowed sites of the city, the pilgrim should prefer seeing the whole at one comprehensive view, he will go to the Mount of Olives, from which Jerusalem can be surveyed as from no other point. Between the observer and the city lies the valley of Jehoshaphat, with the brook Kedron running through it (whenever the rain has filled its channel with a sufficient flow of water), though its bed is not identical with that of the ancient stream as it was 1800 years ago; and beyond this valley is the Holy City surrounded with its wall, and some conspicuous buildings on the outside; it is needless to say that neither town nor wall are the same as those on which our Lord's eye rested as He foretold the catastrophe impending over the Temple. Jerusalem has been destroyed more than once, and the line followed by the modern wall is quite different from that of the ancient capital.

The summit of the Mount of Olives is about 2700 feet above the level of the sea; while Jerusalem itself is about 2500 feet. The spectator who gazes on the latter has therefore a slight advantage in point of elevation. Some of my readers may perhaps have perused the description of the city as seen from this spot by moonlight, given in Disraeli's "*Tancred*;" it is not without its beauty, but is somewhat inflated and fantastic; there are, however, one or two remarks which ought to strike every thoughtful mind. The scene brings before his imagination the host of great men that have sprung from the Hebrew race—among them the legislator of old whose laws are even still obeyed, the king who has ceased to reign for 3000 years, but who is still a proverb of wisdom, the Teacher who has remodelled Europe; and that is

one of the grand associations of which the Holy Land is so full : it is the cradle of that religion which has changed the face of the whole civilized world. It is difficult to picture to oneself what Europe would be without Christianity ; what would be, for instance, the laws of war, or what the relations between husband and wife, parent and child, master and servant. They might be one thing or another ; but never could they possibly be what now they are. And as the stranger from Western Europe looks at Jerusalem, and remembers that the religion which has worked such moral wonders took its rise from certain great events which occurred at the Feast of the Passover, and at that of Pentecost, in some year, the date of which is not precisely known, but only that it was in the reign of Tiberius, and when Pontius Pilate was Governor of Judæa, and as he recollects that this religion has in its turn subdued that Imperial City of Rome, the destroyer of Jerusalem with its Temple, he must surely admit that (whatever his own religious convictions may be) the historical associations suggested by this sight are such as are not to be found in any spot of this earth besides. Here, then, lies before him modern Jerusalem, differing of course from the ancient one, but recalling all its memories—the area where the old Temple stood now occupied by the Mosque of Omar ; the Church of the Holy Sepulchre with its unsightly cupolas, yet covering most hallowed ground ; Mount Zion with its buildings ; the Tower of David, the churches, the synagogues—truly such a *coup d'œil* will be felt by many a traveller to be a reward for labour and fatigue far greater than those that fall to the lot of the modern pilgrim.

Then having surveyed Jerusalem, he will remember that he is close to the traditional site of the Ascension, now occupied by a small mosque. There are other buildings on the Mount of Olives. On the place where our Lord is said to have taught to the Apostles the prayer called by His name, there is a square cloister built by the Princesse de la Tour d'Auvergne, in which are thirty-two slabs with the Pater Noster inscribed on them in thirty-two languages. It is believed that this devout lady (who is still living) intends this to be the place of her burial, and indeed her monument has been already erected there. Close by is a convent of Carmelite nuns with its church.

The pilgrim, however, having seen all these sacred localities, will not omit to turn his eye in another direction, where, at a depth of nearly 4000 feet below his own position, he will see the Dead Sea, with the Mountains of Moab on the opposite shore. The distance is scarcely fifteen miles in a direct line, but it takes several hours to make the journey. He may then descend the Mount of Olives on the side of Bethany, visit the traditional tomb of Lazarus, and return to Jerusalem from Bethany by a

route that his Lord and Redeemer must often have trodden. But he must not omit, either on this or another occasion, to visit that part of the Mount of Olives which lies on the side of Jerusalem where the Garden of Gethsemane is still to be seen—a small piece of ground walled round, and now possessed by the Franciscans, who place a lay-brother in charge of it. A grotto, the scene of the Agony, is shown, and the spot where the Apostles slept; and whatever may be our belief in the exact locality, as shown by the good Franciscan, certain it is that these awful mysteries were enacted somewhere in the immediate vicinity.

There are many other objects at Jerusalem that demand the attention of the pilgrim; one of the chief of these is the Cœnaculum, the site of that memorable “upper room,” where the Last Supper was celebrated, where the Apostles assembled after the Resurrection and the Ascension, where in all probability the descent of the Holy Spirit took place on the day of Pentecost. Here was built a Christian Church, a portion of which is still standing, now in the hands of the Mahometans, who have converted the place into a mosque. There is, I believe, no doubt that the site is the genuine one. The tomb of David is shown within, the genuineness of which is in the highest degree doubtful; it is, however, the object of Mussulman veneration. The Cœnaculum stands outside the present wall of the City.

Then again, there is the “Ecce Homo,” the place where formerly stood the house of Pilate, and where our Lord was shown to the people, close to which traditional site there is now a church and a convent of the Dames de Sion, founded by the late Père Ratisbon. Here commences the Via Dolorosa, which is far from being (as some persons perhaps picture it to their imagination) a very long straight road, but a comparatively short and tortuous way, not more than about 500 yards of distance from the first station to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, where of course it ends. The tomb of the Blessed Virgin, close to the Mount of Olives, is not so certainly authenticated as some other Holy Places, but the pilgrim will not omit to visit it with due devotion.

Last, but not least, there is the site of the old Temple. The Mosque of Omar, which now stands there, was formerly considered by the Mussulmans so sacred a spot that no Christian was allowed to enter it under pain of death; but now European travellers obtain permission easily enough through their respective consuls. It is a truly remarkable building, the dome, its most conspicuous feature, being called the Dome of the Rock, on account of the holy rock underneath it, supposed to be the veritable Mount Moriah, where Abraham came to sacrifice Isaac. Many Mahometan legends centre round this spot. Here, it is

said, stood that portion of the Temple called the Holy of Holies. It was a vast area taken altogether, the Temple with all its courts and the buildings attached to it, covering several acres of ground. In another part stands the Mosque El-Aksa, a building of considerable size. The foundations of the Temple are still to some extent visible; huge blocks of stone may be seen, such as are never used in modern buildings. Outside the enclosure, and close to these massive stones, is the place where the Jews on each Friday afternoon assemble to wail. It is known as the wailing-place of the Jews; strange sight to witness, as they mourn and weep over the lost glories of Israel.

It is needless to say that no pilgrim omits to visit Bethlehem, which is about six miles distant from Jerusalem; it is inhabited almost entirely by Christians, of whom about one-half are Catholics, and the rest Greeks or Armenians. It probably looks much as it did on that great Christmas Day, nearly 1900 years ago, excepting that a church is now built over the memorable stable. The church is divided into separate portions, one belonging to the Greeks and Armenians, the other to the Catholics, represented here as elsewhere by the Franciscan Fathers. Underneath lies the Grotto of the Nativity. Other interesting memories surround the place. St. Jerome lived and died here; and he was not the only one who chose Bethlehem for an abode.

It is not desirable to abridge too much the time allotted to Jerusalem itself. Many endeavour so to arrange their movements as to pass the Holy Week and Easter there. Those who happen to be present at the Greek Easter can witness a proceeding which generally produces a painful impression—the supposed miraculous fire. It has often been described, and need not be dwelt upon at any length. Nevertheless, I may remark that a traveller who saw it this present year was struck with the picturesque effect as the lights, kindled originally at the Holy Sepulchre, spread from hand to hand through the mass of people in the church. This gentleman, being a Protestant of strict type, was not likely to be impressed with religious ceremonies on any æsthetical ground. Also he saw disorder and fighting going on—probably before the light was given out of the Holy Sepulchre—and yet the whole thing left a somewhat pleasing picture on his memory.* I should add that on this occasion no serious

* This same energetic traveller—an officer returning from India—sailed up the Persian Gulf, then ascended the Tigris in a steamer as far as Bagdad, disembarked there, rode to visit the sites of Babylon and Nineveh, and then to Damascus, from whence he rode on to Tiberias and other places in the Holy Land. He was also so fortunate as to be present at the curious ceremony of the Samaritan Passover, alluded to already.

tumult occurred at all resembling those that caused great scandal in former years, and even once or twice resulted in loss of life.

Few travellers in the Holy Land would willingly omit an expedition to the Dead Sea; nor indeed ought they easily to set it aside. The Dead Sea is perhaps not quite so remarkable an object as is generally supposed; you might stand on its shore, and even bathe in it, and yet fancy it was only a bay of the Mediterranean, were it not for its bitter taste, caused chiefly by chloride of magnesium, which, together with a very large proportion of common salt and also bitumen, is held in solution by the water. The view of the mountains of Moab on the opposite side is very fine, and the whole scene is a singular one. There is a sort of solitude on these banks; very little vegetation exists, for there is a want of fresh water; no water-fowl are visible, for there is nothing for them to feed upon; no fish ever lives in the deadly sea, true in this respect to its name. No one knows where the wicked Cities of the Plain once stood; some think they were at the southern end of the sea; others, with more probability, place them at the north. It is scarcely necessary to add that every trace of them has disappeared. The sea certainly filled a much larger basin at some remote period; the traveller rides over a sandy plain, formerly a part of this singular lake. Possibly he passes over the very site of the guilty cities. The Dead Sea was once a body of fresh water, as is inferred from the fact that in its upper terraces, far above the present level of the water, fresh-water shells have been found. In a certain book of travels in the Holy Land a theory has been started that the volcanic eruption (if such it were) that destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah, threw up from the earth below the bed of the sea salt rocks, which have impregnated the water and have imparted to it its present intensely saline character. The ordinary scientific explanation is, that, there being no outlet to the lake, the fresh water that flows into it is evaporated into the air, but the various mineral salts carried by the inflowing water (in this case the Jordan) in solution from rocks and soils *are not evaporated*. They remain in the lake, which gradually becomes more and more salt as evaporation constantly goes on. The same thing has occurred in the great Salt Lake of Utah.

The Dead Sea (as it now exists) is about forty-six miles long and its greatest breadth is ten miles; it lies about 1300 feet below the level of the Mediterranean. In the neighbourhood of the site of the old but now ruined and desolate Jericho has been founded a small Russian colony, with a little inn, affording rough but fairly comfortable accommodation. Here travellers may rest, and may ride to the Jordan and the shore of

the Dead Sea, and back again to Jericho in one easy day. Another plan is to go to the Greek monastery of Mar Saba, and return by that route to Jerusalem. It is a strange place, this plain of Jericho, lying so far below the general sea-level, in a deep hollow, of which the bed of the Dead Sea forms the lowest portion. The heat is said to be great in summer, and the vegetation is sub-tropical in its character. There is a striking scene on the road between Jerusalem and Jericho, where, on the banks of a stream called the Wâdy-el-Kelt, and supposed to be identical with the brook Cherith (the Carith of the Vulgate), is the traditional spot where the prophet Elias was fed by the ravens. Here, in a wild and romantic position, stands a Greek monastery.

The travellers who have made this expedition to the Dead Sea, will generally return to Jerusalem, and from thence will take routes varying according to their health and their powers of endurance. Those who do not ride will drive to Jaffa, and go from that place by sea or by road to Haifa. Here they may (if no ladies are of the party) be received at the monastery of Mount Carmel, which stands on the height forming the promontory, or else they may remain below at Haifa, a beautifully situated and flourishing little town, which looks across the bay to Acre, now no longer the capital of the Crusaders, but a Turkish fortress, with an abundant Mahometan population. In either case they will doubtless visit the monastery, and will see the places where the great prophet Elias probably taught his disciples; they will admire the great natural beauty of the scenery, and on a fine spring day they will see the snowy summit of the Greater Hermon and the range of the Lebanon rising in the distant background on the opposite side of the bay. Those who either ride or are good walkers will visit the supposed scene of Elias's sacrifice and the slaughter of the prophets of Baal. Here, at the summit of the hill, the Carmelite Fathers have built a small chapel, where Mass is occasionally said; the probable site of the sacrifice is a little lower down, where the ground seems to show that two rival sets of worshippers might have placed themselves on opposite eminences at no great distance apart, and where there is a well that would have furnished water to pour over the sacrifice. The River Kishon runs some way below; it is but a small stream, great as is its historical renown. "That ancient river, the River Kishon." Here we are not very far from the scene of Barac's victory over Sisera.

Travellers who find themselves unequal to further fatigue may drive by carriage to Nazareth. Here they can be lodged in the hospice of the Franciscan Fathers, which is quite detached from their own monastery. The latter adjoins the Church of the Annunciation; and here, beneath the high altar, is the sacred

spot where tradition teaches us that the archangel Gabriel appeared to the Blessed Virgin, announcing to her the message with which he was charged for the redemption of mankind. Here the pilgrim is told (as he probably has long before heard) that the holy house itself is at Loretto; but the grotto hewn out of the rock, in which it is supposed that our Lady actually was at the moment of the Annunciation, is of course at Nazareth still. It was in the holy house (an exceedingly small building, as is evident) that the archangel stood to deliver his all-important message. There is an altar here, at which Mass is constantly said.

There are about 2000 Catholics in this most interesting town; but not all of the Latin rite, some being United Greeks, and many being Maronites. You are shown the traditional workshop of St. Joseph, where there is now a chapel in possession of the Franciscan Fathers. You also visit the synagogue, where it is said that our Lord taught; it is now a church belonging to the United Greeks. There is another place of no small interest—namely, the fountain called Mary's Well; here the inhabitants still draw their water, and you may see the native women carrying heavy pitchers on their heads, returning to their homes after having drawn the water required for their families. Probably the fountain was there in the time when the Holy Family lived at Nazareth, when one might have seen the Blessed Virgin in her simple, humble way carrying, like these women, the heavy water pitcher. From the hills in the vicinity of the town you get a view of the Mediterranean.

For those who do not attempt to ride, the pilgrimage of the Holy Land must end here; they must drive back to Haifa, at least, unless they travel in a palanquin. Such persons, however, as do not object to riding, should on no account whatever omit the expedition to the Lake of Galilee. There are two routes, one by Mount Thabor, which makes a long day's journey, or if you please, two short days; another by the supposed Cana of Galilee, which is one moderately long day. The ascent of Mount Thabor will reward any one by the beauty of the natural scenery; the hill is covered with trees and shrubs and flowers blossoming on all sides, and from the top in fine weather is an extensive and magnificent view. There is a Franciscan hospice there, with two or three lay brothers. You are here shown the remains of the three churches, built apparently at the time of the Crusades; one dedicated to the Transfiguration, one to Moses, one to Elias. Mount Thabor, as is well known, is the traditional site of the Transfiguration, but its authenticity is disputed by some writers. The Greeks have also a chapel here.

Whichever route the pilgrim follows, he will at length, as he rides over the hills, see the town of Tiberias below him, standing

on the margin of the beautiful sheet of water which bears its name, and on arriving he will be received in the Franciscan hospice. Tiberias is now the only town out of the many which once surrounded the lake. As it now exists it dates from the period of the Crusades, there being no remains of the ancient city founded by Herod Antipas. It is a small place, chiefly inhabited by Jews; in fact, after the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, it became the head-quarters of Judaism and the seat of the Sanhedrim. The lake abounds with fish as it did formerly, but there are not many fishermen to capture them, those that are at Tiberias being all Mahometans.

We are here somewhat over 600 feet below the level of the Mediterranean and the climate is consequently warm; the Jordan (as is well known) flows through the lake. The pilgrim will naturally visit Tell-Hûm, generally supposed to be the site of the ancient Capharnaum, and now in ruins, and he will stand on the spot where very probably once stood the synagogue in which our Lord taught—where, in fact, he dwelt for some time, making it the centre of His missionary work, the Sea of Galilee being then surrounded by a large population, many villages and towns bordering its banks. The pilgrim will also see some ruins at a place called Khan-Minyeh, which it is conjectured are those of the ancient Bethsaida. He will not fail to reflect that the towns on which so awful a woe was pronounced—Capharnaum, Chorazin, Bethsaida—have all passed away, scarcely to be identified by the ruinous piles that mark the spots. These sites can in propitious weather be visited by boat, and the traveller who does this, as he sails back to Tiberias in the still hours of some spring evening, may well ponder both on the sacred associations of the lake, and on its natural loveliness; for the two together combine to lend a singular charm to this most remarkable place, such as one seldom meets with elsewhere. There are other lakes with far grander scenery, and other spots equally sacred; but for the union of the two, the beauty of nature and hallowed associations, the Lake of Galilee is unrivalled. The plain of Gennesareth lies on the north-west border of the lake; and is profoundly interesting from its being the scene of so many of the miracles, and so much of the teaching, recorded in the Gospels. As you quit Tiberias and again ascend the hills, you may see in the rocky ground which is so plentiful, in the thorny bushes which are so abundant, and in the good and fertile ground which also exists in this fine plain, a full exemplification of the parable of the Sower.

Travellers who are provided with horses and camp equipage may, if they please, ride from Tiberias by Safed and Bâniâs to Damascus, others will return to Nazareth, and from thence to Haïfa. Here ends the pilgrimage of the Holy Land properly

speaking; but those who have time to spare will not fail to proceed by steamer to Beyrout, or they may prefer to ride along the coast by the way of the ancient Tyre and Sidon. The steamers do not go very frequently, or with great regularity; but the passage is a short one, and time is saved in this way.

Beyrout is one of the most charming spots in this most striking country, and you see the snowy heights of the Lebanon in the distance, and the rich and beautiful hills in the vicinity of Beyrout studded with houses. This town is a sort of missionary centre; the Jesuits have a magnificent college, and a good-sized church, the Sisters of Charity have also a large school for girls: the Protestants have also some establishments.

In this part of Syria, the Christians are chiefly Catholics, owing in great part to its being the country of the Maronites. This is so well-recognized a fact that the Governor of the Lebanon appointed by the Porte is generally, if not always, a Catholic.

There is a good road between Beyrout and Damascus; a diligence runs there every day, and a smaller one every night, the whole managed by a French Company. Damascus is remarkable for its vast antiquity; for there was a town here in the days of the Patriarch Abraham. It is now, too, very curious as being a specimen of a thoroughly Asiatic town. Oriental costumes are almost universal, and so are Oriental habits and manners. In the hotel, which is just outside the town, and in front of which flows the river Abana, called also Barada, you have, indeed, European customs; but when you go out you leave Europe altogether behind you, and see Eastern dress, Eastern habits, Eastern everything, a partial exception to this being visible in the missionary establishments at the further end of the city, where the Lazarists have a large college for boys, and the Sisters of Charity, for girls. The "street that is called Straight" still exists, altered though it has been at different times, and runs for a long way through the town. Then there are the bazaars, for which Damascus is celebrated, where are sold the well-known sword-blades, as also many articles beautifully worked with silk and gold thread, and various works in metal. A place is shown as being the probable scene of St. Paul's conversion, but it is most doubtful; so also is shown the place where the Apostle was let down the wall in a basket, and so escaped the hands of his enemies.

A fine view of Damascus can be obtained by driving through a suburban village called Sâlahîyeh to some high ground, beyond which rises the hill of Kâsiûn; here you see well the fine Oriental city with various villages surrounding it, and groves of apricot, almond and other fruit trees growing close to the walls,

and the lake in the distance beyond. Damascus is a great military station, and there was recently a large body of Turkish troops quartered there. Between Damascus and Beyrout is a small place called Shtôra, near which the Jesuit Fathers have established a large farm, aided, it is said, by the French Government, which persecutes them at home. From Shtôra those who wish to visit the remarkable ruins of Baalbec, with the vast stones that one still sees in the outer wall, one of which is said to be sixty-four feet long, and several to be nearly thirteen feet high, and this at some nineteen feet above the ground, can do so with great facility. As one returns to Beyrout the scenery well repays the traveller, and striking indeed is the view as you descend the hills and come down on this most lovely of seaports. From Beyrout there are two ways of returning home, one by Cyprus, Smyrna, and Constantinople, and the other by Egypt; those who choose the former will see in Constantinople a city, not only of great historical interest, but affording, as seen from without, perhaps the most striking and magnificent view of any city in the world. Those who select the latter will have the opportunity of looking at Cairo, than which there are few more remarkable places, as for other reasons so especially from the curious juxtaposition of European and Oriental life. In the European quarter are to be found all the various accompaniments of modern civilization, while the native town is a thorough picture of the East and its ways. Cairo is indeed a great centre of Mahometanism, as is shown by the new mosques erected and in process of erection. In such a place you see a wide variety of costumes and manners, the equipage of the Englishman with the smartly attired ladies such as you meet every day in Europe, and, on the other hand, the close carriage with the blinds half drawn down, containing the wives of some rich Mussulman, attended by a black eunuch, who sits on the box.

The voyage back to Europe is sometimes full of charm. The vessel that conveyed the pilgrim already mentioned from Alexandria to Brindisi ran close to the island of Crete, or Candia, as it is now usually called, and afforded to the passengers a fine view of the lofty mountains covered with snow, which are so striking a feature in this island. The course of the vessel also lay between the mainland of Greece and some of the Ionian islands, Zante and Cefalonia. It would be difficult to exaggerate the beauty of the prospect, with the snowy mountains of the Morea on the east, and the exquisitely picturesque islands on the west, the whole producing—whilst you are really at sea, and have beneath you the deep blue waters of the Mediterranean—the effect of the finest lake scenery. The more usual course of the Peninsular and

Oriental vessels is to the west of the Ionian islands, so that those who were on the homeward voyage on this occasion were singularly favoured. The arrival in the harbour at Brindisi may be said to terminate the Oriental pilgrimage. Truly, as of old, "Brundisium longæ finis chartæque viæque."

Those who have followed me so far will I trust acquit me of any endeavour to inflict on them, on the one hand, a pious diary, or, on the other hand, a string of information such as one finds in ordinary guide-books. The task I propose to myself is to expostulate with those who take so little interest in a country like the Holy Land, which deserves better treatment at their hands, and to encourage the irresolute who shrink from the imaginary difficulties of the pilgrimage, by assuring them that the accomplishment of it is comparatively easy, and the reward great. As for the strictly spiritual advantages, it is not in my province to expatiate on them, and indeed they do not require it. But I may say that it is not possible to travel in Palestine without gaining some information that throws a light on the Gospels and other portions of Scripture, new to the pilgrim, and scarcely to be attained elsewhere. A friend of much learning and ability, now deceased, once remarked to me that it was like reading a fifth Gospel; and exaggerated though this expression may be, it yet conveys a truth. Not only do the events recorded in Holy Scripture, the parables of our Lord and His teaching receive a fresh and more vivid illustration, but mistaken impressions on minor matters are corrected, and greater accuracy of thought acquired. For instance, the place where our Lord was crucified is frequently called *Mount Calvary*; one learns that it is really only a slight elevation; it is not called a mountain or hill in any one of the Gospels, nor is there any reason to suppose it was so. I have heard an objection made to the traditional site of Calvary, on the ground that from the higher part of the present city, near the Jaffa gate, you not only do not ascend but rather go down hill towards it: now, whatever may be thought of other objections, this is plainly a most futile one.* And so in other incidents of sacred history, appa-

* A rival site has been suggested by modern theorists—a small hill at a little distance from what is called the Damascus gate of Jerusalem, near to which is what appears to be an ancient tomb. This idea owes its origin, if I mistake not, to a man of whose memory one must speak with great respect, but who was certainly not free from religious eccentricity—the late General Gordon. I do not, however, know that there is any intrinsic improbability in this site excepting the important point that it has no tradition in its favour; it is a modern imagination. In any country it would be improbable that tradition should have so entirely lost sight of such a spot as Calvary. In Asia, where ancient associations are so much venerated, it is simply incredible. But I refrain from discussing this much-vexed question, which would involve a long and intricate dissertation.

rent discrepancies or difficulties may be reduced to very small proportions by the more accurate knowledge that is gained by personal inspection of the localities.

Segnius irritant animum demissa per aures,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.

But apart from religious impressions and Christian sentiment, there is a circumstance of Eastern travel which cannot fail to interest a thoughtful mind. And be it remembered that when I use the words "Oriental" or "Eastern," I intend to apply them to those Asiatic or African countries that bound the Mediterranean Sea, and not to the far East of India, China, and Japan, where life again assumes a different aspect. The inhabitants, then, of Syria and Palestine, to whom I am alluding, contrast in some respects strongly with Europeans; less advanced in civilization, as we commonly understand it, they are free from that restlessness, that incessant thirst for change, which are the bane of our own unfortunate country. Their fault, such as it is, lies in the opposite direction; with them a rigid adherence to the past and a blind clinging to the traditions of their fathers are carried to excess. This habit of mind goes a long way to account for the continuance of religious systems and sects, some non-Christian, others spurious forms of Christianity, which in Western Europe would probably die out gradually. This, too, accounts for much listless indifference as to the various improvements that the spirit of modern invention supplies in such abundance amongst ourselves.

An attractive instance of the adherence to traditional usage in the East is the costume of the native population, the picturesque variety of which is a most pleasing relief to an eye weary of European monotony. So far as male dress is concerned, it may fairly be said that if our English and Western garments are less attractive in appearance, they are at least convenient and well fitted for our requirements; it may even be said that the richer class among the Turks and Egyptians have in a more or less modified degree adopted them. But who that has ever seen the decorum of costume and the modesty of deportment that prevail generally among Oriental women, and compared it with much that he sees at home, can deny that here at least the East sets us an example not wholly to be despised?

I am not touching on questions of high morality; nor am I guilty of such presumption. I am confining myself to matters of exterior conduct, such as meet the eye of every traveller. Such things are but imperfect indications of the inward life; yet it must not be forgotten that exterior propriety is a kind of safeguard to interior purity, and is in some way like a sentry posted on the

outwork of a citadel, whom one does not expect to resist, unaided, an attack in force, but whom one requires to give timely notice of the enemy's approach.

It is the habit of the Mahometan women in Syria and the Holy Land to cover the whole face with a veil, differing in that respect from the usage of Constantinople, where the *yashmak* is worn so as to allow the eyes to appear, and also from that of Egypt. But the Christian women also wear a dress at once picturesque and decorous, a sort of mantle, usually white in colour, which covers the head (without concealing the face) and reaches nearly to the feet. The effect of these white figures, as they crouch on the floors of the churches is at once pleasing, both to the artistic and moral sense. A pilgrim who on his return from the East landed recently in Italy and passed a Sunday in Naples, was affected with a feeling of repugnance, if not disgust, as he looked on the Italian women, with their heads completely uncovered, walking about, as they do, in the streets, and even entering the churches. So, again, the same pilgrim (whose prejudices are perhaps not entirely to be defended) contrasted the ladies who drive dog-carts through the streets of London, with the Egyptian ladies passing along the streets of Cairo in the closed vehicles with half-drawn blinds, and drew conclusions not wholly in favour of his own countrywomen. And yet we must not forget that Mahometan usages are based on a false principle, and could not possibly be carried out in a highly civilized community, even were they desirable. One is inclined to ask if it might not be practicable to find some happy mean between the publicity of life and forwardness of deportment, which are encouraged in the modern society of Europe, and the gloom of Oriental seclusion; perhaps such medium has been attained by some of the Oriental Christians, perhaps, too, it has been known in England as she was in days gone by, and possibly in other countries of the West; but at the present day it seems like a hopeless ideal. Meanwhile let this brief digression upon Eastern manners and Western morals be excused—even by those to whom its tone may seem exaggerated—as a result of that fascinating vision of Oriental life which on the wanderer's return to Europe vanishes from his eyes, however it may linger in his memory.

F. R. WEGG-PROSSER.

ART. IV.—WHERE WAS ST. PATRICK BORN?

1. *The Birthplace of St. Patrick.* By the Right Rev. P. F. MORAN, Bishop of Ossory (now Archbishop of Sydney). DUBLIN REVIEW, April, 1880.
2. *Documenta de S. Patritio, Hibernorum Apostolo ex libro Armachano.* Edidit E. HOGAN, S.J., in Universitate Catholica Dublinensi, linguæ Hibernicæ et historiæ lector. Bruxellis. 1884.
3. *An Inquiry as to the Birthplace of St. Patrick.* By T. H. TURNER, M.A. A Paper read for the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, and published in "Archæologia Scotica," vol. v. part i. Edinburgh. 1874.
4. *Loca Patriciana.* By Rev. J. F. SHEARMAN. Published in the R.H.A.A.I. Series 4th. Vol. iv. No. 35, p. 435.
5. *Essays on Religion and Literature.—The Birthplace of St. Patrick.* By J. CASHEL HOEY. Edited by H. E. MANNING. London.

A SAYING which has passed into a proverb, "that the unexpected generally happens," is illustrated from a statement in the "Book of Armagh" concerning St. Patrick. The writer of that venerable book, in the ninth century, traced a likeness to Moses in the apostle of Ireland, by reason of his angelic communications, his fast for full forty days and nights, his long life of 120 years, and his burial in an unknown grave. His burial-place is known, however, whilst his birthplace, which was probably known to the writer in the "Book of Armagh," is at present anything but generally agreed upon. Yet in this age of ours, when so much has been discovered with the progress of science and scientific criticism, it is surely time to ask yet once again, Where was Saint Patrick born? And if we cannot with certainty point to the country of his birth, though we hope so to do, we shall at all events show that the last word has not been said on the subject, and that further inquiry is still necessary.

When we take into account the filial reverence with which every step of the Irish apostle has been traced by his loving followers, it is strange that any doubt should exist as to his birthplace. Whilst he yet lived several Lives of him are said to have been drawn up; so that it looks like the irony of fate, that although four of these Lives are attributed to his four nephews,* the locality of his very birthplace is still a moot

* "Trias Thaum." Scholium, Hymn of Fiacc.

question. Not to speak of the many learned Lives and notices of the Saint that have appeared in modern times, no fewer than sixty-six Lives had been written by the twelfth century. These sixty-six Lives have been substantially embodied into seven; and on these seven is founded most of what has been written since the twelfth century.

It may not be uninteresting to the general reader to state that several places have laid claim to the honour of being St. Patrick's birthplace. A Gallic origin has been claimed for him; also an Irish origin; a claim has been set up for Rosnat valley and Pepediac in South Wales; also for Cornwall; and lastly, for Scotland by a far more considerable number of writers. Before the close of this article we shall have occasion to bring forward a seventh place, whose claims we have not yet seen advocated; and in doing so we are actuated by no national or polemical prejudices.

The settlement of the point is of no small moment to the many millions of devoted children of St. Patrick throughout the world, and not uninteresting to those Catholics everywhere who feel interested in all that concerns one who singly and personally left a more enduring record than any other Saint, perhaps, since the days of the Apostles.

The learned editor of a work which heads this article intimates that the claim to the honour of being St. Patrick's birthplace may be confined to two places—Boulogne in France and Killpatrick in Scotland. The learned Jesuit refers those who wish to see the claims of France advocated to Dr. Lanigan and Mr. Cashel Hovey, while for the claims of Scotland he refers to Dr. Moran; and he adds that the evidence, it appeared to him, was in favour of Scotland.* Accordingly, I shall chiefly confine my remarks to these claimants.

Most of what has been written on the point is grounded on a few words found in all the Lives of St. Patrick, with some slight variations. These words describe his birthplace as "*Nemthur, Bonnaven Taberniæ, Nentria*;" one party connects Nentria with France, the other with Scotland. The learned Dr. Lanigan and his followers maintain that the words mean that he was born in "Boulogne, in the district of Tarabauna, the modern Terouanne, in the province of Neustria." Now in changing *Bonnaven* into Boulogne, *Taberniæ* into Tarabauna, and *Nentria* into Neustria, Dr. Lanigan offers a violence to language which cannot well be allowed. Moreover, it is stated in the Patrician documents (p. 24) that St. Patrick, after escaping from captivity to his home in order to go to Italy, had to cross the British sea. I

* "*Documenta*," p. 21, n.c., "Killpatrick, prope Dunbarton in Scotia, ut videtur."

need not say that if he had been in France, he need not have crossed British waters. Again, we read among the sayings of St. Patrick, that he "entertained a fear of God as a guide in his journeys through France, Italy, even in the islands of the Tuscan sea." Here we see that France and Italy have been viewed in the same strange light by him. The same idea is expressed in the gleanings (Collectanea) of Tirechan. He says that St. Patrick spent seven years in journeying by land and sea over champaign countries and mountains and valleys through France and Italy. It is stated in all the Lives and by their scholiasts that St. Patrick was a Briton. He himself makes the same statement in his "Confession." "After a few years," he says, "I was again in Britain with my parents" * (In *Britanniis eram cum parentibus meis*). And subsequently he confesses to a great anxiety to go to Britain as unto his parents, and not only thither, but as far as Gaul to visit his spiritual brethren. All this and much more that might be quoted establishes beyond doubt that France was not the birthplace of St. Patrick. Dr. Lanigan and his supporters may, indeed, say that Boulogne is situated in Brittany, and that this is a proper translation of the word "*Britanniis*." But it cannot be denied that Brittany or little Britain was not applied to any part of France, at least the northern part, for a hundred years subsequent to the death of St. Patrick.

Having briefly disposed of the claims of France to the birthplace of St. Patrick, we have to consider the only rival claim that has been championed in later years. The Bishop of Ossory has been justly considered the great advocate of this theory. He does not fail to advance everything that can be said in its favour, with a clearness, fulness, and tact peculiarly his own; and if his theory does not recommend itself to us, it is not from lack of able advocacy, but from its intrinsic weakness. The learned bishop, before working up his argument, lays down the grounds of his proofs. This he does with great ability. He ranges his argument under twelve heads; and, as his proofs appear to have been marshalled so as to give each other mutual support, I have no objection briefly to meet them in the order in which they are presented.

1. His first witness is Marianus Scotus. He says very justly that the name of Marianus enjoys the highest reputation as a chronicler, and that he states St. Patrick to have been a Briton. We agree with Marianus, although not for the reason assigned

* Though "parentes" could in other contexts mean near relatives, here the word is translated by parents, the more so as St. Patrick is spoken of as a son. Besides Jocelin says, "*paternis laribus constitutus*," ch. xv.

by Dr. Moran—viz., “that the various entries in his Chronicle which have reference to Ireland are all found to bear with them the impress of indisputable authority ;” for we know that he maintained that St. Boniface was an Irishman, and we have good reason for thinking that Marianus was mistaken. Yet we admit his statement in regard to the nationality of St. Patrick ; but he only says that he was a Briton.

2. The bishop’s second proof is taken from a statement in the “Confession” to the effect that St. Patrick was a Briton. This would tell against France, but not in favour of Scotland.

3. The third proof is that manuscripts of the tenth century state that St. Patrick was born in Nemthur, and that the scholiasts on this passage explain it by Alclyde.

The identification of Nemthur with Alclyde in Scotland by a nameless scholiast may be admitted. The scholium appears on a hymn attributed to St. Fiacc, who died in the beginning of the sixth century. But what is the authority of the scholiast ? Who was he ? Let us judge of him by the other scholia. He says that St. Patrick “had as brother Sannan, and five sisters, Lupita, Tigris, Liemania, Darerca, and Cinneneve ; that all having gone on business to Armoric Gaul, their mother being a near relative of St. Martin of Tours, seven sons of Fachtmaide having been banished by the Britons, made a descent on Gaul, killed the parents of St. Patrick, and carried Lupita and Patrick captives to Ireland ” (“Trias Thaum.,” app. 5, ch. iv. p. 225). Now let us read the gloss of the scholiast on the Book of Hymns: “Ocmius was his mother, and the mother of his five sisters, namely, Lupita, Tigris, Darerca, Liemania, and Cinneneve ; his brother was Sannan. They all went from the Britons of Alclyde.” Then the story of the above scholiast is repeated—the visit from Alclyde to the friends in France, the connection with them through St. Martin, the descent on the Gaulish coast by the British princes, and the captivity of St. Patrick and that of his sister to Ireland. All that concerns us at present is the identification of Alclyde with Nemthur. But the whole story is substantially open to objection. First, St. Evin, one of the oldest biographers of the Saint, and Jocelin state that St. Patrick had only three sisters, not five ; and hence the learned Colgan says that the scholiasts’ statements cannot be reconciled either with fact or with each other, and that there is strong reason for doubting whether Lupita and Cinneneve were sisters of St. Patrick.

Secondly, there is good reason for doubting if St. Martin—who was a Pagan soldier when he came from Pannonia—ever had a sister or near relative in France so as to have established a connection with St. Patrick’s family. And then, indeed, the

journey of an entire family, and in those days, from Scotland to France! Furthermore, Probus, whom the bishop styles "the most accurate of the historians of our apostle's life" (p. 309), differs from the scholiasts by saying that the Saint had only one sister, and that she was none of those above named, but Mila; that the name of our apostle's brother was not Sannan, as say the scholiasts, but Ruchti, and that the parents were slain, whereas other Lives state that they had been only wounded. If then so many mistakes can be objected against the scholiasts, surely it is not too much to suspect a verbal mistake as to Nemthur or Alclyde. Furthermore, in contradiction to the Gallic descent, on the mother's side, from St. Martin, I may refer to the genealogy of the mothers of the Saints of Ireland, attributed to the venerable Oengus the Culdee, who traces St. Patrick, on the mother's side, to a British source.*

4. The fourth proof, like the third, is the testimony of a nameless scholiast on the Hymn of Fiacc. To his statements, being only a repetition of those by the other scholiasts, the same answer applies as given under the former heading.

During the lifetime of St. Columbkille in Scotland, and for centuries subsequently, the Irish were accustomed to visit Iona. There and in the surrounding country they saw the churches and holy wells dedicated to St. Patrick. Even the very rock from which his boat pushed away for Ireland was pointed out. Palladius, who was called Patrick, had, too, been in Scotland. Besides, it may be that our St. Patrick came as far as was possible by land from Britain to Ireland. What then with this familiarity with so many objects said to be connected with St. Patrick in Scotland, and forgetfulness of the Saint's real birthplace during times of confusion and irruption from pagan barbarians, we can easily see how a remark, even from a nameless scribe, would be taken up and repeated in the tenth century. I am only giving a probable origin of the connection of Nemthur with Alclyde. I have proved by Dr. Moran's own witnesses that the scholiasts were mistaken on several important points in connection with Alclyde, and I shall prove by-and-by that they were mistaken in the identification of Alclyde with Nemthur.

But before showing positively the mistake as to Nemthur, let us see how Dr. Moran and his supporters handle the proof. Some of them make Nemthur mean a "heavenly tower," and say that the miracles performed there before, after, and during St. Patrick's birth entitled it to this heavenly character. I have never heard that Dunbarton or the original fortress of Alclyde was called a "heavenly tower." O'Flaherty says it got its name

* "Book of Lecan," fol. 43.

from the Tuath-de-Danaan hero, Nemidh, and that it was from Alelyde he and his followers passed over into Ireland; hence, Nemidh's tower or Nemthur! Dr. Moran himself prefers to derive it from Nemiath (chapel) and *tor*, a tower; and that thus Nemiaththor when contracted becomes Nemthur. The learned Brehon scholar, Eugene O'Curry, is quoted by Dr. Moran as saying that he met with the word written *Emptor*, or *Entor*; that the first syllable was merely an emphatic prefix, and that the word means the tower by excellence, or the isolated tower; and Dr. Moran adds that since O'Curry's time it has been decided that the *n* in Nemthur is merely euphonic, and that the word means simply a tower.

If there has been such an acquiescence in O'Curry's opinion, as stated, what becomes of the *Nem* portion on which Dr. Moran founded his chapel-derivation? The author of "Ogygia" gives a Tuatha-Danaan derivation, while, according to Dr. Moran, another genealogist derives the word "Nemthur" from some forgotten hero *Nen*, to whose history we have not been introduced. Now what does all this prove? Simply that the locality of "Nemthur," where St. Patrick is said to have been born, is quite uncertain, and that the word is likely to turn out to be a misprint. The allusion alleged to have been made to the word "Nentur" in a Welsh romance is only a repetition of the Irish MSS., and found only in comparatively modern manuscripts.

5. Archbishop Moran relies on the explanation already given of "Taburnia." It will be remembered that the words in St. Patrick's "Confession" are that he or his father was from the village "Bonnaven Taberniæ." It is generally agreed that "Bonnaven" means the river's mouth, and the several writers of the Life of St. Patrick explain "Taberniæ" as "the plain of tents," because the Romans used in winter to pitch their tents there at the mouth of the Clyde. Such is indeed the explanation given by writers who lived 500 years after St. Patrick, an explanation made to fit in with the theory of a Scottish birth-place. The archbishop appeals to the authority of O'Flaherty for the fact that the valley of the Clyde was called the "plain of Tabern," not from the Roman encampments, but from a Tuath-Danaan hero, Tabarn, who passed over, like our old friend Nemidh, into Ireland. Another to whom Dr. Moran refers says it comes from *Tabh*, the sea, and Erin; and hence the plain of the Clyde was called "Taberniæ," or the plain (not of Erin but) of the Irish Sea! We need not lose time in following these wild conjectures, but confine ourselves to the explanation generally given by the Irish writers of the Lives.

I may observe that there is nothing peculiarly distinctive in the epithet "Taberniæ" as explained by "the plain of tents or

tabernacles." The second Life has, "He was born in the city of Nemthor, in the plain of *Tabern* or tents." The third, fourth, fifth, and sixth Lives give the very same explanation of "*Taberniæ*" as referring to Roman encampments. But, as I have remarked, no distinctive feature is gained by such an explanation. Indeed, it may be observed that the Romans encamped on British soil not during the winter merely, and that there was no part of the Roman road or its surroundings, from Sandwich to the wall of Antoninus, on which they did not pitch their tents. They encamped not only in winter, but also in summer. They encamped, and a city grew about their encampment, and hence the name of Chester and of many other towns in England. The thirty-three large towns and nine colonies that sprang from their encampments prove how childish it would be to describe a district by a mere Roman encampment. The author of the fifth Life says that "*Tabern*" is British, and signifies tents. Now, as "*Bonnaven*" or "*Bunoun*" is Irish, would it not have been more natural to use some Irish word in conjunction with it to express tents? We have had in fact the word *tabernacul* used as an Irish word to express that very word "*Tabern*," which the writers of the Lives translated into *Tabernacula*, tents; and so much at home was the word *tabernacul*, that we find it inflected into the genitive case *tabernacuil*.* On that account, then, we should expect that Irish writers would have translated the word "*Tabern*," which they say was British, into an Irish word in harmony with "*Bonnaven*" rather than into the Latin *Taberniæ* or *tabernacula*. Or if they rejected the Latin loan word *Tabernacuil*, they had at command the genuinely Irish words *sgor* or *fuair-boit* to express tents. Thus, the pure Irish writer, Dr. Keating, in his History of Ireland (Cashel: O'Callaghan), speaking of the Danes, says that the fields on each side of the road were full of tents (*sgoraiib*). Again, the prince-bishop, Cormac, in his Glossary, says † that Finn came in the evening to the tents (*fuair-boit*). Thus an Irish word would have been at hand to express tent in conjunction with the Irish word "*Bonnaven*" rather than "*Tabern*," on the supposition that it stands for a tent. Then also why do we find the Latin termination in the word *Taberniæ*, as found in the "*Book of Armagh*"? Furthermore, "*Taberna*" meant an inn rather than tents. Dr. Moran refers to Festus as saying that the tabernacle was so called from its likeness to the *taberna* (= inn), and that this originally meant anything useful for habitation.‡ But who does not know

* "L. Breac," pp. 121, 251, col. b.

† Sub voce, *Orc*.

‡ *Galerus*, a hat, may come from *galea*, a shield; *annulus*, a ring, may come from *annus*, a year; *casula*, a vestment, may come from *casa*, a house; but it would not follow that subsequently or originally they were the same, however like, words.

that things may be like without being identical, and that the words (*taberna*) inn and tabernacle (*tabernacula*) were not identical in meaning or in form in St. Patrick's time, nor, if ever at all, for centuries previously. This difficulty struck the Irish writers; for after converting "Tabern" into "Taberniæ," they further added the gloss "Tabernacula." They felt that the first word did not express the meaning intended by them. Then, too, no ancient manuscript gives any countenance to the word "plain," which is gratuitously inserted to make "taberniæ" even intelligible—"the plain of Tabern." There would have been as great an appearance of probability in designating it the house or citadel of Tabern, on the supposition that Nemthur, in which St. Patrick was said to have been born, had been equivalent to Alelyde fortress; and then it would mean the city of Tabern, whether the word was to designate the Roman encampment or the Tuatha-Danaan hero.

Thus one Life represents the Saint as born *in* Nemthur; the second, third and fourth Lives, as born in Nemthur, in the plain of Taberniæ; the fifth, as born in (the region of) Taburnia, the sixth in the plain, not *in* but *near* the city of Nemthur. Now as a sentence is all-important in deciding the meaning of a passage, a single letter is no less important in deciding the meaning of a word. Change letters and the meaning changes with them. The various writers are relied upon for a certain conclusion, and that from a word on which they ring many changes. They give us Tabern, Taberniæ, Tabernaculorum, Tabuerni, Tibernia, Taburnia; also we have a *region* from one, a *plain* from another, a *country district* from a third; one places the birthplace *in* Nemthur, another *near* Nemthur. The conclusion forced on me from this discrepancy is, that if the best scholars have given so many various versions of two words, they have not hit on the true original reading.

6. The sixth of Archbishop Moran's proofs is founded on the remarks, in reference to the plains of Taberniæ, of Probus, whom his Grace styles "the most accurate of the historians." And as a practical proof of his appreciation of him, he founds five of his twelve proofs on the words of Probus alone. Probus says that the parents of the Saint were from the village Baunave, in the Tiburnian district, not far from the Western Sea. This, in connection with some remarks of a Scottish writer on St. Patrick's birthplace, leads Archbishop Moran not to Alelyde, which his previously quoted authorities identified with Nemthur, but some miles away from Alelyde. And on this change of front the Archbishop says that the distance of a few miles "does not seem to me an insurmountable difficulty in the case." He might as well have removed it a hundred miles; for his argu-

ment depended solely on making Nemthur identical with Alclyde. "No name," he writes, "could be more appropriate to this precipitous rock of basalt, which rises to the height of about three hundred feet on the north of the Clyde; 'it stands completely isolated from any other elevation.'"

7. Dr. Moran makes a distinct link in the chain of his argument from the remark of Probus—that Baunave and Tibernia were not far from the Western Sea. In reply, I have to remark that the Western Sea stretched along an extended line of coast. The Irish Sea is spoken of in the "Book of Armagh" by an Irish writer as "our sea." It was called the Irish Sea because it separated Ireland from Great Britain, just as the sea separating Britain from France was called the British Sea.* Hence in the ancient maps (*descriptio antiqua*) the Irish Sea is made to extend from the north in Ireland, opposite Scotland, down to the southern coast of Wales. In proof, I need only refer to the Irish story told in "The Battle of Moira":†—

At this time the sway of the Gaels was great among the Britons. They divided Albion between them as to holdings, and each one knew the habitation of his friends. And the Gael did not carry on less agriculture on the east side of *the sea* than at home in Scotia; and they erected habitations and regal fortresses there, and hence Glastonbury, &c.

This surely does not confine the Irish Sea, as the bishop would fain have it, to the points between Dunbarton and Antrim.

8. The Archbishop finds an additional proof in the other words of Probus. He states that the Tiburnian district was in the province of Nentria. The learned prelate infers from this that Nentria is a Latinized form of Nemthur, another name for Alclyde; and that the whole province was called Nentrian from the capital Nentria or Alclyde.

Now, I feel bound to say that this is the wildest conjecture. And even though there were the appearance of authority for his assertion, the bishop should have suspected it. For it would be as much as to say Alclyde or Nentria, the capital, is in the Nentrian district! Who requires to be told that the capital of a province is in the province to which it gives its name?

9. Dr. Moran remarks that Probus adds, in connection with the Nentrian province, that "there giants are said to have dwelt in olden times," and that this circumstance points to the valley of the Clyde; especially as St. Cadoc, in building a

* "Documenta," &c., pp. 21-24.

† "Magh Rath," published for the Irish Archæological Society, n. G, p. 229; Cormac's Glossary, *sub voce* Eime, &c.

monastery there many long ages ago, found the "grave of a giant;" and as O'Flaherty states that it was from this spot our old friends, the Tuatha-Danaans, passed over into Ireland; finally, that the Danaans were the giants and heroes of "our mythological history."

But if finding a large grave establishes a race of giants, we have them in Ireland. The "Book of Armagh" tells us that St. Patrick came on a grave, 120 feet long, where a gigantic Norwegian was buried,* and that the Saint raised him to life. If the country from which the Danaans came may be called one of giants, surely Ireland also may, into which the Danaans came and lived till exterminated by our Milesian ancestors. Tradition, indeed, connects the Danaans with feats of skill and witchcraft; and many stories would lead us to attribute the advent of the Danaans to us from other quarters than the banks of the Clyde. But I concede all the advantages that can be derived from "mythological history" to this theory.

10. The words of Probus supply a tenth argument. Speaking of St. Patrick's father and family and captivity, he says "that the Britons plundered his city Arimuric and the neighbouring places." Now, the learned prelate "thinks it sufficiently probable" that there is question here of the Roman rampart called "Arimuric," which stretched from the Forth to the Clyde. He produces no authority for this statement. Now, if Probus be a witness, let him tell the whole truth:—

While as yet he (Patrick) was in his country with his father Calpurnius and his mother Concessa, his brother Ruchti, and his sister Mila, in their city Arimuric, there took place a great sedition in these parts; for the sons of Rethmit, King of Britain, devastating Arimuric and other adjoining places, killed Calpurnius and his wife Concessa, and carrying away captives their children, Patrick and his brother Ruchti, with their sister, landed in Ireland.†

Now, if I were disposed to reject the testimony of Probus, I might do so on the ground that he differs from all the other Lives as to the number and names of St. Patrick's sisters and the name of his brother; and this would not be captious criticism, for the compiler and publisher of the Lives tells us that this discrepancy shakes our confidence in the testimony of Probus.‡ But I will abide by his testimony. Does not Probus say that St. Patrick was in his country and city when the sedition took place, and that it consisted or resulted in the British princes devastating Arimuric, where St. Patrick was,

* "Documenta," &c. p. 82.

† "Quinta Vita," chap. xii.

‡ Si aliquam veri apparentiam voluerit author ejusve transumptior hic habere, in *Armorica* erat scribendum cum, &c.—*Trias Thaum.*

and leading him thence captive? Does not this imply that the place of his captivity and his birth was one, whereas Dr. Moran would have the place of captivity different from the birthplace? When it is stated that Arimuric was devastated by princes from Britain, is there not an implication that Arimuric was not in Britain? And the profoundly learned Colgan, who has published for us these Lives, says that if the words of Probus deserve any credit, we must suppose that "Arimuric" was a misprint for "Armorica." Yet Dr. Moran appeals to this as a proof that Arimuric was in Scotland! Furthermore, if *Arimuric* meant the Roman rampart-termination in Alclyde or Dunbarton, how could Dr. Moran fix miles away from it the place of St. Patrick's birth?

The advocacy of a Caledonian origin for St. Patrick involves a puzzle and self-contradiction. For the authors of the second and third Lives state that in one of the descents regularly and frequently made by an Irish army * and fleet on Britain (British isle) St. Patrick was led captive into Ireland; and thus gleams of truth break through the ill-patched legend.

11. A brief reference to St. Patrick by the late O'Curry supplies the eleventh point of evidence. It says "that in a village the name of which is *Urnia*, in Britain, near the city of Emptor, Patrick was born." Dr. Moran asserts that Hurnia means a place for prayer, which we may admit, and that Scottish documents state "that the church of Old Killpatrick, near Dunbarton, was in olden times a famous place of pilgrimage." He draws no inference, nor indeed could he do so. If we may venture to draw one, it will be adverse to him, and it is this—that if Old Killpatrick, being a place of pilgrimage, be fixed on as the birthplace of St. Patrick, it contradicts the conclusion to which older authorities had led him. For we saw, under his fourth head of proof, that the birthplace should be, not near but identical with Alclyde or Dunbarton. And this Dr. Moran has so markedly emphasized as to flatly contradict one of our most distinguished hagiographers, who said that ancient manuscripts pointed to a place *near* Alclyde as the birthplace of St. Patrick.†

12. The twelfth and last of Dr. Moran's arguments is adduced from Jocelin's supposed words. Dr. Moran thus writes: "Jocelin makes mention of the village Taburnia, and this is perhaps a

* "Scotensis exercitus classe de more conducto," &c.

† "Rev. John O'Hanlon, 'Lives,' &c., vol. iii. p. 419, refers to some of these texts as saying that Nemthur was *near Alclyde*. There is nothing, however, in any of the texts to justify this statement."—DUBLIN REVIEW, *loc. cit.* p. 304.

mistake for Urnia." Dr. Moran, however, is himself more likely here to be mistaken than Jocelin. If an argument can be manufactured by saying that Taburnia was *perhaps* a mistake for Urnia, there is nothing that may not be proved, or rather, nothing can ever be proved. If all the old writers have been quoted to prove that Taburnia meant a district in which the town of which Dr. Moran was in search was situated, why now make it out to be a village (Urnica), so called not from Roman encampments, but from prayer and pilgrimage? If the bishop would have Jocelin speaking of a village where others can discover only a plain; some connecting a place with Roman encampments, while others connect it with a mythical Tabarn or plain of the sea; some making out that the word is British, while the "Book of Armagh" presents it in a Latinized form, I can only infer that his Lordship's premisses are uncertain and his conclusion untenable.

I may now add briefly some direct proofs against the assumption that Killpatrick in Scotland was the birthplace of St. Patrick. And first we are told in the "Book of Armagh" that when St. Patrick had returned home after his captivity, his parents begged that he would never again leave home. He would not comply, but in order to qualify himself for the apostolic mission set out for the Apostolic See; "having," as the writer next adds, "sailed across the British sea on the right." Now this implies that he began his journey at once by water. Well, this could not have happened, the British sea being on the right, if he had embarked from Alclyde.*

Secondly, St. Patrick in his "Confession" declares that he would have wished to go to Britain and see his country and parents, not only thither but as far as Gaul: now the form of expression suggests, as appears to me, that his country was on his way to Gaul; but surely if Dunbarton were his country, he would in going there from Ireland be only turning his back on Gaul. Thirdly, it is admitted that the Irish and Scots belonged to the same Gaelic branch of the Celtic stock. Besides, it is an undoubtedly historical fact that in the third century there set in such a tide of emigration from Ireland to Scotland that the opposite coast of Scotland got the name of Argyle (Ailer Gael), the region of the Gael. Now the region of Argyle included, along the western coast, the country from the Humber to the Clyde. All this leads us to conclude that the language of Ireland and Scotland did not differ. Nay, more; down to the sixth century there was no essential difference between the Gaelic and the Erse. In the fourteenth century, the Remonstrance of the

* "Documenta," &c., p. 24.

Irish princes addressed to Pope John XXII. states the language of the Irish and Scotch to be in a manner the same.* So late even as the sixteenth century an Irish scholar could easily understand the Erse Catechism of the Reformed Common Prayer which was published by the Protestant bishop, Carsuel. From all this I infer that the Irish language was not different from the language at the Clyde in St. Patrick's time; and indeed it could scarcely be otherwise in the circumstances, as there was no greater distance between Fair Head in Antrim and the opposite coast of Scotland, the Mull of Cantire, than between the opposite coasts in Kerry and Clare. If, however, St. Patrick had had to learn the Irish language in order to prepare for his future mission in Ireland, as his biographers assure us, we must infer that he was not from Argyle or the Clyde.

Again, St. Patrick in his letter to Coroticus says that he had made converts at the end of the world: now how could he complain of being thrown at the end of the world, *extremis terræ*, if he were a native of Alclyde? "Ultima Thule," the end of the world in the North as known to the Romans, was nearer to the Clyde than to Ireland, and therefore a native of the Clyde could not complain of being at the end of the world in Ireland. Hence I infer that St. Patrick was not of Scottish birth.

Once again, it is to be remarked that Bede says that Alclyde stands on the margin of a gulf of the Irish Sea which runs inland. Now, if Alclyde or Nemthur stands beside the Irish Sea, how could it be said to be any distance, as implied by the "Book of Armagh"?† We are led to the same conclusion by an interesting story in the "Book of Armagh." St. Patrick left his nephew St. Lomman at the mouth of the Boyne, who after some time went up to Trim. Foirtchern, the son of Feidlimidh, a prince of the district, saw St. Lomman celebrating Mass, or reading his Office—admired, believed, and was baptized. His mother on meeting St. Lomman was converted. The mother and son having told Feidlimidh what had happened them, he was pleased; and as his mother was a native of Britain, he saluted St. Lomman in the British language. And having inquired about the faith and his race, he received the following answer from St. Lomman: "I am a Briton, and Christian, and a disciple of Patrick." Now I infer from this that the British language was different then from the Irish, and that St. Lom-

* "Scotochronicon," vol. ii. p. 281: "linguam nostram quodammodo retinentes."

† Jocelin, ch. 185. Venerable Bede assures us that the Franks and Saxons sprung from the same Teutonic stem, but separated in the fifth century, understood each other in the seventh century.—Lib. i, ch. 25.

‡ "Documenta," &c., p. 21.

man did not understand the latter. Furthermore, if St. Lomman's mother were taken captive in Alclyde, as Dr. Moran would have Probus prove, was it not natural that he would have learnt Irish from his mother, as Feidlimidh spoke the British language because his mother was a Britoness?

Besides, if we are to believe Probus, St. Patrick's sister was carried captive with him to Ireland. If so, does it not look singular that she was not able to get a husband in Ireland without having gone to Britain? Then too we find that St. Patrick's nephew, Patrick Junior, though he had been for some time on the Irish mission with our great apostle, yet was buried in Glastonbury. And the name of another nephew by Darerca was Carantocus, British: does not all this argue a British rather than Scottish origin for St. Patrick's family?

Here I must say a word in reply to an objection or statement made by Father Shearman—that Coroticus, to whom St. Patrick addressed a letter of reproof, was from Strathclyde, and that on this account St. Patrick addressed him not as a fellow-citizen, but as a companion of the apostate Picts and pagan Scots. The statement implies that St. Patrick and Coroticus were fellow-citizens from Strathclyde.* But in reply it can be said that from the time of the Emperor Adrian, all Roman subjects received the right of citizenship; so that fellow-citizenship meant connection only with the city of Rome. Moreover, the being from the same province would not, strictly speaking, mean fellow-citizenship. Furthermore, Coroticus, who killed or captured St. Patrick's neophytes, was not, as stated by Father Shearman, from Strathclyde. The "Book of Armagh" intimates that he was from Wales; it states that he was king of Aloo.† The omission of an initial letter in a word was not uncommon. Thus we find the Gallobriges written Allobroges. Welsh meant a stranger, a term applied to them by the victorious Anglo-Saxons, when hunted into the mountains of Wales; and it is very curious that the term, in Irish, for what is strange or foreign is the same as that designating a Welshman.‡ Besides the positive statement of Jocelin that Coroticus hailed from Wales, puts the matter beyond any doubt.§

Finally, we learn from the "Book of Armagh" that St. Patrick's coming to Ireland was foretold by the Druids, and himself described as a foreigner coming *over seas from afar*.|| Now

* "Loca Patriciana," published for the R.I.A.A., 4th Series, vol. iv. p. 435. † Fol. 206a.

‡ Baxter's Glossary. *Alluid* (Alloo).

§ "Sexta Vita," ch. cl. In finibus quibusdam Britanniae quæ modo Wallia dicitur tyrannus Cereticus.

|| "Externum longinquo trans maria." Fol. 26a.

whether this be regarded as a prophecy or a historical narrative, it does not appear applicable to one born on the Clyde, and separated from Ireland by merely thirteen miles of water.

We have now seen the various versions and contradictory incidents connected with the few words intended to point out St. Patrick's birthplace. The words have been handled by the ablest and most ancient scholars. What, then, must be our inference? This, that their premisses are false. Our conviction is that so early as the eighth century, and even earlier still, a corrupt text was adopted. There had been many Lives of our national Saint before the seventh century. They were so perplexing and unsatisfactory, that at the command of the Bishop of Sletty, Maccu-mactheni, directly connected with the famous "Book of Armagh," undertook to write a consistent narrative. This happened before the end of the seventh century. The venerable writer in his preface to the Life of St. Patrick expresses his diffidence, owing to the great difficulty of the work, and "the diverse opinions and doubts of many who had never hit on one uniform plan of a history." He goes on to state that the difficulty was increased by the fact that the authors whom he had to consult were uncertain. Now, if before the year 699 there had been such uncertainty and confusion, what wonder that some verbal mistakes should have crept in subsequently. Hence, in the "Book of Armagh" one's attention is attracted by a notice, to the effect that owing to the effaced character of the manuscripts from which the "Book" was compiled, there was need of doubting here and of further inquiry there.

And in order fully to appreciate the "Book of Armagh" we should bear in mind that it was a national muniment, and under the guardianship of prince and primate. In a word, it contained documents said to have been written by St. Patrick's own hand. Supposing, then, that the Lives had been written soon after the Saint's death, as some are said to have been even in his lifetime, what wonder that there should have been a mistake or an effacement of some words, especially in that portion supplied by the Saint himself in his "Confession?" As then the authorized compiler of the "Book of Armagh" found some words effaced or undecipherable in the manuscripts bearing on the various portions of the Saint's life, we should be prepared to meet with them more frequently in the "Confession" so often handled by his loving disciples. In point of fact, it has been found that some copies of the "Confession" are far fuller than others. This, perhaps, happened from the degree of effacement in the several manuscripts.

St. Patrick in his "Confession" says that he was the son of Calpornius, who was of the village "Bonnaven Taberniæ." As I had occasion before to observe, I consider that as Bonaven is

Irish, the next word should naturally be Irish too, and that *Thaber* or *Tabur* may be such word. For if the word following *Taber* in the MSS. were *inde* we should before long have *Taberniae*. For we know that in old manuscripts it is difficult to distinguish between *in* and *ni*; and if we consider how easy it is to mistake *de* for *ae*, the stem of the letter *d* not rising above the horizontal level of the surrounding letters and faintly curving back to the left, we can easily without any great effort of the imagination see how *Taberninde* might become *Taberniae*. And I now proceed to give some proof of this process having being gone through. The first page of the "Book of Armagh" containing the Life of our national apostle is missing, but fortunately we can supply the deficiency from the Bollandists' copy, which corresponds almost literally as it does substantially with the rest of the "Book of Armagh." Now the Life thus opens:—"Patrick *who* was also called Sochet was a Briton by birth, being born in Britain, the son of Calpurnius a deacon, son, as he says, of Potitus a presbyter, *who* was of the village *Bonnaven thabur indecha*, not far from our sea, which village we have frequently and unquestionably ascertained to be (*uentre*) *Nentre*." Here we have the words out of which *Taburniae* was formed; and to facilitate the transformation the last syllable of *indecha* (*cha*) began a line, as given in the "Documenta," and thus was separated probably by a line from the first part *inde*, and thus the natural fusion of *inde* in course of time with *thabur* instead of with *cha*.* Or we can naturally suppose that the contraction-mark for *cha* placed over *inde* would be easily lost sight of.

Now that we have, as I imagine, the correct reading, does it lead us to the Saint's birthplace? I thus translate the phrase: "He was of the Avon's mouth-village of the Indian well." This does not, I apprehend, lead us to Caledonia or Alclyde. Though *Bunown*, as it is generally spoken, or *Bunavon* means in general the river's mouth, I prefer to think that it means here a particular river—the Avon. If I rightly interpret *indecha*, it means thermal or Indian. The *thabur indecha* would be "Indian or thermal springs."

The idea of old was that the sun rose in the east; hence, orient or rising and east were synonymous. The sun after being bathed in the ocean was supposed to rise full of freshness in the east,

* *Patritius qui et Sochet vocabatur, Brito nomine, in Britannii natus, Cualifornio diacono ortus, filio, ut ipse ait, Potiti presbyteri, qui fuit vico Bonnavem Thabur indecha, haud procul a mari nostro, quem vicum constanter indubitanter comperimus uentre (Nentre).—Documenta, &c., p. 21.*

where his heat and energy were strikingly manifested. The belief that thermal springs were not uncommon in India is brought out in an Irish life of Alexander the Great. In his description of the country, a writer in the "Lebhar Breac" alludes, among other phenomena, to a well which each night "boiled from very heat." It may be remarked that while the noun is written India, the adjective is not *indícha* but *indecha*.^{*} Now the "Book of Armagh" tells us that the village so described was called as of Nentre. The writer describes the place as familiar to Irish ears and Irish tongues; but as a historian he felt bound to state its original name or that of the country in which it was situated. This was very proper. Now "Nentre" is British, and means the "heavenly waters," *nen-dwyre*. Well, would it not strike a person that our old familiar Nemthur or Nenthur was, after all, only a corruption of *Nen-dwyr*? Any person in the least acquainted with the Irish language can perceive the disposition to connect *h* with the letter *t*, and to insert a musical vowel between the harsh consonants. This is quite apparent in persons who usually speak Irish, and pronounce the words "country" and "troth" as "counthery" and "thuroth." The genius of the language as it is at present, so it was of old; and, if we are not mistaken, by such a process Nentria became Nenthur and Nemthurri, *Nen* in British and *Nem* in the Irish language signifying heavenly. In fact, the scholiast on St. Fiacc's hymn, which is assigned so early a date as the year 500, uses the word *Nemthurri*. We can easily conceive how this was translated into the "heavenly tower" in which the Lives have placed the birthplace of St. Patrick.

If we judge, as I think we may, that Avon was not merely generic but particular and descriptive, we can find several rivers that still retain that name. From amongst these we may notice one that rises in Wiltshire and falls into the Bristol Channel. Not far from its confluence with the Frome is Bath, famed for its thermal springs. Bath was called *Aquæ Calidæ* by Pliny, *Aquæ Solis* by the Romans in the time of Claudius. Bath would correspond with the heavenly waters of the British, and to the hot or Indian waters of the Irish language. One viewed it from the thermal property of the waters, another would view it under the peculiar influence of the sun; a third considered it under its beneficent heavenly effects; the perfervid imagination of the Celt would connect it with Eastern climes by association; and the practical Anglo-Saxon, from the sensible application of its waters to the body, named it Bath.

If we place St. Patrick's birthplace near Bath to the east, we

* "Leabhar Breac," pp. 207b, 209a.

cannot, perhaps, be much astray. No doubt Bath is some eleven miles from the confluence of the Avon with Frome, and nineteen miles from the Bristol Channel, and as such could not literally be said to be at the river's mouth. But we should bear in mind that the literal meaning of *bun*, as in *Bonavem*, is not a mouth but a bottom. And even should there be any necessity of placing the Saint's birthplace near the Frome, there too thermal springs are to be found, 74° Fahrenheit, and remains of Roman encampments at Clifton, Abbots-Leigh, and Rownham. There the tide rises to thirty feet on an average, and sometimes to the height of forty-nine feet, so that to all intents the Avon could be supposed to have lost its identity at its confluence with the Frome. But the meaning of *bun* in Irish, in its literal and even conventional meaning, is very elastic. Thus a river in Clare county, the *Raite*, falls into the Shannon on the right, some four or five miles on the west of Limerick. Well, this river gives its name not only to the lowlands through which it falls into the Shannon, but even to an extensive barony sixteen miles in length, and distinguished into Upper and Lower Bunratty from the character of the ground through which the river flows to the Shannon. But by connecting *Bonnaven* of St. Patrick's birthplace with Bath, it is possible to place it some miles lower than Bath on the Avon. For it is only reasonable to suppose that a gentleman or nobleman (St. Patrick says that he forfeited his nobility) would have his country seat or villa at a convenient distance from the capital, Bath. This is what might be expected from senators, who would love to copy the fashion as well as the laws of the Imperial city. This villa would be to Bath what *Baiæ* or some more convenient watering resort had been to Rome. This circumstance gives a key to the proper translation of the opening sentence in the "Confession" of our national apostle: "Who (his father) was of the village Bonnaven of the Indian wells (Bath); for he had a villa near (Bath), where I was made a captive." The Saint went on to explain how his father, though a decurion of the senate at Bath, should be said to belong to or connected with one of a cluster of seats or a village at Bonnaven.

Much credit need not be claimed for translating the plainest Latin sentence; but that theory is self-condemned which would not allow such a translation. Dr. Todd was divided between the rival theories, none of which he championed. He was puzzled by the Lives which stated that St. Patrick was born in *Nemthur*, and immediately after stated that he was born in the "*Campo Taberniæ*." All he had to say was that both places were identical or that the former was situated in the latter. His disjunctive is not correct. Neither was the case.

Dr. Todd, knowing that St. Patrick's father was of high

senatorial rank, would have him reside in a place of some importance, and accordingly translated his seat, *vicus*, by "town." In giving some extracts from the "Confession" of St. Patrick, the learned Professor, while giving a preference to the Bollandists' edition of the "Confession," yet strangely follows that in the "Book of Armagh." The present Archbishop of Sydney says and does the same. He gives in his allusion to the "Confession" one line, and only one line, of the original; and his translation of that is more faulty than that of Dr. Todd. The line at the beginning of the "Confession" which Dr. Moran quotes runs thus:—"Qui fuit vico Bonaven Taberniæ, villulam enim habuit." His translation is, "who (Calpurnius) lived in the village Bonaven Taberniæ. He had, close by, a small villa." Here he states that the senator lived in a village, that he had a small villa near (the village?), and he omits the translation of the word *enim* altogether. There is no room for the word in the Gallican theory of Dr. Lanigan, who, copying Ware, suggests *Enon* (the village) for *enim*, and asks what could be the meaning of *enim* there. Nor is there more room in the Scottish theory of Archbishop Moran for the word given in the several copies of the "Confession."* But the Saint gave a reason why he himself, born perhaps in Bath, and surely connected with it as was his father, should have to state that they had a claim on the village Bonaven where he was captured, for (*enim*) his father had a country-seat there. Dr. Todd's and Bishop Moran's great mistake lay in following implicitly the old Lives which made Nentur synonymous with Bonnaven, whereas it was synonymous only with Taberniæ or *Tobur indecha*, and in indissolubly linking Bonnaven and Taberniæ, whereas they referred to different places—to a villa, and to a city by which that villa was individualized. The "Confession" does not oblige us to depart from the Lives, most of which assign the Saint's birthplace to Nentre or Bath.

If, then, the text directs us to Bath, let us see how the context and the historical surroundings will harmonize with it. Bath was an important Roman town. It was on the Avon. It was one of the chief nine cities representative of the nine colonies in Britain.† It was at Bath that the old Roman road from London on to Wales was intersected by the road leading to the north of the island; and so famous were its springs that vaulted aqueducts, covering many acres and conveying the waters from the wells into the Avon, have been discovered twenty feet deep

* An able writer in translating the passage in the *Scottish Review* for July 1884, in graceful language, helps himself selfishly to the use of both *Enon* and *enim*. He leans towards Paisley as St. Patrick's birthplace.

† Richard of Cirencester, *de situ Britannicæ*.

under the present surface. Their waters average in temperature from 70° to 117° Fahrenheit.

The "Book of Armagh" states that the birthplace of St. Patrick was not far from the Irish Sea; nor is Bath. We have only to get through the Bristol Channel, and we are launched on the Irish Sea; or rather, we may say that the waves which wash the southern coast of Ireland sweep within the same parallel of latitude, into the mouth of the Avon, so as to cause the tide to rise sometimes to the height of forty-nine feet. In fact, a writer at the present day, giving a description of the locality, could not describe it more accurately than by saying to an Irishman that it was not far from the Irish Sea.

Then all the Lives speak of a wonderful well in connection with St. Patrick's birthplace. Surely we have something very suggestive in the "Indian," "heavenly" waters of Bath.

Then, again, we are told that Patrick Senior was buried in Glastonbury, and that he was the tutor of our apostle.* This tutorship must have happened before his ordination. For the "Book of Armagh" tells us that the Saint left home for the Continent at the age of thirty, and began his mission in Ireland at sixty, after returning from the Continent. Now where but convenient to his home could we expect the Saint in his younger days to have gone to school, and Glastonbury is only seventeen miles from Bath?

Then, too, we are told that St. Patrick, when leaving home for Rome, at once had the British sea on his right; and this should happen from the time he embarked on the Avon till he touched the Continent.

We have been also told that giants dwelt in the province of Bath or Nentre. The Avon, on which it stands, takes its rise in Wiltshire. Who is not aware that there is Stonehenge on Salisbury Plain, a stupendous structure, and naturally attributed to a giant race? Or if we turn our eyes south of Bath, we shall find within seventeen miles in the valley of Avilion the grave of the founder and leader of a race of giants—the Knights of the Round Table. The feats of these mighty men of yore have been for ages the theme of ballad and romance. The faint echoes of the high renown of these giants with which the old world rung have not yet quite died out.

"Nay, nay," said Hall,
"Why take the style of these heroic times,
For nature brings not back the mastodon,
Nor we these times?"

* Festology of Oengus Ceile de, Aug. 24.

The sequel of to-day unsolders all
 The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
 Whereof this world holds record.

So whether we look to Stonehenge in the east or the famous grave of the hereditary prince of the Siluri in the south, we can connect Bath with the reputed abode of giants.

The probability of Bristol being the port from which pirates carried off young Patrick to Ireland is not lessened by the fact that an active traffic had always been maintained between it and Bristol. Even during Anglo-Saxon times and subsequently the sale of children by parents is said to have formed one of the items in trade on the shores of Bristol. So much was this so, that such traffic was alleged as a cause of the Anglo-Norman invasion in the twelfth century, and it is certain that on that occasion the Irish bishops are represented as having met in synod, declared that the invasion was a punishment on the inhuman traffic in human kind, and directed all slaves to be made free. In this, one can see a proof, a coincidence, and a Nemesis. St. Patrick was led captive from Bristol to Ireland, and from it he would return, when free, to Ireland, in order to take an apostle's vengeance. The captivity of St. Patrick led to the ransom of millions from the thralldom of sin. The subjugation of Ireland, seven hundred years subsequently, has been the occasion of having St. Patrick's children, in the old and new world, instrumental in making millions free with the freedom of the children of God. If there be not in this poetic justice, there is at all events some compensation.

It is quite clear to my mind that Scotland, or northern Britain, is not the birthplace of St. Patrick. It is equally certain that South Britain, and most probably Somersetshire, was his native country ; and with the evidence before us we cannot avoid connecting the particular spot of his birth with Bath, on the banks of the middle Avon. If we are correct in this judgment, if we have lifted the veil in which corrupted texts of more than a thousand years have shrouded the birthplace of our illustrious apostle, our labours shall not have been in vain : and, as a result, a chapter in the life of St. Patrick, dealing with his birth, captivity, and alleged visit to the Continent and that of his family in connection with his captivity, has to be yet written.

SYLVESTER MALONE.



ART. V.—SOCIAL DISTURBANCES—THEIR CAUSE AND CURE.

"Hodie naturalismi fautores propagatoresque creverunt; qui vim et seditiones in populo probant: agrariam rem tentant: proletariorum cupiditatibus blandiuntur, domestici publicique ordinis fundamenta debilitant."—POPE LEO XIII., *Encyclical on The Third Order of S. Francis*.

TO judge from the harangues of some of the most notorious demagogue orators of the century, or even from the inflammatory articles in some of their most influential periodicals, one would naturally conclude, not merely that all inequality must be intrinsically wrong and iniquitous in itself, but that it must be quite a special form of iniquity which has no existence anywhere but in the case of wealth and material advantages. Communists speak and argue for the most part, as though there were some grave infringement of an otherwise universal law, in one man being richer than another. They lay such stress, not merely upon the duty of the rich to distribute their possessions among the poor, but upon the right of the poor to help themselves to the goods of the rich, that one might well conclude that every inequality were a sin of a wholly exceptional character to which no parallel can be found in any other department of human experience. Their writings, their denunciatory proclamations, their public utterances, are strongly tinged with this view. It lies on the surface of all their treatises, and may be gathered with little trouble from the attitude they are everywhere accustomed to assume.

Yet so far from such a view being the true one, we find the law that universally obtains is just the very opposite. Not equality, but inequality everywhere prevails. It is a law that governs all things; more universal in its operation than the law of gravitation, since it includes the spiritual as well as the material, and more irresistible even than the moral law, for human perversity is powerless either to control it or to oppose it. It exists in every portion of creation, and so far from being a malicious contrivance or an evil consequence of man's malevolence, it nowhere so conspicuously asserts itself as where man's power cannot penetrate, and where his influence is least felt. This general inequality too is concerned with possessions far more valuable in themselves, and even in the estimation of the multitude, than any material wealth. Thus all admit that health and strength, a robust constitution and a long life are greatly to be preferred to a large estate or an ample fortune. What consolation indeed

can money offer even to the wealthiest aristocrat, when tormented with dispepsy or hypochondria? Though he possess the treasures of Croesus and the wealth of all the Indies, he will still be a pitiable and unhappy object compared with the lowest tenant on his estate, whose mind and body are at ease! Yet what are more unevenly distributed than health and bodily vigour? Or we may consider any other gift of nature, and we shall observe the like diversity prevailing. How exhaustless, for instance, are the degrees of mental ability possessed by different men, from the born idiot and the simpleton, who can hardly be taught the rudest trade, to the highest genius who maps out the heavens, reads the secrets of nature, or sways and shapes the destinies of nations. Are not Homer, Shakespeare, and Dante among the poets, and Aristotle, Plato, and S. Thomas among the philosophers, as far removed above their fellows in the wealth of their respective intellectual possessions, as any one class of men we may mention, is raised above another in material wealth? Yet who complains? Who revolts against such pre-eminence, or condemns Him who imparts His gifts to one in one measure and to another in another? We might go further and extend our investigation even to matters of lesser moment. How does God act in respect to gifts of an inferior order? Does He endow every man with the same physical strength, or clothe each child with the self-same beauty of form and feature? Are there to be found any two human countenances in all respects identical? Or may we not rather ask if anything admits of such endless variations in form and expression, in grace and dignity? From the professional beauties whose portraits smile out upon the passer-by from the shop windows, and who fill the theatre and the opera-house with admiring throngs, down to the poor deformed and decrepid creatures of the blind-alley or the gin-shop, the degrees of beauty and loveliness are indeed all but infinite. Yet beauty—though a fragile flower—is undoubtedly highly prized; while to many it has proved a real fortune and even a passport to honour as well as to position and wealth. Similar considerations may be made concerning still less conspicuous gifts, for instance, the human voice. What a totally different thing it is when pouring and gushing forth in pure and limpid streams from the throat of a Patti or an Albani and when creaking in the asthmatic organs of some superannuated town-crier. Or compare the rich melodious sounds of a Santley or a Sims Reeves while they hold an audience of many thousands spell-bound, to the music of the shaggy-headed Jew, croaking out in hectic tones into the ear of night, “old clo’, old clo’,” and say how great is the contrast. We hear much urged now-a-days against the landed gentry of

Great Britain and Ireland, and the rich revenues that their estates bring in, yet there is no doubt but that a good voice often pays higher rents to its owner, and secures a more certain revenue in these times of general depression than an estate of many acres.

If we descend still lower and come to examine the minutest particulars, the same law of inequality still confronts us. Differences of height, of symmetry, of complexion, are as numerous as the number of different individuals among whom the comparison is made.

The colour of the hair, the brightness of the eyes, the shape of the mouth, the delicacy of the skin vary in each. Then there are differences in the power of endurance, in quickness of sight, in acuteness of hearing, in sensitiveness of touch, and keenness of smell; differences in every organ, limb, muscle and nerve, which only need pointing out to be at once recognized. Inequality is in fact the law of every created being. "If we ascend into heaven, it is there; if we descend into hell it is there." In the kingdom of God itself there is a hierarchy. The brightness of the cherubim is outshone by the beauty and the glory of Christ's virgin Mother, and each angel shares in an ever varying measure in the fulness of God's being, and in the brightness of His glory, while the entire spiritual host is ranged in varying positions of dependence and subordination, forming choir above choir, and tier above tier; none equally rich, great or beautiful, but each occupying its proper position, like the stones in some vast edifice, and contributing to the perfection, and magnificence of the whole. Thus from the first of God's creatures down to the last, inequality is the law. So that if we begin with the highest angels in heaven and continue our examination till we reach the tiniest leaves of the forests, or the minutest grains of sand that lie in countless myriads along the shelving beach, we shall find that no two are in all respects equally endowed or equally enriched.

The law of inequality which affects all else, will therefore naturally and inevitably affect the distribution of wealth. Indeed this must follow as a necessary result of man's inequality in other respects, for since wealth is a consequence of certain antecedents, and we have seen, that no antecedents are alike in any two individuals, it follows that wealth must differ likewise. Indeed, to suppose that it were possible to make an equal distribution of wealth, or at least, to suppose that such an equal distribution when made could be maintained, while inequality in everything else continued, is so obviously absurd that time would be ill spent in attempting to disprove it.

From the dawn of creation to the present hour, men have

always been obliged to recognize such distinctions as superior and inferior, ruler and subject, master and servant. Some have invariably held subordinate positions, while others have as invariably ruled and directed. And wisdom is as often shown, in knowing when to obey as in knowing when to enjoin obedience. Differences of wealth have also always existed, and all that is consequent upon them. In every age we find the poor and indigent forming an important section of the community, and there seems little likelihood of their number decreasing as the world grows older, and the struggle for existence becomes more keen and universal. In sooth as long as human nature remains what it is, and the spirit of competition and emulation continues, it must stand to reason that many millions of the human family will be left behind in the race, and sink into positions of comparative misery and want. We are not defending such a state of things; indeed, we most fervently wish it were otherwise. All we are doing is to state what we believe to be the fact, that poverty and want will ever exist, and that though much may be done no doubt to alleviate its bitterness and even to diminish its amount, still it will never altogether disappear from our midst. Have we not indeed the divine assurance to the contrary? "The poor you have ever with you," said the incarnate Wisdom of God, and His words alone might suffice, but even apart from His divine promise we see little reason to doubt but that while the world lasts, the well-to-do will ever find an abundance of outstretched arms and open hands seeking their aid and supplicating charity. Is it not, in fact, a part of the economy of God's providence to allow the poor to form a sensible element even within the Church itself? Not alone that there may be some to represent the position He himself once deigned to occupy when He wandered a stranger and an outcast upon earth, and "had not whereon to lay His head;" but also, that while the rich may glorify Him by their generosity, the poor may no less magnify Him by their patience and resignation.* This, however, supposes, especially on the part of the poor, a certain heroism and spirit of sacrifice not altogether natural to man. For voluntary poverty is, after all, a supernatural virtue, and not indigenous to the soil or clay of which we are formed. It does not spring up spontaneously in our hearts. There is no inherent

* How beautifully the Holy Father points out our duty when he says, "Divitem misericordem et munificum, pauperem sua sorte industriaque contentum esse oportere: cumque neuter sit ad hæc commutabilia bona natus, alteri patientia, alteri liberalitate in cælum esse veniundum."—*Encyclical Letter of Pope Leo XIII. on Third Order of S. Francis.*

tendency in man to choose privation and penury, and the hard life and the coarse food and the scanty clothing that poverty invariably enjoin. According to nature, he is even further from being a saint than he is from being a philosopher. He will not love poverty, therefore, for its own sake, nor call it his bride, like S. Francis, since he has not the heart of S. Francis; nor will he even, like Bretherton,* prefer the wealth of few wants to the wealth of great possessions, for his mind is sensuous rather than philosophic. No; man, according to nature, shrinks from hardship, and heavy work, and tedious occupations, and long hours, and scanty pay, and all weariness and fatigue are hateful to him. He prefers abundance to scarcity, riches to poverty, pleasure to pain, and rest to labour. What is the result? Well, if he has got little, he will try to get more; he will endeavour to raise himself above want; he will better his position and exert himself to grasp the golden cup of affluence, which he sees with envious eyes others around him are pressing with such evident relish to their lips. Thus, in those who are deficient in this world's goods, and who feel the pressure of poverty, there will ever be a strong craving to possess, at least in part, the wealth they see in such profusion around them. They will become daily more conscious of an aching desire to share in the conveniences and pleasures that money commands; and this desire, strong already, will grow stronger and stronger in proportion to the extent in which they realize their own miseries on the one hand and the power of wealth to relieve them on the other.

This tendency to appropriate what is such a source of happiness is inevitable.† As a tendency it must remain, and man cannot free himself from it, nor pluck its root out of his heart. It can no more be destroyed than the fear of death, or the shrinking from shame. But what is more, it is almost certain to assert itself, and to impel to action, unless some counter-check be interposed between the desire and its object; for man naturally follows his inclination unless some sufficient reason presents itself and overrides it. What is it, then, we may ask, that keeps the indigent multitude from rising in a body and taking forcible possession of the wealth and capital of the country?

* Under Bretherton's statue in Peel Park, Manchester, are written these words:—"My riches consist not in the extent of my possessions but in the fewness of my wants."

† The following remarkable words of the great saint and pontiff, Gregory, will strike familiarly upon the ears of many of our readers:—"Quid enim vetus, quid carnalis homo noverat, nisi sua retinere; *aliena rapere si posset; concupiscere, si non posset?* Sed cœlestis medicus singulis quibusque vitiis obviantia adhibet medicamenta."—*Breviarium*.—*In III. nocturno Com. unius Martyris.*

It is not so long ago that our ears were tingling with the news of riots and risings among the dissatisfied orders in Belgium and America, and even in the very capital of England itself. These, it is true, were but futile and ill-concerted attempts on the part of a few; but they show the spirit of the times, and partly indicate its far-reaching action. And that spirit may grow in intensity, as it is certainly growing in extent,* till at last these vague, uncertain rumblings in the lower and more hidden strata of society, may develop into a general upheaval of its entire crust, and the formation of a volcano that will spread desolation and confusion on every side. In any case, it is clear that a tendency so natural—and, consequently, so universal—as the tendency to covet what is pleasurable, and to seize what is coveted, needs a strong counter-check to prevent it issuing in the most disastrous results to society at large.

The question then at once suggests itself—what are the hindrances, or checks, we have to rely on? When a mere animal is attracted by an object, it must, by its very nature, obey the attraction; and man, in so far as he is an animal, has, like all other animals, a spontaneous inclination to obey his attraction also, and to seize what he covets, but always with this fundamental difference, that while an animal can offer no resistance, a man may easily overcome his inclination. Thus, for instance, the inclination to drink when he is thirsty, or to eat when he is hungry, is as strong in the man as in the beast, but unlike the beast the man may restrain himself, even though the means of indulgence are not wanting, and refuse to be guided by his natural instinct. Yet even that power can only be exercised on one condition—only on condition that some motive is suggested by the intellect which may set in motion an “anti-impulsive effort,” as, Dr. Ward terms it; for man’s freedom consists in a choice of motive, not in the power of acting without a motive. What then are the motives that induce Poverty to conquer the inclination of thrusting its hand into Wealth’s pocket, and rifling it of its treasures? What keeps back the millions of the poor from appropriating to their own use the goods of their more fortunate brethren? Many motives may be suggested, but they may all be reduced, for our present purpose, practically to two. First, a sense of impotency; and, secondly, a sense of duty. If one or both of these motives possess the mind, the tendency may be successfully overcome; but if neither motive be

* “Se la statistica non è stata esagerata, noi abbiamo nel mondo nostro diciotto milioni di così detti operai comunisti e socialisti.”—*I Poveri e i Ricchi*, p. 345. 1885.

present, then, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the tendency will be obeyed. A concrete example will, perhaps, do more to make this clear than many words of explanation.

We will suppose then that we are at the close of a bleak and wintry day. The streets are dreary and deserted, and the gloom of night is settling over the town. The heavy tread of a weary loiterer falls upon the ear, and presently his stalwart form emerges from the darkness. He is cold and wet and faint with hunger, for he has been exposed to the elements all day, and has tasted nothing since morning. His footsteps continue to sound in monotonous cadence, till he stands at last before a comfortable restaurant, where a number of revellers are taking their evening meal. Here he pauses, and sniffs the smoking joints that load the hospitable board; the savoury odours of stews and curries, fricassees, and ragoûts are wafted towards him through the half-open casement; he catches provoking glimpses of sparkling hock and fizzing champagne, and of wines and liqueurs red and white, and as he looks, a strong inclination to share in the feast takes possession of him. In spite of himself, he feels a violent impulse to draw nearer and appease the hunger which is tormenting him. The inclination is unavoidable. He can no more extinguish it by an act of the will than he can by an act of the will create a basin of hot mock-turtle soup, or a bowl of usquebaugh. Do what he may, the inclination remains unabated, undiminished. Further, were he a mere animal instead of a rational being, he would not merely feel the stimulus of hunger, and the desire of gratifying it, but he would be at once guided and controlled by that desire; but being a man and not a beast, he may, in deference to a suitable motive, withstand the promptings of his lower nature.

Now, to one in his position two motives will probably suggest themselves. Firstly, the utter uselessness of any attempt that could be made; and secondly its undoubted unlawfulness; for we are not now supposing a state of "*extrema necessitas*" in which to help oneself to bare necessities would be permissible. Thus, if he fully realize that as soon as he makes the smallest effort to snatch at the viands, or even to introduce one foot into the room, he will be ignominiously expelled, and that so far from securing any food he will arouse against himself general wrath and indignation, and finally be marched off to jail, and arraigned before the judge as a thief and a robber; he will have a very strong motive—and generally a sufficient one—to resist his inclination. In a word, he implicitly or explicitly MEASURES HIS STRENGTH AGAINST THE STRENGTH OF THE POSSESSOR. He believes it to be insufficient, and that no fair chance of success can be expected, so he wisely abandons the project, and goes on his way

to break a crust with his youthful consort in Pig-sty Alley Seven Dials.

But let us, merely for the sake of argument, suppose it were otherwise. Let us suppose that no inconvenience would arise from his helping himself to his heart's content to every dish upon the table, beyond an impatient gesture or an indignant exclamation from the persons seated around it. Let us suppose that he might eat and drink and be filled without fear of exciting any more serious consequences than the repellent glances and muttered curses of the jovial revellers. What then? Well, his position would be entirely changed. The first motive can influence him no longer; the sense of impotency has disappeared, and all the strain of inclination must be held in check by the second motive.

The famishing man has the power, or thinks he has, to glut his appetite at the expense of his neighbour, so that but one thing will now restrain him, and that is conscience; and "conscience doth make cowards of us all." If he has faith and believes in an all-seeing Judge, and a place of future reward and punishment, and the sinfulness of robbery and theft, he may still be restrained—at all events the motive is there, and of sufficient strength. But once remove that last barrier, and his inclinations will bear him away as surely and as swiftly as a boat which has been cut from its moorings is borne away by the swift sweep of the rushing torrent. This is a mere illustration, but it admits of an easy application, for the individual is a faithful miniature of the multitude, which is but a collection of units swayed and controlled by similar passions and propensities. "The little waves make the larger waves," says George Eliot, "and are of the same pattern," which, after all, is only a poetical rendering of the old scholastic axiom, "*Totius et partium eadem est ratio.*"

Instead of a single hungry man we must substitute in thought the indigent multitudes, and in place of a well-spread table we must put the accumulated wealth of the higher orders, and then work out the problem as before.

There is, spread out over the world, a great and ever-increasing mass of men—poor, ill fed, hard worked—who look with envious eyes at the wealth, the abundance, the luxury, and the ease of the more privileged-classes—men who would gladly lay their hands upon the goods and possessions of their more fortunate brethren, who are clamorous for food and clothing and the very necessities of life, which they can hardly procure even by hard and prolonged labour. This class has always existed, and always will exist, in a greater or less proportion. Many among them have been good and sincere Christians, and borne their labours and sufferings with truly Christian virtue, sometimes even making

of their poverty a veritable ladder on which to mount to the highest places in heaven. Others, on the contrary, have grown weary of bondage, and have become discontented, resentful, and rebellious, without patience, without religion, without God. What is it that has kept them from wholesale rebellion and general pillage? Why have their efforts been so sterile, and their attempts so spasmodic and partial? The answer is plain and full of significance. Evidently because they have not known their power. Because they have been incapable of reasoning out their position, and estimating the force and momentum of numbers. Nor have they been able to coalesce, or form themselves into a solid and compact whole, ruled by one will and informed by one purpose. They were but discontented units; but isolated, and therefore helpless factors, and wholly unconscious of the resistless might of many parted streams, which, when drawn and bound together into a single broad and headstrong torrent, can force their way with ease through rocks and barriers which have for centuries defied the feebler action of slowly moving runnels. But now times are changing, and the vivifying waters of knowledge have been filtering through the middle strata of society down to the very lowest. The "great unwashed" can read and write; and what is more, can think and reason and compare, and even combine with one another, and assist one another in one common cause, not merely by expressions of sympathy and interest, but by a voluntary supply of money and means. In fact, in the more important strikes and contests at elections, comrades who have been arrested as so-called "victims of the reactionary bourgeois" and organs of the party are supported by free contributions, made, it must be understood, with considerable personal sacrifice:—

Thus in France the demonstrative election of the social revolutionary Communist Blanqui (who had been excluded from the amnesty as deputy of Bordeaux) had been made possible solely by the munificent contributions from Germany, England, Belgium, and Italy, and as recently as the beginning of last year (1883) a strike of 5000 porcelain workers at Limoges was supported from London; while about two years ago the Society of the "Red Cross" was founded at Geneva, for the purpose of assisting the "victims of Russian despotism," Von Lavroff and Vera Sassulitsch, and its appeals went the round of the whole Socialist press, and did not fail to meet with success. Germany especially seems to be favoured in this respect in consequence of its many foreign connections, so that not only are subscriptions continually arriving from Paris, London, Switzerland, and especially from America, in support of the organs of the party, the "victims of the Socialist law," and the larger strikes, but also the expenses of the election for the Reichstag in 1881 were met for the most part by the money brought by Fritzsche from America, and

more recently money has been received for the election of Bebel at Hamburg.*

Hence, if not wholly freed from the bonds of ignorance, they are at least loosening its fetters more and more, day by day. They are beginning to appreciate their position, to measure their strength, and to realize that they are a power of no inconsiderable magnitude. What will be the consequence? The more fully they realize their power the readier will they be to assert it. Already signs are not wanting to indicate both the spread of that knowledge and the growth of that power. For a power they undoubtedly possess, as a moment's reflection will serve to make evident. Power, in the only sense which has any meaning in the present connection, is mainly the resultant of two factors, knowledge and force. Where knowledge is equal in all, the greater the number, the greater the strength. The higher classes owe their ascendancy in its last analysis to their higher education, and greater mental development. As in an individual the mind controls the motions of the hand and foot, so in a State, intellect controls labour. Knowledge is seated chiefly in the dominant classes, labour in the subject classes. Thus where the difference of intellect is very strongly marked, numbers go for little or nothing; but the more this difference is diminished, —and it is being diminished every day—the more will the strength of numbers weigh in the balance. The better educated the people are, the more will their influence tell, and the more irresistible will it become. Hence their strength is already beginning to be felt and feared to an extent never before known. The first check to their rebellious tendency, *i.e.*, impotency, is thus vanishing, so that if conscience goes too, and the last check is removed, then God defend the rich and the prosperous.

Let us listen to a few extracts from the great Anarchists' organ, the *Freiheit*, which will show us their advance in knowledge, and the use they are prepared to make of it:

Science now puts means into our hands which makes it possible to arrange for the wholesale destruction of the brutes in a perfectly quiet and business like fashion. Princes and ministers, statesmen, bishops, prelates, and other grand dignitaries, a good part of the officers, the greater part of the higher bureaucracy, sundry journalists and lawyers, in fine all the more prominent representatives of the upper and middle class, these will be the subjects over whose heads we shall have to break the staff (pp. 23-4).

* The above quotation (p. 142) and the succeeding ones are taken from "The Red International," by Dr. Zacher, assessor to the Government.—Authorized translation by Rev. E. M. Geldast, M.A. London. 1885.

So Eudes, who may be considered a representative of the class, exclaimed at a meeting attended by thousands, in which the murderer Ryssakow was chosen honorary president :

"If the tyrants unite to oppress the people, they must unite to annihilate the tyrants, the kings, and even the bourgeois." But how this case was to be carried out, numerous placards, distributed during the night in different cities, gave the necessary explanation. There one might read, for instance: "Workers, let us use the means which science offers, and in the employment of which Nihilists and Fenians are our example. It is a humane action to put to death the exploiters and assassins of the people." Different papers also, such as the *Droit Social* of Lyons, gave elaborate instructions on the preparation and employment of dynamite, nitro-glycerine, and other explosives, and unceasingly incited to murder, pillage, and arson (p. 61).

Indeed violence is everywhere urged as the most efficacious means to bring about the universal equality after which all aspire: thus, for instance:

On the anniversary of the murder of the Emperor Alexander II., this "execution" was declared in a largely attended meeting to celebrate the event, an "act of necessity, since the emancipation of the people could not be carried out except by *violence*," and to this was joined the hope "that all tyrants would now soon obtain their due reward." Moreover, at a celebration which was held a few days later in remembrance of the Paris Commune, a speaker concluding cried "For the king the bomb, for the bourgeois the bullet, for the priest the dagger, for the traitor the rope" (p. 69).

In another place it is stated, that

The agitators consider it of supreme importance to strengthen the workers in their hatred of society, and they established a secret press, the productions of which form the most effective means in this direction (p. 113).

Hence, if this active propagandism goes on, we may expect something more than a repetition of the comparatively insignificant attempts of anarchists lately witnessed in Russia, Germany, Belgium, and America. As knowledge increases, and a greater power of combination is gained, the attempts upon life and property will become far more serious and far more successful. What then is to be done? We cannot rob the agitators of their acquired knowledge, as we might wrest a sword from the hands of a madman. There is but one really effective step, and that is to teach them how to use it. For this purpose it will be necessary to fill their hearts once more with the light of divine Faith and the true spirit of the Gospel of Christ. If the people were religious; if they believed in God and loved Him; if they recognized in Him the person of a wise and just Judge, ready

and able to punish crime and to vindicate the claims of justice; if they realized further that poverty is not dishonourable, that an humble position is not without dignity, and that labour may be sanctified, and weariness and fatigue blessed and rewarded; if they could be taught to honour Him who being rich became poor, and who, though strong became weak, and though the Lord of all became the servant of all that He might gain all, they would not only abstain from unlawful rebellion, from crime and evil, bloodshed and assassination, but they would find happiness in their lot, and enjoy peace in the midst of poverty, and calm in the midst of trouble. To those that are duly enlightened, and who recognize this life as nothing more than a short avenue to a glorious eternity, and who are able to contrast the brief moment of the present with the endless duration of a limitless future, and who have believed in the words of the apostle that "the sufferings of this time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which is to come;" to such as these we say, the invitation to resist lawful authority may indeed come, but it will come only to be repudiated and condemned as contrary to justice and offensive to God. Violent means and revolutionary measures will never be sanctioned or encouraged by true followers of the Crucified. Even if they suffer, they will remember that He suffered yet more, "leaving them an example that they may follow in His footsteps." Lawful means, of course, they will not scruple to use, but the unlawful they will leave to those whose faith has been wrecked on the treacherous sands of modern scepticism. For such, indeed, there will be little motive for the exercise of patience or self-restraint. Why should they be patient who can descry no existence of any kind beyond the tomb, and who have nothing either to hope for or to fear when their earthly course is run? If Heaven be a dream and hell a delusion, why should they plod on day after day in a monotonous, pleasureless existence? Why should they labour and consume their strength for others, if as soon as they can no longer toil they must die like dogs and be no more? Why! yes, we may well put the question, but who will answer it? The only answers we can look for are blood-stained cities and the crumbling palaces of kings.

When God is driven out of the brains of men, the whole system of privilege by the grace of God comes to the ground, and when heaven hereafter is recognized as a big lie, men will attempt to establish heaven here. Therefore, whoever assails Christianity assails, at the same time, monarchy and capitalism (p. 22).

In spite of such sad forebodings, we must not shrink from preaching the gospel of labour, for it is the Gospel of Christ, and

"woe unto us if we preach not the Gospel." As ministers of God, we bid men accept in all patience the burden that Providence has placed upon them, at least until they can lay it aside in a legitimate and Christian manner. We scruple not to repeat to each succeeding generation the words that were in the first instance addressed to Adam, "With labour and toil shalt thou eat thy bread all the days of thy life," and "in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat thereof till thou return to the earth, out of which thou wast taken;" but to these words of bitterness we fail not to add words of encouragement and hope. If you must labour and toil, you have a motive to support you, for is not "your reward exceeding great in Heaven." "Suffer with Christ," but to what purpose? in order that you "may reign with Christ" for all eternity. Nay, we even declare the poor in spirit to be blessed, but solely because God Himself has expressly stated that "theirs is the kingdom of Heaven." So blessed too are those that mourn, but only for a similar reason—viz., because "they shall be comforted." Heed not, we cry, the momentary tribulations of this life; stagger not beneath the load of earthly care that oppresses you; faint not under your burdens, trials, and tribulations, for all these are light and trivial, in comparison to the joys that await you in the home of the Father. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive" what joys those are. But for whom has God especially destined the abode of eternal happiness? "Hearken, my dearest brethren," says S. James; "hath not God chosen the poor in this world, rich in faith, heirs of the kingdom which God has promised to them that love Him" (ii. 5).*

Ah! comfort under such conditions, yea, even "joy in believing" is reasonable, intelligible, natural; it is easy to experience it. With such a promise, with such a hope, a light heart may well beat within the most sorrow-laden breast. But blot out the future. Efface from the tablets of the mind every trace of hope of a home beyond the grave, and what man will go toiling on in his monotonous humdrum existence, when he is offered gold and wealth as the reward of rebellion, and when he has everything to gain and nothing to lose? We suffer now with patience for the sake of God, but if God does not exist, the very foundation of our patience is gone: we resign ourselves now to a hard lot, because we look forward to a glorious recompense hereafter; but if there be no "hereafter," why should we be resigned? We are induced to put up not merely with misfortune and adversity, but

* "Bossuet has shown in a magnificent discourse that God has built His Church on the poor, and that the rich have come into it by a sort of indulgence."—Bp. ULLATHORNE, *The Ground-work of the Christian Virtues*, p. 182.

even with the injustice of rulers and the cruelty of masters, because we believe that a day will come, whose dawn is e'en now approaching, when infinite wisdom and power will declare itself, and judge between us and our oppressors, and render to each man according to his work. A day when strict justice will at last be dealt out to all, and each good act, word, and thought will receive its proper reward, and every deed of darkness its appropriate punishment. While such a hope burns in the hearts of men, and such convictions fill and energize their minds, even the poorest and most laborious classes may possess their souls in peace: "In peace I will sleep and I will rest, for Thou, O Lord, hast singularly settled me in hope" (Ps. iv.).

But, stamp out every spark of hope in a future world, and in a day of universal justice, and who will then hold back the hands of the enraged multitudes? Who will hinder them from wrestling the prizes of life from the more fortunate who possess them? What power upon earth will rise to stay the onward rush of the seething and turbulent multitudes, and cry, "Peace, be still?" As a river, whose natural course has been forcibly arrested, will first roar and riot in its bed, and then rise and overflowing its banks, flood the country far and wide, carrying devastation and ruin in all directions, so will they, when all future hope is cut off from them, turn and demand in the present, what is denied them in the future. Pleasure and joy they must have, *in re* or *in spe*. The heart of man is drawn to happiness as a stone is drawn to the earth. It is its very food, without which it must perish and waste away; if men have none to hope for in the future they will seek it in the present. And if they cannot get all that they desire they will get what they can. At least they will not stand listlessly by, and labour and toil that others may squander and spend; they will not suffer and sweat that others may roll in luxuriance and ease; no, emphatically no! There is no sufficient reason why they should. They will combine for one common purpose, and rise and dispute possession with the wealthiest; they will insist upon sharing their riches with them; for they, too, will have a day of pleasure, and an hour of revelry before their life is spent, and the grave closes over them, and they sink into eternal oblivion.

Have not rumours of preparation already reached our ears? Indeed, the ground has been gradually undermined, and secret clubs have been organized among the workers "by inflammatory publications, of which many thousands of copies have been distributed among the masses as leaflets on the most various occasions." As long ago as—

In the year 1881 the *Freiheit*, and other publications of this party, began urgently to recommend the study of chemistry to the workers,

and to bring it home to them with what success dynamite could be made use of in the struggle against society, and to advise them not to shrink from committing murder, arson, and pillage; and these continuous incitements to open violence bore fruit already at the end of the year 1881 (p. 112).

So, too, in the International Revolutionary Congress, held in London from 14th to 19th July of the same year a similar doctrine was strongly inculcated. Among other resolutions couched in a similar strain we select the following—

For the attainment of the end kept in view, namely, the annihilation of all rulers, ministers, the nobility, the clergy, the chief capitalists, and other exploiters, every means is allowed; and therefore careful attention, especially to the study of chemistry and the preparation of explosives as the most effective weapons, is recommended. In addition to the chief committee in London, an internationally composed "executive committee," or "inquiry office," is appointed, whose business is the carrying out of the decisions of the chief committee and the correspondence (p. 68).

Thus by every means in their power these desperadoes are seeking to gain possession of their share of the pleasures of life, and of the good things of this world. Who will blame them from their own point of view? Who will challenge their right to exert every faculty and to strain every nerve in their struggle after pleasure, if they be persuaded that now or never they are to taste of it? Right! The very idea of right or wrong is meaningless to the unbeliever. Conscience, as distinguished from utility, must disappear, together with the idea of God and eternity, of heaven and hell. No, we cannot blame them; once deny the existence of the invisible world, and force must everywhere prevail, and might will become a synonyme of right, and each man may get all that he can, and when he can, and where he can, and how he can. To suppose that tens of thousands of reasonable beings will go on year after year, toiling and slaving, in poverty and dirt, scantily fed, scantily clothed and poorly housed, when they have once been persuaded that they might shake themselves free from their chains, and strike terror and consternation into the hearts of their employers, would be absurd in the extreme. Even were we able to put before them the most powerful arguments to show that success could never reward their efforts, would that hinder them from at least making the attempt? Would they trust our reasoning, or be so ready to accept the assurances of persons so deeply interested? Of persons whose property and position and social pre-eminence are hanging in the balance and depending upon the strength or weakness of the chain of argument? We doubt it. Besides, "Hope tells a flattering tale," and as "a

drowning man will snatch at a straw," so these will grasp at any chance that may be offered them of attaining their end. Spurred on by the voice of unscrupulous leaders, who are never wanting at such a crisis, they would leave no stone unturned to reach the desired goal. "Not by writing incendiary articles" one of their leading papers remarks :

Not by revolutionary literature, spread among the masses alone, can a revolution be brought about. One may use these indeed as means of agitation, in order thus to awaken the revolutionary idea; yet the real factor of the fight with which we have to reckon is action, and this must never be lost sight of. . . . Forward then to action. Every single man who sympathizes with us must also be firmly resolved to stake his life upon the issue. Away with every doubt and insignificant scruple that yet hold you back. Look neither to the right nor to the left. There is but one goal and but one way to reach it which we have to take, and that is the forcible overthrow of the existing society" (p. 23).

Another equally fervid instigation to general insurrection concludes with these menacing words :

The day has come for us to say: "Each for All, and All for Each!" Sound the battle-cry: "Proletarians of all countries, unite! You have nothing to lose but your chains; you have a world to gain! Tremble, tyrants of the world! A little longer, and before your short-sighted vision will dawn the red light of the day of retribution!" (p. 137).

Thus, it would seem that even granted that we might convince them that success never would and never could be theirs, yet they would not rest content or inactive. They could disturb, loosen and destroy the foundations of society, and that would give them some satisfaction. They might create disturbance and confusion and racket and riot; efface the old landmarks, and wreak their vengeance and their envy. Their lives are already in many cases so hard, they could scarcely be made harder; their lot so sad that it could scarcely be made more so; little, indeed, have they to lose, "except their chains," but their gains may be considerable; they can hardly render their condition worse, but they may easily better it; in rebellion they see at least some glimmer of hope, but in all else impenetrable darkness has set in, for the light of Faith is quenched.

Thus, with the eternal future of unspeakable delights blotted out from their minds, and impelled by the fury of a now-or-never despair, they would break over every barrier, and in the violence of their efforts to seize and plunder, would cover the world with blood and carnage. Even if they failed to enrich themselves or to taste the luxury they covet, they would at all

events glut to the full the spirit of enmity and vengeance. If such rebellion "will feed nothing else, it will feed their revenge."

To what conclusion then, are we driven, but that Faith is necessary; so necessary indeed, that as Voltaire expresses himself, "if there were no God, we should have to create one." If, indeed, absence of Faith and Religion breeds anarchy, disorder, and rebellion, so soon as education is made general, and knowledge permeates through the coarser fibres of the social organism, our only inference can be, either that knowledge must be confined to the rich, or that Religion and Faith must spread to the poor. The first alternative deserves not to be considered, so we must conclude that Faith and Religion are necessary, and if necessary then true, and if true, to be promulgated, accepted, and practised. Let the Faith revive, and gain a firm hold upon the hearts of the people, and then anarchy and communism will languish and finally die out. The poor will grow more content, while the rich will become more considerate, and the eyes of both will be lifted up on high to look for something fairer and brighter by far than the false glimmer of gold or the delusive promises of a deceitful and transitory world.

JOHN S. VAUGHAN.

ART. VI.—THE SECRET OF PLATO'S ATLANTIS—
A REPLY.

IN the *Tablet*, July 24, 1886, in a notice of the July number of the DUBLIN REVIEW, I read, "One article headed 'Plato's Atlantis and the Periplus of Hanno,' judging from its matter and an editorial note appended to it, is, we should say, from the pen of the late lamented Abbé Motais of Rennes."

It seems to me that it is better that this should be stated, and that I may be permitted to write on this supposition of authorship, as it will enable me in my reply to refer to Père Al. Motais' important work of Scriptural exegesis, "*Le Déluge Biblique devant la Foi, l'Ecriture, et la Science.*"* In this work he is clear and exact in statement, subtle and resourceful in ex-

* "*Le Déluge Biblique devant la Foi, l'Ecriture, et la Science.*" Par Al. Motais, Prêtre de l'Oratoire de Rennes, Professeur d'Ecriture Sainte et d'Hébreu au Grand Séminaire, Chanoine honoraire. Paris. 1885.

position, a little inclined to the rationalistic view,* but careful to remain within the limits of orthodoxy.

His reply to my book, written probably when in ill-health and after hasty perusal, is—well, what the reader shall judge it to be after I have placed some extracts before him.

Page 91, Père Motais says :—

Lord Arundell proposes to himself two things. He wishes, in the first place, to prove against Mr. Donnelly that the Mosaic Deluge has no connection with the submersion of Plato's Atlantis; in the second, to prove that the universality of the Biblical cataclysm is established by the universality of popular tradition. To accomplish the first task, he undertakes to show (1) that the submersion of Atlantis, accepted by Mr. Donnelly as historical, is nothing more than a pure legend; and (2) that this legend has for basis the Periplus of Hanno.

This is far from an exact statement. What I suggest is that Plato's Atlantis has for its basis the Periplus of Hanno; and having, as I believe, shown this, I assert that Plato's narrative is, in the main, what Professor Jowett from his own point of view calls it, "a fabrication."

I am very far from thinking "that the universality of popular tradition" proves "the universality of the Biblical cataclysm," but I do contend that if the widely dispersed traditions have resemblances to the Mosaic Deluge, or can be indirectly connected with it, then the Deluge which overshadows the human record was at any rate "the remembrance preserved in the memory of mankind through the recollections of the race of Noah" (p. 101), waiving the question whether the race of Noah includes "all mankind;" and not the recollections of the subsidence of Atlantis, of which we know nothing beyond the traditional or legendary account in Plato.

I now proceed to Père Motais' other statement, that I seek "to prove against Mr. Donnelly that the Mosaic Deluge has no connection with the submersion of Atlantis." I say that some proof must be first shown that the subsidence is a fact. But we must hear Père Motais further on this point (p. 93) :—

Lord Arundell seems at times to show very clearly that his opponent's proofs are weak and his deductions not according to logic. But does he not likewise err as much himself, when, after having

* *Vide* "Le Déluge Biblique" (p. 114): "Toute issue à une interprétation rationnelle dans laquelle l'intervention providentielle remplace l'intervention miraculeuse." Of his thesis (p. 340) Père Motais says: "Ce n'est point le doute qui la produite c'est la foi; ce n'est point l'indifférence, c'est l'amour passionné de l'Ecriture . . . notre étude est avant tout une étude d'exégèse, d'exégèse pure." These two passages give, I think, fairly the keynotes of Père Motais' work.

examined in detail the special arguments of Mr. Donnelly, he concludes in a general manner to the absence of any relation between the sinking of the famous island and the Deluge? This relation can be conceived in a very catholic manner and quite differently from Mr. Donnelly's. . . . To show the account of Moses and that of Plato as contradictory one to the other, *he asserts* that, according to the former and to tradition, *the sole cause* of the Deluge of Genesis was the rain. . . . Truly Lord Arundell astonishes us. Where, then, did he find, either in Moses or in the Fathers, or in the ancient or modern exegetes, that the rain was the sole cause of the Deluge?

In reply it is only necessary for me to give an extract showing what I actually said :—

The Biblical record, the cuneiform narrative, the Indian legend, &c., all profess to give the tradition in direct form. How is it that they all tell of a universal deluge, in which one family—sometimes one man—survived, and that in all the *prominent cause* of the destruction was unintermittent and protracted rain? In the case of Atlantis the cause was subsidence, or else the geological argument must be abandoned (p. 16, S.P.A.).

I do not, therefore, give the rain as the "sole" but the "prominent" cause, the cause which from its duration would account for the loss of life, and would naturally remain in tradition.

But not only so. If we are to believe in the Biblical Deluge at all even "as a fact," if we are to regard the narrative of Moses as other than a fiction, we must accept such a statement as the forty days' rain, at any rate as his historical or traditional account of it. From the exegetical point of view, not only is the forty days' rain part of the narrative (Gen. vii. 12), but it was also part of the prediction (vii. 4), "I will rain upon the earth forty days and forty nights."

Now, this part of the account is almost entirely ignored by Père Motais and Mr. Donnelly, and certainly the duration of the rain is hardly compatible with belief in the sudden subsidence described by Plato.

Mr. Donnelly, however, makes no pretence of reconciling his theory with the Scriptural narrative.

For Mr. Donnelly the subsidence of Atlantis was "the appalling catastrophe which has survived to our own time in the Flood and Deluge legends of the different nations of the Old and the New Worlds."

The Mosaic account is, therefore, for Mr. Donnelly, only so far not a fiction as it represents a tradition of the subsidence of Atlantis. That this may be clear, I will make a further extract from chap. vi., entitled "Genesis Contains a History of Atlantis," in which Mr. Donnelly says :—

I have shown that the Deluge plainly refers to the destruction of Atlantis, and that it agrees in many important particulars with the account given by Plato. The people destroyed were, in both instances, the ancient race that had created civilization; they had formerly been in a happy and sinless condition; they had become great and wicked; they were destroyed for their sins; they were destroyed by water (p. 198).

Yes, but this and what follows equally applies whether Plato's account is a tradition of the Mosaic Deluge, or the reverse, and, taking the two passages together, it is plain that Mr. Donnelly's contention is that the Flood recorded in what he calls "that oldest and most venerable of human compositions, the Book of Genesis," is only one "of the Deluge legends of the different nations of the Old and the New Worlds." I wish this to be understood, as Père Motais,* not having read Mr. Donnelly's work, in some way arrived at the opinion from the quotations in my book that Mr. Donnelly's "conclusions might be safely accepted." I shall have occasion to discuss this point further on.

But Père Motais contends: "This relation can be conceived in a very Catholic manner, and quite differently from Mr. Donnelly's . . . what Lord Arundell fails to prove, that the engulfing of the island can have no connection with the Deluge" (p. 93).

That the subsidence of Atlantis corresponded with the breaking up of "the fountains of the deep," and may have been coincident with the Mosaic Deluge—although I do not believe it, nor do I think it corresponds to the Scriptural indications, or to tradition—yet it is still conceivable after the end of the forty days'

* (p. 92.) Père Motais sees that this is the drift of Mr. Donnelly's theory, and reproves it: "According to Mr. Donnelly this" (the Mosaic Deluge) "is only a distant echo of the submersion of the island, which occurred at a much remoter date than that indicated by Genesis." Mr. Donnelly says (p. 73): "The Hebrews and their Flood legend are closely connected with the Phœnicians, whose connection with Atlantis is established in many ways." If the reader will closely examine Mr. Donnelly's chapters and my reply (pp. 9-22), he will see that Mr. Donnelly's statement is not based on a shred of fact. Mr. Donnelly believes that the Hebrews derived "the legend" from the Phœnicians, who had it from the Egyptians, who were the oldest colony of Atlantis (*vide* my reply p. 20). Yet, under the head, "The Story of Plato Finds Confirmation," &c. (p. 27, Donnelly), he says "Diodorus Siculus relates that the Phœnicians discovered a large island in the Atlantic Ocean beyond the Pillars of Hercules, several days' sail from the coast of Africa. This island abounded in all manner of riches, &c." (p. 28), corresponding to Plato's description. If this means anything, it must mean that Atlantis existed within the historical period, and that the Phœnicians came upon it in the course of their explorations. Then its subsidence could not have been the origin of the "Hebrew legend" through a Phœnician channel—the Phœnician, as he himself states, being of the Noachian race.

rain ; only let it be understood that it is no part of Mr. Donnelly's theory, and that it is a fresh theory started by Père Motais. I am not to be blamed, therefore, for not anticipating what he held "in petto."

But for this theory you must in some way prove the existence of Atlantis, and for this there is nothing but the narration or legend of Plato, which must be judged upon its evidence, which is the very matter in dispute.

Although Père Motais (p. 93) seems to accept my argument that according to Mr. Donnelly's position we should have "the traditions of the Deluge anterior to the engulfing of the island," yet he says, in half reply, "but perhaps Lord Arundell forgets that the deluge of Mr. Donnelly is not universal, and that those who escaped may have been able to hand down traditions of earlier date than the deluge."

Well then, "this earlier deluge" (of Atlantis) cannot have been identical or coincident with the Mosaic Deluge, and the followers of Père Motais must choose between his theory and his suggestion in favour of Mr. Donnelly.

Before pursuing the argument, I will reply to the learned Professor on some minor points. I am glad to have his support in my remarks as to the testimony of Cosmas: "If it is not without reason that Lord Arundell refuses to attach a serious value to the testimony of the 'old original' Cosmas, who, according to Mr. Donnelly, makes 'the traditions of the first ages about the Deluge point to the part of the world where the Atlantis was fixed,' neither does he advance by any means his thesis by saying that Berosus, Josephus, Nicholas of Damascus, and St. Epiphanius pretend that in their time débris of the ark was still to be found on Mount Ararat, and in the country of the Kurds. All this is too uncritical and legendary to have any force for or against." I am not at all sure that these statements are to be put aside so brusquely, but I only adduced them to disprove Mr. Donnelly's assertion that "the traditions of the early Christian ages touching the Deluge pointed to the quarter of the world in which Atlantis was situated" (p. 95), and they certainly avail to this extent.

Père Motais is much attracted by a passage (*vide* DUB. REV., July, p. 95), "an *Atlas* mountain on the shores of Africa, an *Atlan* town on the shores of America, &c. Can all these things be the result of accident?" "No; Lord Arundell on this point does not answer Mr. Donnelly."

As Père Motais argues on strictly scientific lines, I may be allowed to oppose to him Mr. Max Müller's "dictum": "Comparative philology has taught us again and again that where we find a word exactly the same in Greek and Sanskrit, we may

be certain that it cannot be the same word; and the same applies to comparative mythology" (*Contemp. Rev.*, April 1870). I must remark also that "an immemorial tradition of an island of Atlantis" in the above passage is merely a flourish of Mr. Donnelly's, resting on nothing but Plato's statement and his assumption that the traditions of the Mosaic Deluge are traditions of Atlantis.

I do not see why I should not start off in Mr. Donnelly's attractive style, and say, "Look at it." "The eldest son, who was king, he named Atlas," so says Plato; and the most prominent point in the region of Hanno's exploration was Mount Atlas, from which we may equally contend "the ocean received the name of Atlantis." The Cape Solôé of Hanno's narrative, according to Capt. Mer, the most recent and best authority, who has written with great knowledge and intelligence on this subject ("Mémoire sur le Periple d'Hannon," Paris, 1885), was either Cape Cantin or Cape Ghir (p. 129). In any case, Cape Ghir was a dominant point and landmark within the region colonized by Hanno, and Cape Ghir corresponds to the Mount Atlas ("Atlas Major Mons") of Ptolemy, iv. 1 (Capt. Mer, p. 130). Now this coincidence, if it is not more than a coincidence, is, I submit, quite as strong as the "Atlas" and "Atlan" of Mr. Donnelly.

Père Motais says (p. 94): "Unfortunately the efforts of Lord Arundell are in this case weaker still; we have not been able to find in his book a single valid argument against the reality of the submersion, and we acknowledge we have never found a convincing one anywhere else." Well, I am not bound to prove the negative. I confine my argument to the historical ground. But as regards the geological argument I have made reference to the arguments of Mr. Wallace, Mr. Darwin, and Professor Geikie (*vide* "Wallace's Island Life," ch. vi. 11), who from their several points of view reject the theory of the subsidence of Atlantis.

When I hear that the disciples, or shall I say the school, of Père Motais have disposed of the counter-geological evidence, I shall find it incumbent upon me to discuss the question from this point of view, but not before; for I assume that the canon laid down, "before passing to the positive part of his thesis he should have overthrown the arguments of all kinds presented by those who oppose him," applies in both directions; and on this head I would direct attention to the cardinal tenet of their exegetical interpretation, viz., that the word "kol or omnis" may mean only "an indefinite amount," is not sufficient. They should also show that it does not also signify "absolute universality" (*vide* several texts which necessarily bear the latter sense produced by

Professor Lamy in letter of Dr. L. C. Casartelli in the *Tablet*, April 12, 1884).

Père Motais says (p. 98): "Lord Arundell does not appear to us more happy when he attempts another hypothesis, namely, that Plato simply wished to reproduce, according to his fancy, the *Periplus of Hanno*. At such an epoch, so near to the time of the admiral, the thought would not have occurred to him, and the enterprise would have been very strange and very impracticable. Above all, he could not have deemed that such a thing could be realized in this form." Why is not apparent. Père Motais' criticism seems to suppose that the document "posted up" in the Temple of Neptune in Carthagina, a hundred years before, was generally known throughout Greece, which can only be a mere supposition, as to which there is no likelihood and no evidence. At some period unknown to us it was translated into Greek. My conjecture was based upon the probability of its being known to Plato during his residence at Cyrene and Syracuse. Père Motais continues: "Moreover, Lord Arundell introduces a contradiction in his own work; for, admitting this supposition, it is necessary to make the philosopher a forger, since Plato makes no apparent allusion to the *Periplus*, and he pretends to draw his history through Solon and Critias." Père Motais must have written this in forgetfulness of what I had said at pp. 24, 32:—

I think that I shall be able to show that Plato does not state any fact respecting Atlantis which has not been taken from this document except what Plato drew from the well of general or family tradition. Over the whole there is the glamour of Plato's style and imagination. . . . In speaking of the Atlantis as a fiction, I by no means intend that it was a fabrication designed to deceive his contemporaries. It rather seems to me as if Plato was indulging with them in a common and customary gratification of the imagination, and that this is almost acknowledged in the following preliminary conversation . . . (*vide* p. 32.)*

* I thought the extract I gave sufficient to produce conviction. I will now add a sentence which precedes and follows it, showing that Plato's narrative was professedly in fictitious form: "And now Socrates I am ready to tell you the whole tale (Atlantis) . . . and as to the city and the citizens which you yesterday described to us in fiction, let us transfer them to the world of reality; this shall be our city, and *we will suppose* that the citizens whom you imagined *were* our veritable ancestors—the same of whom the priest was telling; they will perfectly agree, and there will be no inconsistency in saying that the citizens of your republic are those ancient Athenians . . . and then, in conformity with the law of Solon, we will bring the heroes of his tale into court and judge them ourselves, as if they were those very Athenians whom the sacred Egyptian record has recovered from oblivion, and we shall henceforward be entitled to speak of them as Athenians and fellow-citizens."—"Jowett's Plato," ii. p. 522 (*Timæus*).

Père Motais says (p. 99): "Lord Arundell is quite mistaken when he supposes that Plato at the age of ten years heard the history from Critias. It was to the grandson, also named Critias, that the narration was made by Critias, then ninety years of age. Lord Arundell has confounded here the young Critias with Plato;" and Père Motais speaks of the "violence" thus "done to history." Now, so far as the main argument is concerned it matters little whether Critias or Plato discourses, and, as implying a doubt, at p. 75 I use the phrase, "as Critias is made to say." This line of criticism, however, can be only sustained by supposing Plato literally to record the discourse of Critias. That is not the view of Professor Jowett: "We can only infer that in this (the introduction of the name of Critias), and perhaps in some other cases, Plato's characters have no reference to the actual facts. The desire to do honour to his own family, and the connection with Solon [common to both], may have suggested the introduction of his name" (Jowett's Plato, ii. 595). The impression produced is that, just as in "Don Juan" and in "Contarini Fleming," we are getting the personal sentiments and reminiscences of the author; and curiously, notwithstanding his onslaught upon me, this appears also to be the view of the learned reviewer himself at p. 98. "The 'savants,' who have treated this matter most thoroughly, whilst they deny the existence of Atlantis, cannot help remarking the necessity of admitting that the tradition spoken of by Plato really came to him from Solon his ancestor, who had it from the priests of Egypt, who themselves already held it as an ancient tradition." Here then in any case we have the Père Motais also "confounding the young Critias with Plato."

Having in this manner arrived at the conclusion "that this part of the work has no solid foundation," he proceeds to the consideration of the evidence by which I arrive at the theory that the Periplus of Hanno is the basis of Plato's legend. Of course if a man puts forth a special theory he necessarily exposes himself to attack. But I must acknowledge that Père Motais uses his advantage pleasantly, and even humorously. If he had lived to pursue the argument, I might have reminded him that his thesis also mainly depended on the part which he termed "positive," and that my arguments might perhaps break glass as well as his. I will proceed to investigate the damage which has been done. It is very well to say that more evidence ought to have been forthcoming, but the Periplus is a very short document, an outline narrative or report of a voyage such as might be "set up" in a temple, and of course all the facts and evidences for the inquiry are within its limits. One cannot, as Dr. Johnson said of human life, expect more from life than life

will give; and so, too, nothing more can be extracted from this document than it will yield. Taken and discussed singly the resemblances may be neither decisive nor striking, yet collectively they may be calculated to create an impression. Père Motais is careful to stipulate this in his own case (p. 320). "Du reste, la conclusion qui se tire des remarques faites dans cette dernière partie de la thèse s'appuie sur l'ensemble des observations critiques exposées et non sur tel ou tel détail particulier." Some minds will naturally incline to see resemblances, others differences. As a set-off to Père Motais' obduracy in this matter, I may perhaps be allowed to mention that in another review of my book in the *Broad Arrow*, Aug. 8, 1885, the writer says that, "merely taking the very words, method, and order of the two narratives, the conclusion of their identity seems irresistible," and I had especially insisted on the fragmentary character of both.

I will, now, as far as space will allow, follow Père Motais through his commentary. On p. 99 he says, "The Mandan Indians. . . . celebrate in one day three *distinct* ceremonies." Père Motais may have so regarded them, but at the same time he ignores the reasons I have alleged for believing them connected through the second ceremony, "the bull dance" (compare pp. 36, 58, 59, 68, 100), and it is the very point of my contention that as at the Mandan ceremony "No. 1," which he admits "seems to have some relation to the Deluge," there was a registration of youth, so too it was, as Plato tells us, "on *that* day of the Apaturia, which is called the registration of youth, that he heard "the old world story" of the, or of a, deluge, "the greatest of all."

The way in which Père Motais states my argument is as follows: "Now as it was at the feast of the Apaturia, in which there was also an assembly, but of another kind" (at any rate it was "a registration of youth") "that Plato heard the history of the submersion of Atlantis, *therefore* the feast of the Apaturia among the Greeks is in memory of the Mosaic Deluge." It will be observed that the force of the argument drawn from the juxtaposition in the two instances is entirely set aside. Taken by itself it would of course tend to establish no more than the existence of a common tradition, but when we find traces of similar ceremonies and in similar juxtaposition, as in Australia and among the Moqui American Indians, although the commemorative intention may not be so manifest as in the Grecian and Mandan ceremonies, it may still be inferred, upon the axiom that things which are equal to, or which resemble a third, must be, or are, likely to be equal to, or in resemblance, and if in resemblance probably akin to each other; and this is my answer to Père

Motais' objection. "He ought to have proved that the Mosaic Deluge, and not the local floods, was the subject in question." This uniformity in tradition at least proves that "the local floods" were not in question, and I must add that the *onus probandi* lies rather with the advocates of the theory of local floods to prove that they are local floods. Among the links of connection, I have drawn attention, at p. 59, to the evidence supplied by Mr. Andrew Lang in his account of the "bull-roarer," connecting it both with the diluvian tradition and the initiations. Mr. Lang further identifies the "bull-roarer" with the Grecian *Πομβός*, which is "sometimes interpreted as a *magic wheel*." Since I wrote the book under review, I have been much struck—and I should like to draw Mr. Lang's attention to it—with the apparent allusion to some such common tradition in Ps. lxxvi.: "14. Thou hast made thy power known among the nations. . . . 15. The waters saw thee, O God, *the waters* saw thee; and they were afraid and the *depths* were troubled. 16. Great *was the noise of the waters*, the clouds sent out a sound. 17. For thy arrows pass; the voice of *thy thunder in a wheel* (*vox tonitru tui in rota*). Compare also Moqui tradition (S. of Plato's Atlantis, p. 66-67).

Père Motais says (p. 100): "The comparison of the feast of the Apaturia with the feast of the Mandans is the more strained from the fact that this feast . . . has an historical origin." But the learned reviewer forgets that this, the artifice used by Melancthus, is only one of the explanations that has come down to us, and that I find in the legend itself (p. 44) resemblance to an incident in the Mandan legend.

Père Motais proceeds. He meets with divinities "different to Diana and Ceres—Zeus for example." What can he do with them? He employs a mere hypothesis—and an hypothesis already much weakened—in order to connect them with the Deluge. "It is said," he writes, "that the Deluge of Deucalion happened because of the *anger of Zeus*, who resolved to destroy the human race.* It is necessary to prove against those who think the contrary that the deluge of Deucalion was not a partial deluge" (*vide* reply, *sup.* p. 5). Père Motais again ignores the further fact in proof, "the curious annual festival of the Hydrophoria, when the Athenians carried vessels of water which they poured into an

* Père Motais calls this a mere "on dit," forgetting that we have it from Apollodorus. Compare also with the Egyptian tradition. "This sense" ["a sense of a moral Being, who watches man, and makes for righteousness"] "is not lacking in Egyptian religion, and expresses itself in the hymns and prayers for moral help and for the pardon of sin, and in the myth of the *Destruction of Mankind by the wrath of Ra*." *Vide* article by Mr. Andrew Lang, "Egyptian Divine Myths," *Nineteenth Century*, Sept. 1886.)

opening in the Temple of Jupiter (Zeus), *vide* p. 38, 9, analogous with the Mandan customs. In "Tradition," p. 225, pointing out that the general tradition is everywhere localized, and, as Kalisch observes, "there is scarcely a single feature in the Biblical account which is not discovered in one or more of the heathen traditions. There must indisputably have been a common source, and this source is the general tradition of primitive generations," I instance the following features in common in the Biblical and Deucalionic Deluge. Deucalion and Pyrrha are the sole survivors. He is father of the surviving Hellenic race. "The enormous iniquity with which the earth was contaminated, as Apollodorus says, by the then existing brazen race, or, as others say, by the fifty *monstrous sons* of Sykoron, provoked Zeus to send a general deluge" (Grote, "Hist. Greece," i. 132)—the cause "an unremitting and terrible *rain*." On landing from the ark in which he floated for nine days he makes a sacrifice, and, as Grote remarks, "In this, as in other parts of Greece, the Deukalionic Deluge was blended with the religious impressions of the people and commemorated in their most sacred ceremonies" (i. 133). Space presses; I cannot pursue the inquiry at further length. I am not aware, however, that I have omitted a reply to any material objection made by the learned Oratorian.

A few words in conclusion on the general question. I have refrained as much as may be from discussing the question in its theological and exegetical aspects; and if I may use such a phrase in respect to a book of mine, the fundamental error of Père Motais' criticism seems to me that he conceived the treatise to have been written in proof of the universality of the Deluge. This precluded, especially in Père Motais' state of health, the possibility of calm consideration. It must have been as a red rag to him, or as a pamphlet in favour of Protection to Mr. Bright. Whatever my opinion may be, the treatise in question went no further than a vindication of the general truth of the Mosaic tradition, and it might reasonably have been expected to have been welcomed by all who believed in the inspiration of Genesis and the historical truth of the narrative of Moses.

So much I assume to be of faith, allowing for the view that the narrative may "have a human side manifesting itself in language, style, tone of thought, &c." I assume this upon the following dicta of Cardinal Newman, whose words I have just quoted.* Cardinal Newman says: "Are we therefore to conclude

* *Vide* Cardinal Newman's article on "The Inspiration of Scripture," *Nineteenth Century*, Feb. 1884, and "What is of obligation for a Catholic to believe concerning the Inspiration of the Canonical Scriptures." Being a postscript to an article in the *Nineteenth Century*. Cardinal Newman. Burns & Oates, 1884.

that the record of facts in Scripture does not come under the guarantee of its inspiration? we are not so to conclude;" "that they are inspired in all matters of faith and morals, meaning thereby not only theological doctrines but also the historical prophetic narratives which they contain from Genesis to the Acts of the Apostles;" and the Cardinal repudiates the imputation "that the Bible, so far as it is historical, does not in my view proceed from inspired writers." His Eminence also says: "I have distinctly avowed the inspiration of the whole of its history," and "in all matters which Scripture delivers after the manner of historical narrative, we must hold as a fundamental fact the truth of the history."

Now the wholescheme of redemption depends upon the promises made to Abraham, and Abraham is only removed by ten generations from Noah, the names of his progenitors being recorded with the minutest particularity. If we are bound to believe in Abraham, how are we not also bound to believe in Noah? If belief in Abraham compels belief in Noah, how can we believe in him without believing, so to speak, in his surroundings, in what is intimately connected with his history, the ark and the flood? For all these histories and statements we have one and the same authority. If the "bona fides" of Moses is not to be trusted in his enumeration of the ten intervening generations, and if his account of Noah and the flood is fiction or legend (*e.g.* a mere reminiscence of the subsidence of Atlantis), how can we believe in the "bona fides" of the narrator in respect to Abraham? From all this I infer that the history of Noah and the Deluge is one of the cases in which "the Almighty in His Revelation of Himself to us" "might undertake the office of an historian," because "the secular matters bear directly upon the revealed truth," and because "the manner and bearing of the sacred writer is historical" (Cardinal Newman).

Although it does not enter into the subject matter of my theory as to Plato's Atlantis, I may say as regards the universality of the Deluge that I quite concede that Père Motais, in his skillfully constructed argument, has fully shown that its extent is an open question. Indeed, I may say that I have so regarded it since the Bishop of Clifton (Dr. Clifford) intervened in the controversy in the *Tablet*, and with the weight of his authority and his arguments declared it to be so; and if it is the fact that the works of Vossius, of whom our Charles II. said that he believed in everything except the Bible, were not placed on the Index, the discussion must have been left open from a much earlier date. If, therefore, I still venture to retain the opinion of the universality so far as the human race is concerned, it is upon the traditional ground which I consider to be scientific ground, and in the belief

that the historical evidence and preponderance of the argument is on that side.

It seems to me that the advocates of the theory of non-universality appear always to think that their case is proved, when they have shown that it is tenable. It cannot, however, both be true that all mankind were drowned except Noah and his family, and that the Cainite race remained unaffected by it. If a decision is ever pronounced it must declare one of those views to be true and the other false, and in the interim no one will venture to say that the older belief is untenable from the theological point of view.

And from this point of view I would give a caution to any disciple of Père Motais, who should too implicitly rely upon his expression, "Judging from the quotations and from Lord Arundell's own opinions, its (Mr. Donnelly's) conclusions might be *safely accepted*." So far as my opinions are concerned Père Motais must have imperfectly apprehended them from a too hasty perusal. If, however, any disciple should not only proceed to formulate Père Motais' theory, of which we only know at present that it "can be conceived in a very Catholic manner *quite different* from Mr. Donnelly's" (an expression hardly reconcilable with the above), but upon Père Motais' averment should accept Mr. Donnelly's theory as orthodox, I must point out to him that he would bring all the labours and theories of the learned theologian to a "reductio ad absurdum." For Père Motais having shown that from the earliest ages there has been grave discussion among the Fathers as to the interpretation of Genesis and with reference to the Deluge, having followed the exegesis through the works of the theologians of the mediæval schools, and having thus after his own method decided—1, that the Deluge was not universal in extent geographically; 2, that it was not universal as regards the animals; and 3, that it was not universal as regards the human race, he would ultimately have arrived at the conclusion that there was no deluge at all—*i.e.* if it is finally made to appear that he adopted Mr. Donnelly's theory, according to which there was no deluge such as is related by Moses, but that the account of the Deluge so related was only the legendary reminiscence of a deluge which occurred "9000 years before," and for which we have only the statement of Plato and the asseveration of Mr. Donnelly.

ARUNDELL OF WARDOUR.



ART. VII.—PRESENT POSITION OF CHINA.

1. *Wanderings in China.* By C. F. GORDON CUMMING. London : William Blackwood & Sons. 1886.
2. *Russian Travellers in Mongolia and China.* By P. PYASETSKY. London : Chapman & Hall. 1884.
3. *Les Chinois Peints par Eux-mêmes.* Par le Colonel TCHENG-KI-TONG. Paris : Calmann Levy. 1884.
4. *China.* Von FERDINAND FREIHERN VON RICHTHOFEN. Berlin : Dietrich Reimer. 1882.
5. *Im Fernen Osten.* VON GUSTAV KREITNER. Wien : Alfred Hölder. 1881.
6. *The River of Golden Sand.* By Captain WILLIAM GILL, R.E. London : John Murray. 1883.
7. *Travels and Researches in Western China.* By E. COLBORNE BABER. Supplementary Papers. Roy. Geog. Soc. 1882.
8. *China.* By JOHN HENRY GRAY, M.A., LL.D. London : Macmillan & Co. 1878.

THE Ultima Thule of the East presented itself to early geographers under a dual aspect. When reached by the ocean highway from the south, it was designated in all ages by some form of its present appellation, such as Sin or Tchin, but when entered by the more northerly trans-continental route, it was known to classical antiquity as Seres, and to the Middle Ages as Cathay, a corruption of the name Kitai, still applied to it throughout Russia and Central Asia. To a Jesuit explorer, Benedict Goes, despatched for that purpose by his superiors in 1603, belongs the credit of having established the identity of the two regions, at the cost of his own life. Dying at Suhchow, the first Chinese town reached by him, his epitaph was pronounced by one of his brethren in the phrase, that "seeking Cathay he had found heaven." He left as a legacy to mankind the first knowledge of the colossal scale of an empire extending over sixty-one degrees of longitude and thirty-four of latitude, and with its dependencies occupying an area of four and a-half millions of square miles, or a twelfth of the entire land surface of the globe. Corea, Manchuria, Mongolia, Kuldja, Kashgaria, Kokonor, and Tibet are all included in the vast dominions, of which Annam until very recently also formed part. But, taking only the imperial nucleus

of this heterogeneous accretion of states, we find China proper running British India close as to size, while far exceeding it as to population, since its 383,000,000 of inhabitants occupy the respectable area of 1,348,870 square miles. This space, half that of Europe, seven times that of France, and fifteen times that of Great Britain, is divided into provinces on the scale of kingdoms, the smallest being somewhat larger than Portugal, and the largest a little less than Spain.

Its entire great area is occupied, with the exception of a few remote mountain districts, by an absolutely homogeneous race. Nowhere else is a physiognomy at once so strongly marked and so uniform stamped on so large a section of the human family, seeming as though nature, weary of individualizing on so vast a scale, had used the same die for all the myriads from the Great Wall to the Gulf of Tonquin, and from the Yellow Sea to the edge of the great Tibetan scarp. Such ethnological uniformity is the more remarkable in a region partitioned off into a series of mountain-locked compartments deeply impounded between long jutting ribs articulated to the vertebral system of the central continent. The plateau elevation of the Western China highlands declines from the 15,000 feet of altitude attained by the Pamir and the Tibetan plain and the 10,500 of the Kokonor steppe, to 3,000 and 6,000 feet for the Shansi tableland, and 5,000 to 7,000 feet for that of Yunnan. These uplands of the interior are shut off by barrier ranges from the alluvial regions of the coast, the most extensive of which is the great Delta Plain of the north, deposited by the turbid floods of the Yellow River, and still encroaching on the sea at the rate of 100 feet a year. Its bifurcation encloses the isolated mountainous peninsula of Shantung ("East of the Mountains"), and its outstretched arms clasp seven hundred miles of seaboard.

Through this mighty flat the tawny Whang-ho, thick with the scour of Mongolia, tramples its way at will, the author of such havoc as to have earned from the dwellers on its shores the name of the "Sorrow of Han." Nine times in 2,500 years has it chosen for itself a fresh path to the sea, the thirty-fourth and thirty-ninth parallels being its limits of oscillation. The last change occurred in 1851-53, when, after protracted floods, submerging the plains, it broke into the bed of the Ta-tsing river, and shifted its course from the south to the north of the Shantung peninsula. The Yellow River, notwithstanding its majestic length of 2800 miles from its source in the "Sea of Stars" in Kokonor to the Gulf of Pe-chi-li, is closed by sand bars and rendered useless for navigation.

The more beneficent stream whose lower course bisects China rises in the same mountain system, the two basins being less than

fifty miles apart. After having borne many names in its Tibetan wanderings, this river in its course through Western China is known as the Kiu-sha-Kiang, or "River of Golden Sands," from the precious metal found in small quantities in the detritus of its bed. Next designated as the Ta Ho, or "Great River," it finally becomes the Yang-tse-Kiang, the "Child of the Ocean," with whose waters it mingles in an estuary 200 miles long. This main artery of Eastern Asia, with a length of 3,000 miles and a drainage area of 900,000 square miles, affords a navigable highway for 1,700 miles of its course, of which the 600 from Shanghai to Hankow are actually traversed by large sea-going steamers, and the 360 miles thence to Ichang by river steamers of light draught. At Hankow, 680 miles from the sea, its stream has still a width of 1,100 yards, and discharges, according to Captain Gill's estimate, at least a million cubic feet of water a second. This point, where it receives its largest navigable tributary, the Han, is a great centre of inland communication, and the triad of cities at the confluence, Hankow, Hanying, and Woochow, have an aggregate population of 1,200,000 souls.

The Se-Kiang, or "West River," flowing past Canton, is navigable by light steamers for 350 miles, and by junks for 300 miles higher to the borders of Yunnan; while 150 miles of its affluent, the Pe-Kiang, or "North River," are available for steamers of small draught. The Pei-ho, or "White River," after doubling and winding through the dusty flats near the capital, the highway of boats and junks innumerable, reaches the sea near the treaty port of Tientsin, the "Ford of Heaven," where its estuary is joined by a number of converging streams. Into one of these debouches the Yuen-liang-ho, the "Grain-tribute River," or Grand Canal, which, leading thence to the Yang-tse-Kiang, constitutes a waterway between Peking, the "Northern Capital," and the "Southern Capital," or Nanking. Its principal function was to bring fleets bearing the annual tribute of about 270,000 tons of grain from the provinces to Peking. For this purpose, however, it has been abandoned, the tribute junks going round by sea, and, having been allowed to fall into disrepair since the injury inflicted on it by the great floods of the Hwang-ho, it is now little better than a foul and stagnant ditch. It is part of a great system of intersecting watercourses, natural and artificial, extending like a network over the littoral plains. As, however, the Chinese have never invented the device of the lock, the clumsy expedient of a "haul over" has to be substituted, boats being dragged up or down a sloping bank from one level to the other.

The alluvial plains, with their minutely subdivided channels of irrigation, form some of the most productive regions of the globe,

and to them and the terraced hillsides the principal rural industry of the south is confined. In the northern provinces the area of fertility is enlarged by the widespread presence of that very singular formation, known by the German name of Loess, a friable ochre-coloured earth, differing from loam in its highly porous tubular structure. An aerial alluvium, deposited by wind instead of water currents, it is called by the Chinese hwang-tu, or "yellow earth," and is believed to confer the imperial title Hwang-te, "Ruler of the Yellow." Over the tracts covered by it, estimated at half a million of square miles, it forms an unequal layer, the deepest drifts, of a thousand feet or so, being found in the hollows, while the high ground is more thinly covered, though it is still found up to many thousand feet above sea-level. Its strangest peculiarity is its tendency to vertical cleavage, splitting up the ground in all directions into a network of deep narrow gullies enclosed by cliff-like walls. The gentle undulations of the soil conceal these treacherous crevasses, among whose mazes a traveller strayed from the beaten track may wander for hours without finding practicable exit. The heights rise in alternate steps and ledges, as marked as those in the basaltic formation, though the columnar structure of course is absent. The villages are excavated in the vertical sides of the hills and ravines, their presence only betrayed by rows of square openings for doors and windows in the face of the cliff. How far the yellow clay extends towards Central Asia has not been ascertained, but it gradually disappears towards the valley of the Yang-tse, and south of that river is only found in isolated patches. So entirely are the aspect and character of the country governed by the presence or absence of this deposit, that German physiographers divide China into Loess and non-Loess provinces. The theory of its formation is that the soil, swept by hurricanes from the denuded Tibetan Steppe, lodges in the first grass-covered spot it meets, filling the interstices between the herbage, and thus building up a new surface for the next year's growth, while the vertical formation is the result of successive tiers of grass halms imbedded in it. Its distribution thus depends on the direction of the prevailing winds, and the position of screening or intercepting ranges.

The beauties of Chinese landscape are principally found in the southern provinces; where smiling valleys and gleaming rivers, framed in the sterner setting of peak and precipice, are glorified by the luminous radiance of a tropical sky. Towards the western frontier the scale of the scenery rises; glimpses of snowy ranges open in the distance, and the rivers roll through chasms cloven between overhanging steeps. In the more mountainous countries the population is of course comparatively sparse, and it is along the

coast and waterways that the great pressure of numbers is felt, and ingenuity taxed to the uttermost in economy of space and food. Here the rural inhabitants all live in villages, often at a distance from their fields, while in the interior they are scattered in isolated farmhouses, with a common fortified refuge for the inhabitants occupying a central position in every district. There, too, uninhabited market villages are found along the highroad, consisting of shops and booths let out for occupation only on those days of the week when they are temporarily animated for purposes of sale and barter. All social organization in China is based on the patriarchal ideal, with the family as a unit, and absolute authority vested in its senior member. Each household is an autocracy and a temple as well, in which rites of propitiation are perpetually paid in presence of the commemorative tablets of deceased ancestors. Of the three souls of man, divided by his corporal dissolution, one is believed to watch over this family memento, a second to remain attached to the body in the tomb, and the third to pass into the hands of the gods for judgment and purification. Sacrifices and services are offered on behalf of this latter, and pasteboard models of all mundane necessities and luxuries, including wives and servants, are burned at stated times to furnish its establishment in the other world. Miss Gordon Cumming calculates, on the basis of ascertained statistics, that on these and all forms of funeral offerings a sum of thirty-two millions sterling is annually expended throughout the Celestial Empire.

Nor is it in its economic results alone that the system is so large a factor in the lives of its adherents. A perpetual slavery, as it has been termed, of the living to the dead, it pursues them into every social relation, and fetters them in a bondage of custom more inexorable than law. The prescriptions for mourning alone may disable the highest official in the realm from public duty for three years, as that is the term of partial seclusion enjoined on the death of a parent, the first hundred days being passed in a still more ostentatious parade of grief. The absence of male heirs to soothe the departed shade with such observances is the greatest calamity that can be suffered, and the consequent contempt for female children leads to their wholesale destruction. To such an extent is filial piety carried in this respect that Captain Gill met a man who had sold himself into slavery to defray the expense of obsequies for his parents.

Devotion to the dead sometimes induces betrothed maidens widowed before marriage with their destined husbands, to consecrate themselves to their memory by going through the nuptial ceremony with a funeral tablet, and living for the rest of their lives as members of the fiancé's family. Such a case as this, or

that of the genuine widow who remains constant to her departed lord, is sometimes considered worthy of being commemorated by the erection of a pailow, one of those triple triumphal portals, top-heavy with elaborate and fantastic sculpture, which occasionally ornament Chinese highways.

Funeral celebrations and services offer every variety of imposing ritual, and specially picturesque are the nocturnal processions of fireboats on the rivers, when paper clothes and money are thrown blazing on the waves to appease the spirits of those they have swallowed up. When many cases of drowning have occurred, the sacrifice of a white horse is solemnized to propitiate the water demons, reminding us that this animal was sacred to Neptune in classical mythology, and that Xerxes sacrificed several to the river Strymon. Once in ten years a general festival of the dead is held, when during seven days all manner of pasteboard offerings are sold in a public fair, to be burned in one great bonfire at the end.

Fear, rather than love, is the motive of this form of spirit-worship, as all calamities are ascribed to the vengeance of neglected souls on their surviving relatives. The primitive and ineradicable religion of the nation, this faith remains unmodified by the doctrines of Confucianism, Buddhism, or Taouism, nominally professed, and its renunciation is one of the hardest trials of the convert to Christianity. The innovations of European civilization find an equally formidable obstacle in some of the superstitions associated with it, generally classed under the name of Fung Shui,* literally, wind and water. This mysterious word involves a whole series of fantastic beliefs in elemental influences, acting more especially on the resting-places of the dead. Symbolized in the Great Dragon, the all-pervading inspiration of Chinese art, this mighty elemental spirit rushes through the air, breathing blessings from expanded nostrils, and his genial influences, supposed to move especially from the south and east, and travelling only in straight lines, may be turned aside by any conspicuous obstacle in their path. They permeate also underground, through "dragon-veins," conductors, as we may term them, of this beneficent electricity. Hence the prejudice alike against lofty erections and excavations, which has hitherto so much impeded the progress of material civilization in China. Two recent instances will illustrate its working. The first is that of the Kaiping Coal Mining Company, formed by Li Hung Chang, whose pits had to be closed after four years, because an epidemic then prevailing in the Palace at Peking was ascribed to the wrath of an imperial ancestress at the interception of the

* Our word typhoon is the Chinese Ta Fung, "great wind."

earth-currents on their way to her tomb sixty miles off. The second illustration of the retarding influence of geomantic beliefs is furnished by the destruction of the railway from Shanghai to Woosung by the Chinese Government, who purchased it for that purpose after its completion.

The site of tombs is chosen, sometimes after years of deliberation, during which the coffin is lodged in a temporary mortuary building, in accordance with the divinations of geomancers skilled in such occult lore. The graves, in some specially favoured localities, are thickly planted, resembling, in their rounded shape, a series of gigantic stone arm-chairs set in the hillside; in other places they are scattered apparently at random among the fields. So all important in the eyes of a Chinaman is the locality of interment, that the Chinese emigrants to California were accustomed to pledge their labour in advance to the steam-packet companies to secure the transport home of their remains in case of their death abroad. The wood of the coffin is a matter of equal consideration; suitable timber commands a fancy price, and when secured is so treasured as to form part of the travelling furniture of those rich enough to indulge the luxury of such anticipation.

The recognized religions of China are three—Confucianism, Taoism (founded by Lao-tsze, a contemporary of Confucius, of somewhat more mystical doctrines), and Buddhism. But the abstract dogmas of these faiths are associated with the worship of innumerable divinities, represented by the grotesque and hideous idols which crowd their temples. The Chinese mythology, however, is not disfigured by the degrading animalism of that of other Eastern peoples, and its gods at least do not give a bad example to humanity.

Peking is the sacred capital, and here, on a great triple-terraced circular platform, stands the Altar of Heaven, where the Emperor, in sacerdotal vestments, kneels alone to offer solemn midnight sacrifice at the summer and winter solstices. The sun, moon, and five planets, the Great Bear and other constellations—wind, rain, cloud, thunder—representing all the celestial influences, are thus honoured. And this shrine, lying south of the Tartar city, is balanced by the Temple of Earth to the north, where the unseen terrestrial powers adored are the four great seas and four great rivers of China, and the fourteen greatest mountains of China and Manchuria. The offerings, consisting of cooked meats and various precious objects, are burned when sacrificed to heaven and buried when destined for the earth-spirits. The two great principles of Nature, the vivifying and fructifying, are typified in this worship in a minute system of symbolism—the circle, odd numbers, and the

colour blue being consecrated to heaven, as the square, even numbers, and the colour yellow are to earth ; the visible symbols of the first being a disc of blue jade, and a square of yellow jade that of the second. Temples of the Sun and Moon stand on the east and west of the city, the symbols of these deities being respectively a red and white circular stone, as gold and silver money are in other Eastern countries.

In this elaborate system of religion we have probably the most perfect survival of the primitive nature-worship instituted on the Chaldean plains, and among many coincidences is the association of the Dragon, in China always a water deity, with Sun worship, as in the Temple of Bel in Babylon, where Daniel destroyed the so-called dragon, apparently a serpent (Dan. xiv.) The State religion of the Chinese thus tends to bear out the theory of their Chaldean origin. Their early history is involved in mystery or fable, but that they are not an autochthonous people is proved by the fact that in the south-western provinces they are still displacing the aboriginal tribes.

The present political organization of China dates from its invasion in the seventeenth century by the Manchu Tartars, and the establishment of the present dynasty in 1644. The government is an unrestricted despotism, administered by a State Council of four ministers, with six Departmental Boards for War, Finance, Ceremonies, Police, Public Works, and Offices. The revenue is derived from grain-tribute, licences, customs, salt, and land tax. The latter, whose maximum in the northern provinces is 3s., and in the southern 13s. an acre, is believed to yield about twenty-five millions sterling, and the customs receipts, which alone are made public, have ranged in recent years between three and four millions. The regular army of the Eight Banners is officially numbered at 323,800, and the territorial army, or Braves, at 656,459, but the latter is kept in peace below half its strength. The armament of the troops is very unequal ; some are provided with good modern rifles, some with antiquated firearms, and others with bows and arrows. The Tartar cavalry of the north, though mounted on hardy ponies, are too ill-equipped to be efficient. Down to the year 1884 there existed no Imperial navy, each province providing separately for its own maritime defence, but the destruction of the Chinese fleet in the Min River and of the arsenal at Foochow gave the *coup-de-grâce* to this system. The great soldier and administrator, Tso Tsang Tang, was appointed to inquire into the question of coast defence, and a seventh administrative board has been created to take charge of the naval affairs of the Empire. China is now straining every nerve to put herself on a level with European nations in this

respect, and is rapidly supplying herself with ironclads of the newest pattern.

The vast scale of the Chinese dominions has counteracted to a certain extent the excessive centralization of government, by necessitating a considerable degree of autonomy in the several provinces, where the viceroys rule almost as independent sovereigns regulating questions of local administration according to individual caprice. Couriers from Yunnan to Peking take eight months on the road, and the governor of this province is so little under the control of his master, that he was only accidentally prevented from engaging in fresh hostilities with the French in Tonquin after peace had been concluded between the two nations.

Two formidable insurrections have convulsed the Chinese Empire within the last forty years. The rebellion of the Mahomedan population in Yunnan, called in English the Panthay rising, from the Burmese word for Mussulman, subverted Chinese authority through great part of that province from 1855 to 1872, and left it almost depopulated. The still more menacing movement known as the Taiping insurrection, though it extended to fifteen out of the eighteen provinces of the Middle Kingdom, and carried fire and sword through some of the richest regions of the earth, will perhaps be best remembered in history for having revealed the heroic qualities of the greatest soldier of fortune of our day. It was in part a national revolt against a foreign dynasty, and in part a fanatical outbreak, in which a distorted travesty of some of the doctrines of Christianity was made the pretext for the most brutal and ferocious excesses. The way was doubtless prepared by the mysterious secret societies of the Triad, the Water Lily, and others, then extensively propagated, and when the fanatic, Hung Sew-tseuen, raised the standard of revolt in 1850, assuming the title of Tien Wang, or Heavenly King, he was able to attach a large following to his fortunes. From 1853, when Nanking, the southern capital, fell into his hands, he ruled with many cruelties and atrocities over a large fraction of China, and his final overthrow, in 1864, was due entirely to the chance-found genius of the young English officer of Engineers whom fate so strangely pitted against him.

A foreign war occurring during the throes of this domestic convulsion, the occupation of her sacred capital for the first time by European invaders, and the indignity of the humiliating treaty signed at Tientsin in 1860, did not crush the decrepit vitality of China, or shake in any degree the ironbound inflexibility of her institutions. The strangest system in the world, which bases all social distinction on what may be called the apotheosis of the competitive examination, has withstood all shocks, and still reigns

supreme in the Celestial Empire. While the social hierarchy nominally consists of four castes, men of letters, agriculturists, manufacturers, and traders, all real power and influence are confined to the first order, and to every free-born Chinese, not an actor or member of the floating population of the rivers, the highest dignities of the Empire are open as the reward of a good memory and indefinite power of cramming. An annual examination held at the chief town of each prefecture confers the lowest degree, corresponding to bachelor of arts; the second, answering to licentiate or master of arts, is the object of triennial competition in the provincial capitals, 200 to 10,000 being the ratio of degrees to candidates. An equal proportion obtains at the crowning examination for what we may term the doctorate, held at Peking every three years, when a concourse of 40,000 visitors swells the permanent population of the capital.

It is no exaggeration to say that the great Examination area, subdivided as minutely as a honeycomb into 10,000 solitary cells, is then the centre of supreme interest to a third of the human race. In each small chamber, 3ft. 8in. by 5ft. 6in., a student remains a close prisoner during the eleven days the intellect contest lasts, his furniture consisting of two boards serving as table, bench, and bed, and his rations being supplied to him by the Emperor. All aids to memory are strictly prohibited, and the subject of the examination, of course directed to test the competitor's proficiency in the mildewed metaphysics of Chinese classics, is only announced at the last moment. Many both of the examiners and students break down under the ordeal, some die, and some are attacked with paralysis or other brain affections. About 200 obtain the degree, and of these, the first four, ascertained by a further examination held in the Palace, become members of an Imperial college, from which the great officers of State are chosen. Three inferior grades attain to lesser dignities, but all are loaded with honours and distinction. The successful candidates are received on their return home with solemn festivities, and, with the curious retrospective tendency so characteristic of China, their parents and ancestors are ennobled to the most remote generation.

Notwithstanding this democratic basis of her social system, there is no country where distinctions of rank are more inexorably marked than in China, where the minutest details, even to the position of a button or the colour of a fringe, are regulated by an immutable code of precedence. Gradations of rank are indicated by the embroidery on the tunic; a four-clawed dragon is permitted to noblemen, while nine subtle shades of inferior gentility are represented by as many species of birds, and military dignities by varieties of beasts. Other sumptuary laws prescribe the mode

of travel and number of attendants permissible to different social classes, and still more unreasonably the day of leaving off summer or winter clothing is designated for the entire Empire in the *Peking Gazette*. It is somewhat strange that the pigtail, now so cherished an appendage, should be really a badge of servitude imposed by the Manchu invaders on the conquest which seated the present dynasty on the Dragon Throne.

Thus in every phase of private as of public life, the dead-weight of an immeasurable past has lain like an incubus on this people, who have for centuries defied the universal law of nature prescribing growth and development as the inevitable conditions of life. But even for China the hour of change has struck at last, and a restless stirring and swaying has set in among the long inert masses of her population. Contrary to expectation, the first movement has been initiated from within rather than from without, for, while Western civilization has been thundering at the gates and scarcely allowed to pass the threshold, China has begun to pour forth the pent-up overflow of her superfluous millions on all adjacent lands. Baron von Hübner, in a lecture delivered at Vienna on "The Future of China," puts this view of the question very strongly, saying that, while it was desired to open China to the rest of the world, the result is that the world has been opened to the Chinese.

Extraordinarily gifted, he goes on, though inferior to the Caucasian in the higher spheres of intellectual activity, indefatigably energetic, a horn trader of proverbial honesty, an agriculturist, above all a gardener of the first rank, distinguished in all branches of manual labour, the son of the Middle Kingdom is slowly, continually, and imperceptibly driving back the European wherever he meets him. I speak only of what I have seen myself. At my first visit to Singapore in 1871, the population consisted of 100 white families, 20,000 Malays, and a few thousand Chinese. When I saw the town again at the beginning of last year (1884) the population was divided, according to official returns, into 100 white families, 20,000 Malays, and 86,000 Chinese. A new Chinese town had risen up, with splendid shops, beautiful dwelling-houses and pagodas. I thought myself transported to Canton. The southern point of Further India, the lands lying between Siam and the Indian Ocean southwards of Burmah, which but a short time ago were almost unpopulated, are filling with Chinese. The number of the children of the Celestial Empire who emigrated to these localities and landed at Singapore in 1882 amounted to 100,000, and in 1883 to 150,000. An important increase was anticipated last year. The Draconian laws by which it has been attempted to get rid of these unpleasant competitors in California and Australia are well known. These laws, which are in crying contradiction to the philanthropic principle of the equality and fraternity of all races, remain, notwithstanding their strict application, a dead

letter. I never met more Chinese in the streets of San Francisco than last summer. In Australia the Chinese element is ever growing in importance and extent. A man who does the same work for half price opens all doors before him. Even in the islands of the Pacific the Chinese influence is already making itself felt. The trade of the very important Gilbert Islands is in the hands of a great Chinese firm. In the Sandwich Islands the Celestials are every year gaining ground. The North Americans, who hitherto have been the masters of these islands under the rule of the native King of Hawaii, already feel the ground giving way beneath their feet. The Chinese are driving them slowly out. All that I have said hitherto on this subject I have seen with my own eyes. Chili and Peru alone I have not visited, but I learn from official documents that since 1860, 200,000 Chinese have immigrated—an enormous number compared with the thin European population of those lands. Europe with her 300,000,000, China with her 400,000,000, are, leaving out India, the two great over-populated regions of the earth. Both are sending their children into distant lands: two mighty streams, the white and the yellow. Since the days of the first migrations of the peoples, history has known no such movement of enormous masses.*

So far, China's attitude towards the world at large has been marked by a desire to *exploiter* modern civilization for herself, rather than be the subject of exploitation. She would take advantage of the outlet for her spare population, while still remaining jealously on the defensive, despite treaties and bombardments, against similar irruptions on the part of others. The inertia of fifty centuries weights her still with an indefinite power of resistance to the importunate strangers who seek to push her on the road to progress. *Eppur si muove*. The restless spirit of the nineteenth century is breaking down the conservatism that dates from the time of Abraham, and European ideas are filtering through the barriers of prejudices as venerable as the Pyramids. Many signs indicate that a great revolution in thought is slowly maturing to fruition, and that China, abandoning her position of secular seclusion, is about to take her place in the commonwealth of nations.

The Franco-Chinese war of 1884 was the event which immediately precipitated a revolution in feeling. The downfall of Prince Kung, who, as First Minister of State, had guided the affairs of the country since 1861, was due to his vacillating policy during that critical period, and his removal opened the way for a more energetic and innovating ruler, in his brother Chun, father of the reigning Emperor. Under the new *régime* reforms have been actively set on foot, and the impulse once given is sure to be an accelerating one. The electric telegraph had

* "Journal of the Manchester Geographical Society." June, 1885.

already been introduced, in consequence of the inconvenience caused when the closing of the Peiho by ice in the winter of 1880 necessitated the transmission of all news from Europe to Peking, then of vital interest to China, by overland courier from Shanghai. This in itself was a great inroad on prejudice, since telegraph-posts are peculiarly inimical to the geomantic influences. The reorganization of the navy, and projected creation of a Marine Board, was the next step in advance; and by the latest accounts this has been emphasized by the appointment of Captain Lang, an Englishman, to the command of the North Squadron, with ample authority for the creation of a steam fleet, which he promises to have in full efficiency in five years. The drilling and armament of troops, on the most approved European system, is also being proceeded with; and, as plenty of good fighting material abounds in China, there is no reason to doubt that she will soon have a formidable army. A silent financial reform has been carried out simultaneously with these measures, consisting of a *régime* of strict economy in expenditure, combined with an active crusade against official peculation and the punishment of some conspicuous offenders.

As a symptom of awakening public opinion, the increase in journalistic enterprise is worthy of note. China, indeed, in the *Peking Gazette*, published since the thirteenth century, boasts of the most venerable newspaper in the world, but it contains little more than formal announcements, and is exclusively a Court and official journal. Some half-dozen independent papers, started since 1863, already exercise considerable influence, and one of a higher class, to be called the *Pei-pao*, or *Northern Gazette*, is about to be published at Tientsin, with a very enlarged and enlightened programme. Thus, with Shanghai lighted with gas, Peking linked to Europe by the electric wire, and the reign of the special correspondent inaugurated in the plain of the Yellow River, we seem to be indeed on the eve of China's awakening from the mesmeric trance of ages.

The opening up of internal communications will come later, but is postponed for the present to the more urgent question of coast defence, as the wary Chinese say that to construct railways while their seaboard is still unprotected would be to offer facilities for invasion.

From the European point of view the introduction of steam transit would cure some of the worst evils from which China suffers. It would strengthen the central authority, thus checking the abuse of power by local officials, would correct the unequal distribution of population, relieving the pressure on the more accessible districts by the colonization of unoccupied lands in the interior, and would at once create new industries for the people

and stimulate them to improve those already existing. But above all, it would mitigate an untold amount of suffering, by equalizing the food supply liable to fail in some districts from such local scourges as rats, locusts, or drought, while its superabundance in others may cumber the ground for want of transport. So it was in the appalling famine which devastated North Central China in 1878, when wolves prowled in the streets of depopulated villages, and it was estimated that in the province of Shansi half the population had tasted human flesh. Not only were the dead preyed upon, but the living slaughtered for food, wives by their husbands, children by their parents, as was proved by the terrible revelations of the Famine Commission. The carriage of grain to this district from the Chihili Plain, near the capital, was officially calculated at £12 a ton, and, as the transport broke down utterly under the strain, the relief supplies never reached their destination.

Yet a vast internal trade is carried on over the break-neck bridle-paths, boulder-strewn like a torrent bed, which connect the mountain-blocked districts of China; and on mule-back or men's shoulders, slung on poles, or wheeled in barrows, quantities of native goods are continually in transit from one to the other. China, with her commercial instincts, her fertile soil, and her industrious population, is the greatest unopened market in the world, and it is from this point of view that she is regarded with most interest by the West. Large as her foreign trade is, amounting on an average to a value of forty-two millions, it is confined to the outskirts of the Empire, with the single inland artery of the Yangtse, on which are situated five out of the nineteen Treaty Ports. Of this existing trade the British dominions absorb some four-fifths, while that of the United Kingdom is calculated at about fifteen and a half millions, divided, in 1884, into £10,140,977 of imports from China, and £4,153,202 of exports of home produce thither.

These figures show that China is as yet a great field of production rather than of consumption, receiving from us less than half the value she sends, and leaving what is called the balance of trade heavily against us. This inequality is, however, partially corrected by large imports, principally of rice and opium, from British India, so that there is not necessarily a large drain of bullion from England to China. The goods for which we are principally her customers, are tea and raw silk, her power of producing which is practically unlimited. The great tea district extends over a belt of some 300 miles between the Min and Yangtse rivers, with its main outlets at Shanghai and Ningpo. The tea-plant, a pretty camellia-leaved shrub, with white blossoms resembling those of the dog-rose, flourishes, like

the vine, on light soils and in hilly districts. In the Bohea Mountains, at the head of the Min River, it grows on little rock-bound patches among fantastically beautiful scenery. The principal cultivators are Buddhist monks, whose monasteries are perched among inaccessible looking cliffs and crags, towering from 6,000 to 8,000 feet high. This tea, the cheapest of the ordinary black description, sells in its native district for one penny per pound. The higher quality of black tea, known as Pekoe, is sometimes scented by the intermixture of blossoms of a species of olive (*Olea fragrans*), and is then termed "white blossom tea," or "Flowery Pekoe." The most delicate tea, consisting of the young leaves of the extremities of the branches picked before the first rains, is never exported, but sold at a high price in the country, under the name of *yu-toyenu*. The leaves are picked, with due regard to the health of the shrub, four times during the summer, the quality deteriorating as the season advances.

Green tea differs from black only in the method of preparation, the process of drying and rolling being much more rapidly carried out, so that the leaf retains more of its crude properties. America is its principal market, and the district round Ningpo its main area of production. At the latter port it goes through a final dressing in the hongs or warehouses, powdered gypsum and indigo being trampled into it by the feet of sooty coolies, to confer that mealy bloom much prized by the ignorant foreigner. A spurious tea is made in the same district from *Kenchia*, or "root-tea," a fleshy-leaved plant, which grows wild by the roadside and in waste places.

The tea when completely cured is packed in chests, and divided into parcels of from 100 to 600 chests each. These parcels are stamped with the name of the district and manufacturer, and are hence called "chops," from the Chinese word for a seal, familiarized in English by the slang phrase "first chop." In the days before the Suez Canal became the highroad to the East, the emulation between the great merchants to secure the first cargoes of the early pickings resulted in an annual ocean race between the fleet of swift "tea clippers," the first of which to reach the Thames received a large sum of money as a prize. Notwithstanding the distance, there was often only a difference of a few hours between the leading ships, and the excitement of their crews may be imagined when both were becalmed a league or two apart in the "doldrums," the equatorial zone of calms, with canvas piled on every spar and stay from deck to sky, to wing them to the expectant market.

The English tea-trade with China is rapidly declining, mainly owing to the competition of Assam and Japan; the decrease in the ten years, 1875-84, being from 158,060,126lb.,

value £10,642,052, to 134,297,091lb., value £5,928,479. Raw silk, which comes next in importance as an export to England, has, since the opening of the Suez Canal, been largely diverted to Marseilles, whence it goes direct to the Lyons manufacturers instead of being shipped, as formerly, to a British port first. Lyons now receives double the amount exported to England, the trade being principally carried on by French firms, while the P. and O. Company have been compelled to resume their line from China to Marseilles. The export to England has, however, in immediately recent years shown a tendency to increase, and in 1884 amounted to £2,605,664.

The silk industry of China is capable of unlimited extension, and the cocoons rival the best in the world. The worms, fondly known as "The Precious Ones," are the objects of the tenderest solicitude. During the earliest phase of their existence, they require to be fed with fresh mulberry leaves every half-hour, and, for the thirty-two days of their life in the larva stage, must be guarded from parasitic flies, shielded from every breath of air, and isolated from every disturbing noise; those who approach them not daring to speak in their presence, save in the lowest whisper. The spinning of the cocoon is completed in five days, after which the inmate is destroyed by exposure to the heat and fumes of a charcoal fire. After the silk is unwound, the pupæ, either boiled or fried in oil, are considered a great dainty. The invention of silkworm-rearing is ascribed to the Empress Si Ling Chee, who lived about 2700 B.C., and the reigning Empress repairs in state to her temple every year to cut mulberry leaves for the silkworms with a golden scissors, and with her own fingers to unwind some of the cocoons; thus consecrating the national industry. Wild silk, called "Kan Chow," found on the mountain oak, is used to make fishing nets, and is permitted as clothing to the inferior classes, such as actors or boatmen, debarred by sumptuary laws from the use of that produced by domesticated worms.

The principal defect of the Chinese silk is the imperfect method of unwinding the cocoons practised by the peasantry. Hence it is generally used in France for serges, coloured *failles*, and the less delicate fabrics. The attempt to establish filature factories in the country, with Chinese capital under English or American management, has not hitherto been a success, though skilled operatives were imported from Europe. Four-fifths of the total silk export from China goes through Shanghai, and the remainder through Canton. The extreme southern provinces, as yet closed to trade, will ultimately open up an extensive new field for the silk industry. A striking illustration of the facilities to commerce afforded by modern transport is furnished by the

fact that hats made from the rushes of the marshes round Ningpo are sold in Europe for a penny each, and are so extensively used by the peasantry on the Continent that 7,661,324 were exported from Shanghai in 1881.

But there is one branch of Chinese commerce which transcends all others in importance, both from its effects on the life of the people themselves, and from its bearing on their international relations. It was reserved for Christian England in the nineteenth century to take a new departure in iniquity, by going to war for the propagation of vice, and by forcing on a weaker State, at the cannon's mouth, a trade second only in atrocity—if indeed it be second—to the slave trade. The opium trade admits of no justification, and the sophistical arguments alleged in palliation of it, may all be summed up in the answer of Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper?" But the tax on the production of the drug in British India brings in a revenue of some six millions a year, and the whole question is thus resolved into one of financial expediency. The prohibition on its import or use in China under severe penalties dated from 1796, and before 1842 it was only introduced by wholesale smuggling. The resistance of the Chinese authorities to this contraband traffic then brought on the Opium War, resulting in the capture of the Bogue Forts by England, and the subsequent treaty legalizing the import of Indian opium. Since then the conditions of the trade and the evasions of the Chinese revenue duties on it have been the subject of protracted negotiations. The provisions of the Chefoo Convention of 1876 in reference to it remained a dead letter, and only in the spring of 1885 was practical effect given to them by a fresh agreement. In virtue of this arrangement, China is authorized to collect at the Treaty Ports the entire of the taxes on opium, previously divided into an entrance duty of 30 taels (£7) on every chest of 139½ lb., and a duty of 80 taels (£20) assessed *likin* or inland transit dues. An extension of this arrangement to the British port of Hong Kong is now being negotiated, to obviate the continued smuggling of opium, by which the Chinese revenue is defrauded to the amount of at least a quarter of a million, while the colony is made the head-quarters of a large and dangerous criminal population.

But a new danger threatens to undermine the Indian opium revenue, in the growing competition of the native drug which is gradually driving the foreign-grown article from the market. The import, which amounted to eight and a half or nine millions sterling, is steadily declining, the diminution at the northern ports amounting to twenty-seven per cent., while in the south the same result is only retarded by the greater difficulty of internal transport. Although its growth in China is strictly

prohibited, the decree against it, previously evaded, has been allowed to lapse into desuetude since the admittance of foreign opium was made compulsory. Large tracts of the interior are now devoted to its culture, and travellers describe valley after valley as sheeted in scarlet and white and purple by the blossoming poppies. In Yunnan a third of the soil is said to be so occupied, in other districts the proportion is as high as three-fifths, and in the province of Szechuan the annual production is set down at 177,000 piculs, the picul being 133½ lb. Throughout the whole of Southern China 224,000 piculs are grown, against a total import from India of 100,000.

The withdrawal of so much land from cereal cultivation has been frequently referred to as one of the causes of recent disastrous famines in China, but this contention can scarcely be sustained, as opium is a winter crop, cleared away in time to make room for one of rice. The poppy seed is sown in December in drills one and a half feet apart on land richly manured. In January the plants are thinned and earthed, in March or April they blossom, and a month later the juice is extracted from an incision made round the capsule. The yield varies with the quality of the land from 200 oz. to 350 oz. an acre. The white poppy is the best, but crimson and scarlet, purple and pink-tipped varieties are also grown. Every part of the plant is profitable; the capsules, after the juice has been drained, are sold to the druggists for medicinal use, oil extracted from the seeds serves either as an illuminant or for the adulteration of edible oils, the oil-cake left as residuum is valuable manure, the leaves turn to account in the same way, and the stalks are burned for potash. It is, however, a very capricious crop, varying with the season within very wide limits. It has been experimentally grown in England with success, Mr. Young having in 1830 produced 56 lb., sold at 36s. per lb., from an acre of land near Edinburgh. The difficulty in the way of growing it profitably would be that of securing a sufficient supply of labour for short periods. Meantime British India has a new rival in opium production in the Mozambique Opium Company, which has secured 50,000 acres suited for its growth in the Zambesi Valley, and has already imported it successfully into Shanghai.

From the contradictory statements as to the physical effects of opium-smoking it would seem that on vigorous organizations they are less pernicious than those of alcoholic excess, and that healthy men leading a laborious open-air life may indulge the habit without showing any marked signs of deterioration. Moral and mental degeneracy are, however, invariably entailed by it, as it rapidly impairs the memory, undermines the will, and creates a general supineness of character with a tendency to

gratuitous falsehood. The pleasurable sensations derived from it consist, not as commonly supposed, in a lethargic stupor, but in a state of waking reverie, in which immediate consciousness is lulled rather than suspended. All agreeable results, however, cease in the course of a year or two, and it is then only resorted to from dire necessity, as the sole relief from the racking tortures its deprivation inflicts. Gnawing pains in the bones are some of the symptoms, but the total derangement of the digestive apparatus is the most dangerous, proving fatal in a large number of cases to prisoners debarred from the use of the drug.

Medical treatment for the cure of the sufferers, consisting of a combination of sedatives, stimulants, and tonics, is used with success, and many are cured in the Refuges established in China for the purpose. Chinese recognition of the perniciousness of the habit is proved in their common saying that "it is not the man that consumes the opium, but the opium that consumes the man ;" and Miss Gordon Cumming, in her interesting chapter on this subject,* describes the efforts being made by the Anti-Opium Society in China to make head against the practice. In many districts round Canton, she tells us, this association has succeeded in closing every opium den, while it gains official and social prestige from the presidency of the Viceroy of Canton. Himself a reformed opium-smoker, he had the courage to hang up a tablet of acknowledgment in the shop of the druggist who supplied the medicine for his cure, and this high example will doubtless not be without its effect on the public.

Nevertheless, the evil is rapidly gaining ground. In the Imperial Palace itself there are said to be 3,000 opium-smokers, and one-fifth of the population of Peking and Tientsin are slaves to the habit. In the interior, where it has only been introduced during the present generation, one in ten of the adult male population are now addicted to it, and in Soochow, where thirty years ago there were only five or six opium dens, there are now almost as many thousands.

The possibility of a terrible Nemesis on modern civilization is shadowed out in the alarming extension of opium-smoking among people of European race brought into contact with Chinese immigrants. In the United States it is believed that there are already 20,000 opium-smokers among the white population, including numbers of the youth of both sexes, who rapidly go through the full curriculum of depravity. In some of the Western States special legislation has been found necessary

* "Wanderings in China," chap. xxxviii. : "Medical Mission-work."

to check the practice, which is nevertheless spreading from the low opium "joints," or dens, of California and Montana, to the fashionable quarters of the Atlantic cities. In Philadelphia a luxurious temple of vice exists in an aristocratic Ladies' Club, specially devoted to opium-smoking, and Washington contains many resorts for the same indulgence. In Sydney, too, the Chinese coolies have inoculated some of the white inhabitants with their besetting vice; and in London itself it is well known that there are many public-houses where an opium pipe can be obtained as a matter of course. Official apologists of the opium trade are doing all they can to encourage the spread of this imported vice by representing the fumes of the noxious drug as a pleasing and harmless sedative.

For the more legitimate British import of cotton goods, China is one of the largest markets in the world, but American and native competition are here threatening the future of the English manufacturer. The heavy-claying process adopted by the latter for low-priced goods has depreciated their character throughout the East, and their cheapness is not found to counterbalance their inferiority in substance. The imports of Manchester goods into Shanghai during the years 1882, 1883 and 1884, showed a sensible decline from 8,704,000 pieces in the first to 7,328,300 in the last-named year.

The British Consul at Taiwan, Formosa, gives some valuable hints to English manufacturers in the first number of the official "Trade Journal," published on September 15, 1886. Sending home priced patterns of native hand-loom cloths, he recommends them as models to be imitated in Manchester factories, saying that, if similar goods can be produced here at a paying price, we have in China "a practically illimitable market," but if not, no great expansion of trade is to be looked for in this direction.

For we must remember that China herself is both a cotton producing and manufacturing country, though without the appliances of modern machinery. The celebrated yellow cotton, grown on the plain of Shanghai, perhaps the richest soil in the world, is woven into a buff cloth, and its name, nankeen, has become synonymous with that colour in the English language. The prevailing blue tint of the costumes of Canton and its district is derived from a species of native indigo, called tein-ching (*Isatis indigotica*), largely grown in Kiangsu.

The junk trade of the Chinese waters is enormous, amounting to £120,370,000 a year, or nearly treble the total foreign trade, and the whole shore-line is fringed with fleets of these uncouth and lumbering craft. Even in the great British port of Hong Kong, the ocean terminus, as Miss Gordon Cumming terms it, of the Suez Canal route, and surpassed in point of traffic only by

four ports of the United Kingdom,* the junk trade forms a considerable fraction of the total. Of 5,301,667 tons of shipping which entered and cleared in 1884, 1,851,239 are put down to junk traffic, while the native craft were in the overwhelming numerical preponderance of 24,257 to only 3,400 foreign vessels, with the high average of 1,000 tons each. The shoals of cuttle-fish which visit the waters of the Chusan Archipelago in spring afford occupation to a fishing fleet, with its head-quarters at Ningpo, where the fish are packed in ice for distribution to all the river ports. Sailors say that the cuttle-fish, called by them the "man-sucker," attains such a size in the China seas as to be able to drag a man out of a boat by the adhesive force of its tentacles. Among marine imported delicacies are trepang, or *bêche de mer*, extensively fished in the tropical seas, and swallows' nests from the Indian Archipelago, of which 8,000,000 are annually imported into Canton, one cave in Java supplying 1,000,000 a year. These costly lumps of gelatine, weighing about half an ounce each, are sold at the seaports for their weight in silver, but in places remote from the sea cost from £2 to £7 a pound.

On the rivers the amount of boat and barge traffic is enormous, and house-boats, fitted with cabins and sleeping berths, furnish the most convenient mode of travel. Miss Gordon Cumming's description of the scene on the Min River below the Bridge of Ten Thousand Ages (Wan Show Keaow), near Foochow, gives an idea of this animated river life.

No brush [she says] could convey any correct impression of these strange scenes—these extraordinary combinations of form and colour. Here we have a whole flotilla moored side by side, and we look up at the extraordinary high sterns, so fantastic in shape and covered with brilliant pictures of huge birds and gruesome dragons, or groups of mythological scenes. Emerald green, scarlet and crimson, white and gold, sienna and madder and Prussian blue are so freely used that even the gorgeous and very varied banners cannot excel the brilliancy of the vessel. But the overhanging stern and huge unwieldy rudder cast deep shadows, which are carried down in the reflections, and the grey granite bridge, and grey and white clouds softening the blue sky and distant hills, harmonize the whole. The great rudder (whose size atones in some measure for the exceedingly small keel) is perforated so as to offer less resistance to the water.

The prow of these vessels is shaped and painted to represent the face of a gigantic and most gaudy fish, with huge staring eyes, and the heavy anchor hangs from its mouth. Very quaint, too, are the huge sails of brown or yellow matting, or white cotton supported by cross ribs of bamboo. After a wet night all the sails are run up to

* London, Liverpool, Cardiff, and Newcastle.

dry at early morning, and when half-furled the bamboo ribbing is singularly suggestive of the wing of the flying-fish, from which doubtless the idea was first taken. The great masts are of one solid piece of wood—no attempt at scientific mast-building. As nothing in China is left to individual taste or caprice, even the very varied colouring of the junks is all regulated by law, those of different provinces being distinguished by a red, green, or white border on a black ground all round the bulwarks. Those belonging to this province are green bordered. The hull is generally white, affording a good surface for the emblematic phoenix, which is represented as standing on a rock surrounded by tempestuous waves, thus symbolizing safety. It is incumbent on all shipowners to repair their vessels every second year—rather a serious business considering how elaborate is their decoration.

Timber-junks, almost concealed beneath their cargo, which is not only piled high on deck, but lashed alongside and astern, are a special feature of this river, as large quantities of wood are thus brought down from the forests of the interior. Canton has a floating suburb, in which 300,000 human beings are stowed in 84,000 boats. Whole families live in tiny sampans, or slipper-boats, eighteen to twenty feet long, covered in at night by telescopic sliding roofs of bamboo-matting. However small, they have a little shrine screened off in the stern for family worship, and are always exquisitely clean and neat. Flotillas of market-boats, laden with every form of merchandize, supply this amphibious population; and there are floating hotels, dining-rooms, music-halls, and temples.

A large trade is carried on at the river ports far up the country; that of Chung King, on the upper Yangtse Kiang, amounting to eight millions a year. Foreign articles have a very small share here, and five millions are absorbed by the purchase of cotton, which is manufactured, though not grown, in the province. By this great riverway European trade should soon be able to penetrate into the teeming province of Szechuan, more than equal in area and but slightly inferior in population to the kingdom of Prussia. Large tracts of its surface are covered with safflower (*Carthamom tinctorius*), whose blossoms yield an exquisite rose-pink dye, producing the cosmetic known as *rouge végétale*. The Tzulin King district in the valley of the Yangtse is famous for its salt-pits, some of them carried down below 2,000 feet, and producing annually a quantity variously estimated at from 99,000 to 119,000 tons. There is little doubt that petroleum also exists here, as, in addition to its intimate association everywhere with brine-springs, it is doubtless the source of the natural gas in the same district, conducted to the surface by borings called fire-wells, and used to evaporate the salt.

The adjoining province of Yunnan ("South of the Clouds") is also noted for its mineral wealth, and contains tin, silver, and lead mines, as well as gold, probably, in small quantities. The question of a railway from these landlocked regions to the valley of the Upper Irawadi has been seriously mooted; but Mr. Colborne Baber says that the crossing of the abyss-like gorges in which the rivers here run from north to south would involve the boring of "half a dozen Mont Cenis tunnels and the construction of several Menai bridges." A line through the Shan States from the King of Siam's dominions is more feasible, as it would follow the direction of the watercourses instead of running athwart them.

Our impressions of China are mainly derived from travellers who have skirted its seaboard and sojourned only in its great cities. Through their pages we have become familiar with Peking, girt with towering ramparts in the midst of its dusty plain, its Tartar city enclosing, like casket within casket, the garden-dotted spaces of the Imperial City and the Purple Forbidden City, the dwelling of the Son of Heaven himself. Canton, too, with its *bizarre* beauty, we seem to have seen in dreams, and in dreams to have wandered through the narrow, matting-roofed streets, whose shadow glows with colour from scarlet and gold blazonry of strange hieroglyphs on banner and signboard, and whose shops are dim shrines rich with wildest fantasies in clashing hue and contorted outline. Nor in dreams merely, but in memory's picture-house have we studied the exact semblance of that temple like a house of cards perched on artificial rockery, with pond and bridge and island, all combining in defiance of perspective. Here, indeed, it is called the Temple of Longevity, but we know it as the familiar landscape of the willow-pattern plate.

Hong Kong, too—the Gibraltar of the East—misnamed Heong Keong, or Fragrant Streams, is prominent in the tourist's panorama, with its four gleaming miles of granite city between its peaceful anchorage and its overhanging peak; as are also Ningpo, of the "Peaceful Wave," girt with massive ramparts wreathed with jasmine and honeysuckle, and Soochow, a Chinese Venice, with its liquid streets and watery surroundings of river and lake.

But all these quaint scenes of the Orient of Orient, and the still quainter manners and aspect of the living crowd that moves amongst them, have lost some of the charm of novelty from reiterated description, and modern interest is centred on the records of more adventurous travel through the *terra incognita* of the interior.

Three English explorers have, in recent years, succeeded in

pushing across Southern China from the Pacific shore to the Valley of the Irawadi. Captain Gill followed the Yangtse Kiang through great part of its course to the Tibetan mountains; Mr. Colquhoun ascended the Se Kiang, or West River, from Canton to the Yunnan border; and Mr. Colborne Baber's journey combined part of both routes. Portions of the provinces thus traversed are still occupied by indigenous tribes, some of them independent of Chinese rule and in a permanent state of hostility against the Chinese inhabitants. The most interesting of these races are the Lolos, among whom documents are found written in a character peculiar to themselves, which has not yet been deciphered. Inveterate man-stealers are the Mantse, who make regular slave-raiding incursions on the peaceable Chinese villagers along 300 miles of border-land, but do not treat their captives with cruelty after they have become domesticated with them. They have the rude virtues of mountaineers, and a stranger may safely travel through their country if his safe conduct be once guaranteed by them. Their women, who exercise great authority, frequently ruling as chieftainesses, are generally selected as the guardians of the visitors, whose persons and property are then regarded as inviolable. The Lolo border is steadily receding before the Chinese advance, though the latter are never the aggressors. The most striking natural feature in Lololand is a towering bulk of snowy summit called Tai yang Chiaou, or the Sun Bridge.

In the same wild region is found the remarkable peak of Mount Omri, whose top, known as the Golden Summit, and marked by a monastery, is a favourite goal of Buddhist pilgrimage. But the most striking feature of its outline is She Shou ngoi, "The Suicide's Cliff," an appalling precipice, judged by Mr. Baber to be over a mile high, and probably, as he says, the greatest in the world. It is the theatre of a singular natural phenomenon, venerated by the awe-struck pilgrims under the name of Fo Kuang, "Glory of Buddha," though apparently nothing more than an effect of refraction displayed on the mist which nearly always veils the foot of the abyss. It consists of an image of the sun's disk, surrounded by a prismatic halo whose circumference is interrupted by the face of the cliff, and the spectator, who has the protection of a railing as he leans over, also sees his own magnified shadow cast on the vapours below. Similar appearances have been seen in the Alps, but this strange freak of light seems to have here a permanence unknown elsewhere.

The interior of Northern China has been recently traversed by a Russian official expedition, whose experiences are recorded in M. Pyasetsky's volumes, and by an Austrian party, with Herr

Kreitner for their historian. Both pursued nearly the same route, following the Han river, a northerly tributary of the Yangtse, as far as the limit of navigation, and thence proceeding overland to the Mongolian frontier. This portion of China is generally a bleak and mountainous country, offering much less of interest or promise than the tropical regions of the south.

It is not, however, to lay travellers alone that we are indebted for our knowledge of the vast interior of China. The existence of at least a million converts to the Church of Rome, scattered through all its extent, testifies to the zeal and ubiquity of the Catholic missionaries. They are met with in the most remote and isolated districts, where European explorers, believing themselves to be the first white men to penetrate, are surprised to find that the standard-bearers of the Cross have preceded them. Thus Captain Gill has recorded in enthusiastic terms the impression made upon him by the venerable Mgr. Chauveau, encountered at Ta Kien lu, on the Tibetan frontier, where "his courtly manners, those of a nobleman of the old French *régime*, were in striking contrast to the wildness of his surroundings." The delightful hours passed in his society formed one of the most pleasing interludes of the journey, and many other travellers record similar experiences.

The Church in this Far East has in truth had a history little less varied and momentous than in the West, though in a remote obscurity almost withdrawn from European cognizance. The history of Chinese martyrdoms is written only in heaven, for scarcely here and there does a tale of heroism and sacrifice on the part of semi-barbarous neophytes reach our far distant ears. Christianity was introduced into China at a very early date, legend says by the apostolic preaching of St. Thomas, but unquestionably by Nestorian missionaries six centuries later. A very curious inscription found in 1625 in Si-ngan-foo, the ancient capital of China, and generally called the Nestorian tablet, fully establishes the fact, as it is dated 638 A.D., and is a record of thanks to the reigning Emperor for many churches built or endowed by him.

Again in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries monks and friars made their way to Cathay on the track of Marco Polo, preaching there with considerable success. Later on the Jesuits acquired great influence by their scientific and astronomical attainments, and in the capital alone there are still five thousand hereditary Christians, all watchmakers, a trade in which the disciples of St. Ignatius doubtless instructed their ancestors.

In the end of the seventeenth century the movement in favour of Christianity culminated, and it seemed for a time as if Providence were about to raise up an Oriental Clovis or Constantine

to convert a great heathen people *en masse*. The Emperor Kanghi not only encouraged missionaries of all orders, and looked with favour on the Christian communities springing up all over the country round the foreign priests, but actually seemed about to embrace their tenets himself. He entered into correspondence with the Holy See, and made a gift to the Pope of four pieces of ground as sites for churches, all inside the walls of the Tartar City, and one within the area of the Purple Forbidden City, the sacred enclosure of the Palace itself. The reaction that subsequently set in was due to the promulgation of a Papal Bull prohibiting ancestor-worship as idolatry, which was fiercely resented by the Emperor as a usurpation of his authority. A relentless persecution followed, resulting in the extermination of Christianity within one or two generations.

Meantime, however, the churches in the capital had been built, and Peking in 1703 contained four imposing temples of Christian worship. The one within the Palace enclosure, dedicated to the Saviour, was termed the Pethang, or North Cathedral; the other three the Tungthang, Nanthang, and Sethang (East, South, and West Cathedrals), dedicated respectively to St. Joseph, the Immaculate Conception, and Our Lady of Seven Dolours. The two latter are still standing, but the two former have been destroyed, and their reconstruction has raised questions of international importance, now pending.

The desire of the present French Government to assume the protectorate of the Eastern Christians can scarcely be attributed to zeal for the faith, nor does the cause of religion gain by its interested championship. Its claims in China date from the Treaty of Tientsin in 1860, stipulating for protection of foreign missionaries and exacting an indemnity to be applied to the rebuilding of the North Cathedral on its former site. This provision has actually been carried out, and the church, a visible outrage on Chinese susceptibilities, overlooks the private grounds of the Palace, with two tall towers, for protection or protest against which the present Dowager Empress has built a wall forty feet high. As a concession to national feeling, the Catholic ecclesiastical authorities have been repeatedly willing to surrender the site in consideration of an indemnity enabling them to build another church in a less obnoxious situation. In 1874, and again in the early part of 1886, such a contract was agreed to by the head of the Lazarist Mission in whose jurisdiction the capital is situated, but the French Government, regarding the Pethang as a trophy of victory, have resolutely opposed a veto to its cession, though the title by the terms of the original grant is vested solely in the Holy See.

The friction caused by these differences, combined with a

superstitious idea that a recurrence to the ecclesiastical policy of Kanghi would revive the prosperity enjoyed under his rule, seems to have been the motive actuating the Court of Peking in its desire to reopen direct relations with the Vatican. But, be that as it may, the initiative came in the first instance from the Empress, and by her instructions Prince Chun, in native parlance entitled the Seventh Prince, father of the reigning Emperor and head of the executive, had an interview with Mr. Dunn, an Englishman holding high military rank in China, and entrusted him with a special mission to Rome. Its object was twofold ; to secure the removal of the North Cathedral, and to establish direct diplomatic relations with the Holy See by fully accredited representatives of the two Powers in permanent residence at their respective Courts.

The proposal would have seemed a very advantageous one but for the violent opposition of France, which after months of tripartite negotiation, has caused its ultimate rejection. The question then suggests itself as to what will be the action of China, since the *status quô* is intolerable to her. Will she, as some well-informed politicians conjecture, simply ignore existing arrangements, expropriate the North Cathedral, and refuse to recognize for the future, French passports given to missionaries as such, treating them as ordinary foreigners on the basis of their several nationalities?

It is evident that the advantages of the French protectorate are heavily counterbalanced by the political character thereby given to Christianity in the eyes of the Chinese, more particularly since the recent aggressions of France on the Celestial Empire have rendered her particularly obnoxious to its citizens. The creation of a native militia among the Christian converts in Tonquin was a cruel measure on the part of the French authorities, as it exposed their helpless brethren in the provinces of China proper to not unnatural retaliation. The savage persecution waged in 1884 against the scattered Christian communities throughout Southern China was an outbreak of national fury rather than religious intolerance. The animosities then excited have not yet subsided, and in September, 1886, a fresh series of risings against the Christians were reported in Eastern Szechuan, and the movement was said to be extending. The system of local autonomy in the provinces, and their remoteness from the central authority, renders it almost hopeless for the missionaries to seek redress, as the provincial officials are usually in sympathy with the rioters. These latter are generally instigated by the so-called "literati," men who have taken out the inferior literary degrees, and who, being thereby qualified for office, constitute a powerful middle class throughout the country. They are the

sworn foes of Christianity, as it undermines their influence with the people. Another hostile element is supplied by the secret societies, organized like those of Europe on a revolutionary basis, especially the famous one of the White Water Lily, which has extensive ramifications throughout Southern China.

The impotence of the protecting nation to obtain subsequent satisfaction is illustrated by the recently published reply of the Viceroy of Canton to the French demand for compensation for injuries inflicted on the Christian communities by the riots in that city during the war of 1834. He retorts by presenting a counter demand for still larger damages against the French, laying down at the same time the principle that it is the aggressor that should pay the indemnity. Between these clashing claims of high contending parties it is to be feared that the poor missionaries' chance of compensation is but a slender one.

The spontaneous desire of China to enter into friendly relations with the Vatican is but one among many symptoms of the progressive revolution of thought working within her. Already we have become habituated to the fact, so strange in itself, that a Chinese envoy takes a prominent place in European diplomacy, and that a Chinese lady, tottering on "Golden Lily" feet, has been receiving company as ambassadress in London. Already we are accustomed to the sight of the travelled Chinaman, and to recognizing the recluse of ages in the most ubiquitous of mankind. The admission, for the first time in history, of a third of the human race to free intercourse with the remainder is an event which must have a large bearing on the world's future, and tend more or less to shift the equilibrium of nations. A new element is added to humanity, and the special qualities of a race the most strongly characterized and peculiarly organized in the world are contributed to the common stock of mankind.

But it may well be that, while the Chinaman will undoubtedly survive both as a type and as an individual, China herself may perish in the throes of the moral convulsion in store for her. It scarcely seems possible that an organization so long fossilized should retain sufficient plasticity to adapt itself to a change of attitude amid altered circumstances, and it is not unlikely that the China of mystery and seclusion, the fantastic petrification of an effete civilization, will crumble away on contact with the atmosphere of the outer world, like the filmy relics of ancient drapery brought to light from some long-sealed sarcophagus.

E. M. CLERKE.

ART. VIII.—FREDERICK LUCAS.

The Life of Frederick Lucas, M.P. By his brother, EDWARD LUCAS. In two vols. London and New York: Burns & Oates. 1886.

THE Catholics of the United Kingdom have been for some years past expecting the biographies of four or five illustrious men. "When is the Life of Cardinal Wiseman to be written?" is a question very often asked. "There ought to be a Life of Charles Langdale" is an assertion frequently made. There have been several memoirs and notices of Charles Waterton; but there has been no biography written of the "prince of naturalists" which has put the whole of his grand character before us. This is the more remarkable as, of all the men whose education has been entirely at any one of our English Catholic colleges, Waterton is the most illustrious. Mr. Riethmüller, in his most interesting, but too short, biography of his early and dear friend Frederick Lucas, "complains," as Mr. Edward Lucas says, "not unreasonably that it should have been left to him, a Protestant, to pay a last tribute of respect to the memory of one who had fought so hard for the Catholic Church and for the interests of the Catholic religion in this country." In Mr. Riethmüller's memoir there is, no doubt, a deficiency, but it is one which could not have been supplied except by a Catholic. There were no doubt reasons why a Life of Frederick Lucas should be deferred, but those reasons have long since ceased to be valid, and Mr. Edward Lucas's Life of his brother has now appeared at a very appropriate time. In one respect it is a disadvantage to the memory of a man that his Life should be written by a brother. The very close relationship may cause a biographer to understate the excellences of his hero for fear it should be supposed that he has written more from affection than from unbiased judgment. If any motive of this kind may have acted upon the author, it has at the same time produced another and a good effect. It has forced Mr. Lucas to bring forward from his brother's writings and his brother's deeds abundant and overpowering evidence of his pre-eminence as a Catholic journalist and a Catholic statesman. The author has done this admirably well. Those men of the present generation who never knew Lucas may rest assured that he was as great a man as from his own words and actions given in the biography he appears to have been. Those amongst us who knew him well must, after thirty-one years, almost start when it is brought vividly to our

recollection that we have lived in days when we had such a power in our midst. Before proceeding to offer any criticism of the two volumes and to speak of Frederick Lucas himself, an expression of thanks, in the name of all Catholics, and especially of the Catholics of the United Kingdom, is due to the author. He has insured that the name of his brother shall be handed down in greatest honour to those who shall come after us; he has insured that the true principles of Catholic action in what we commonly call politics, as practised by his relative and those who worked with him in the middle of the nineteenth century, shall be known to all future generations. To have done this is to have done a great work, and one which excites both admiration and gratitude.

It appears to the writer that there is one defect in the biography which it may be well to mention at starting. There is not enough in it of the early life, and subsequently of the private and domestic life, of Lucas. It is no doubt advisable to avoid satisfying any unwholesome or useless curiosity; a disposition to pry into private life for the purpose of telling it to the world is as objectionable when a man is dead as when he is living. But it is a very good and a very edifying thing to know as much as can be known of those facts which show the gradual development of a noble character. And it seems to be almost a necessary part of biography that those things should be related which prove that the hero of the work was not only great in one or two points, but in the full and true sense a great man. And such certainly was Frederick Lucas. He was essentially a practical man. While he inculcated upon others the most perfect principles of political morality, his own principles of action were thoroughly sound, his own aims high, and he never asked any one to do anything which he himself was not prepared to do, and which he did not actually do himself as far as his state of life and the opportunities which he had allowed him to act. He was a man of strong intellect, quick perception, and great power of reasoning. Reading was perhaps his chief source of enjoyment, and he had a wonderful talent for making what he read serve him for whatever he had on hand. He was a great thinker, and this was apparent in his conversation, which was at the same time enlivened by frequent sallies of humour and wit, and by a hearty merry laugh. But his taste for reading and study, and his power of sustained thinking, never for a moment prevented him from acting when action was required. He never vacillated; he was firm and steady as a rock; but he would never shrink from changing an opinion when he saw good reason for doing so. His endurance was remarkable; he could suffer well, and his self-denial deserves to be called heroic. Merely as the proprietor and editor of a newspaper, he

would have led a comparatively quiet domestic life in the midst of his family and his books, and in frequent intercourse with his friends. But this enjoyment he denied himself. The ten years between 1840 and 1850 were for many young men years of constant active work in a variety of matters in which laymen can help to advance the cause of the Church. Lucas, at the call of duty (though, indeed, there was no obligation on his part), threw himself completely into this kind of life. The consequence was that very frequently after attending evening meetings to establish and carry on all sorts of good works—Guilds, Brotherhoods, Associations, Societies—he went to his home late at night tired and jaded, when he might have spent the hours there in peace and quiet. His active work in Ireland must have been much more fatiguing than his labours in England. His long stay in Rome was a pure act of self-denial in the cause of freedom for Ireland. So far as his natural inclination went, he would have been glad at any moment, during the months he spent in Rome, to have been told by the Holy Father not to meddle any more in the matter for which he had gone there, but to go home. His chivalrous spirit urged him to remain in the Holy City, and he suffered on, through labour and anxiety and, to him, a death-breathing climate, until, having contracted more than one mortal disease, he came home to die. If the sufferings of martyrs are physically sharper, those of Lucas were more long drawn out, and his pains, like those of the martyrs, only ended in death. Another great quality which Lucas possessed was that he never seemed to have a merely personal dislike towards any one. He had an intense dislike of certain characters and of certain opinions, and he would express this dislike in the strongest language, and with reference to individuals; but his words always left the impression that it was the character and not the person against which he was speaking.

There is no doubt that he sometimes used stronger expressions than many others equally earnest with himself would have employed. He defended this practice on the ground that what he was saying or writing was true, and that there was no need to throw over truth the thin disguise of courtesy. For instance, on one occasion he did not see why, in answering some charges or statements made by an ecclesiastical dignitary, the word "incorrect" should be substituted for the word "false." But with all this plain speaking and plain writing there was not the least particle of malice. If he thought he had wronged any one, he did not wait for a remonstrance in order to make amends. There are two very pleasing instances in his life of his anxiety to apologize.

During the elections in the summer of 1852 Lucas, at a

public meeting at Slane, used some expressions about Mr. Walpole, the Home Secretary, which were not favourable to that gentleman's character. He found that he had been completely mistaken. He immediately expressed, through Mr. Serjeant Shee, his great regret for the occurrence, and followed up this expression of regret by a letter from himself to Mr. Walpole, in which he offered to make public reparation in the House of Commons. Mr. Walpole accepted the apology in the most handsome manner, and in his answer to Lucas's letter wrote a sentence which is a noble testimony to the honourable conduct of his opponent:—

It is a misfortune [he said] common to all public men to be misunderstood and misinterpreted by those who are not acquainted with them; but it happens to few—I believe I might say to very few—to find an opponent who is generous and just enough voluntarily to make amends for his error as soon as he has discovered it.*

The second instance I will give in the words of Dr. Whitty (now Father Whitty, S.J.), who attended Lucas during his last illness.

Many and warm [writes Father Whitty] as his [Lucas's] public controversies had been, he had no personal feeling against any one. But he felt that he had sometimes been hasty and incautious in writing; and in one instance, remembering that he had thus imprudently expressed himself about the late Duke of Norfolk, then Earl of Arundel and Surrey, he asked me to convey his deep regret and offer of a public apology. As might have been expected, the Earl wrote back a letter of most cordial sympathy and charity, which gave him great comfort. Nor was this charity confined to words; for after the death of Mr. Lucas, hearing that some persons were anxious to contribute to the education of his son, he sent me a handsome donation towards that object.†

These examples of Christian conduct in public men may well have their influence on less conspicuous persons.

Mr. Riethmüller, describing his friend when he was a young man, says: "There was a bashfulness, an almost girlish modesty, about him which strikingly contrasted with the strength and manliness of his character, and with that dauntless courage for which he was at all times distinguished." This is a noble testimony; and in after-life no one ever heard a word from his lips which was inconsistent with that character. But, above all, Lucas was a sincere, practical, and devout Catholic. Removed far as the poles asunder from all hypocritical parade of religion, out of the abundance of his heart his mouth spoke, and

* "Life of Frederick Lucas," vol. ii. p. 13.

† *Ibid.* p. 453.

it was impossible to be acquainted with him without seeing the firmness of his belief and the reality of his practice. It was in consequence of his writings in the *Tablet* that the Society of St. Vincent de Paul was established in England. His occupation did not allow him to accept the office of president, which would otherwise have been conferred upon him.* But he remained an active member, and regularly visited the poor families given into his charge, and attended the weekly meetings. He was at least a weekly communicant, and had a special devotion to the Blessed Sacrament and to the Blessed Mother of God. Poor Chisholm Anstey used to say that if you wanted to see Lucas at his best, and in his most natural state, you should visit him on a Sunday evening. He had been to Holy Communion in the morning, and remained in a state of peace, quiet, and consolation, the *Tablet* and all disturbing causes having been dismissed from his mind. The news in the daily papers began to agitate him very early in the week, until, according to Anstey, the storm had reached its climax on Thursday afternoon, when he was finishing his "leaders" for the first edition, and did not abate until everything had been arranged for the second edition; on Saturday afternoon he wished to be left to himself to calm down and prepare for confession and Communion, after which he was again in perfect peace with God, his neighbour, and himself.†

* When Lucas declined the office of president, the late Mr. Pagliano was elected, and he continued to hold the office until the year 1852, when he resigned, and Mr. George Blount was elected in his place, and has remained president ever since.

† His devotion to the Blessed Sacrament having been alluded to, an example may be cited of his zeal in promoting that devotion. A friend of his, several years younger than himself, after they had both been attending a meeting, accompanied him some way on his return to his house at Kensington. While they were walking, Lucas suddenly said to his companion, "How often do you go to Communion?" The young man was rather taken aback, but, knowing that the question did not proceed from idle curiosity, but from a worthy motive, took the matter in good part, and gave an answer which, as to the number of times, St. Ignatius would indeed have called good, but hardly what he would have called better, and certainly not what he would have called very much better. Lucas urged his reasons for weekly Communion with that earnestness and perseverance which those who remember him will recollect. The young man held out for some time, but at last gave an answer which he thought would satisfy his friend, saying, "I will, if my confessor shall advise it." But Lucas immediately said, "Who is your confessor?" On being told, he seemed satisfied. On another occasion a friend about his own age told him that, wishing to receive Holy Communion two days running, he had gone to two different chapels for fear it should be noticed that he had done so. In the *Tablet* of the following Saturday Lucas, without giving the slightest hint to whom he was alluding, dragged in the occurrence into an article as an instance of false

Enough has been said to show that Lucas, apart from what he did as a journalist and member of Parliament, was a man about whom everything which can be told should be told.

Frederick Lucas "was born on the 30th of March, 1812. His father, Mr. Samuel Hayhurst Lucas, was a corn merchant in the City of London, and both parents were members of the Society of Friends. He spent eight years at a Quaker school at Darlington, and in his seventeenth year became a student at University College, London, then recently established."* This is all that his brother tells us of Frederick Lucas's early life, with the exception that incidentally at the 188th page of the first volume, after mentioning that Lucas "had always been brought up with very strict views on the subject of religion," he adds: "Nevertheless, he had passed through a period of infidelity, and it was only the extraordinary candour of his mind, his singleness of purpose, his unswerving love of truth for its own sake, that enabled him to surmount the obstacles which beset his path." At University College, he made the acquaintance of Christopher James Riethmüller, a fellow-student, who became one of his most intimate and dearest friends. The following is a description of Lucas as he was at that time:—

Though extremely shy at this period . . . there was something singularly engaging in his look and manner. With a remarkably fair complexion, a cheek glowing with health, a broad, open forehead, very light hair and eyebrows, and eyes of the clearest blue, there was such an expression of intelligence and frank good-nature about the whole countenance as could not fail to inspire a friendly interest in all who saw him. His figure was large beyond his years, very stout, broad-shouldered, and broad-chested, and gave the impression of rude health and vigour. His smile was the sweetest, his laugh the most exhilarating, that I have met with; and the shyness mentioned above soon wore off in the company of young men, and was replaced by an easy gaiety of demeanour that was delightful to all his associates. Long afterwards, however, he remained silent and reserved in the presence of strangers. . . . When he began to speak, he at once commanded attention.

Mr. Ornsby, who knew him in after-years, gives much the same description of Lucas's personal appearance.†

shame. The friend, heartily laughing, told the writer of the circumstance, adding, "See what comes of telling anything to an amiable editor."

* Life, i. p. 4.

† *Ibid.* vol. ii. pp. 459–60: It always appeared to me that there was in the shape of the face, in the complexion, the colour of the hair and the manner of dressing it, a strong resemblance between Lucas and Henri de France, Comte de Chambord. But while in the Count there was greater delicacy and refinement, in Lucas there was much more massiveness and power.

In the usual studies of the place [continues Mr. Riethmüller] he soon gave proof of his talents and industry, and took a respectable position in all the classes he attended; . . . he was always a great reader, and had a wonderful facility in getting at the pith of a book in the shortest possible time. . . . He read indiscriminately and with insatiable appetite. Though he had seen but few works of art, he showed a remarkable capacity for judging of the beauty and merit of such productions; . . . his criticisms were always original, and often just and striking. He had no gift of music, . . . but could be deeply moved by a grand and solemn performance. When he had once visited the theatre . . . the drama became a passion. He had a love for manly sports and athletic exercises . . . boating on the river, bathing, cricket, were amongst his favourite amusements; and some few may yet remember the heartiness with which he entered into these pastimes and the spirit of exuberant enjoyment with which he partook of them. Thus richly endowed [continues Mr. Riethmüller], and with so many agreeable qualities, it is no wonder that Lucas was generally popular with his fellow-students.*

Having finished his course at University College, Lucas began the study of the law, and, having entered at the Middle Temple and kept his terms there, he was called to the Bar in 1835.

"As soon as he began to read about law," says Mr. Riethmüller, "he endeavoured, with his usual passion for generalization, to consider it as a complete science, and sought to evolve great principles from the mass of details before him." He read the leading writers on jurisprudence, especially the works of Bentham, and was greatly influenced by them. "Wholly opposed to all his subsequent views, the *utilitarian scheme*, as it was called—or, in other words, the doctrine of enlightened selfishness as the sole rule in the conduct of life—appeared to him for a while the most unanswerable wisdom." But his brother tells us that "this phase of his mental life did not last long, and he attributed to the poet Wordsworth the inspiration which enabled him to throw aside the trammels of a system as entirely out of harmony with his nature as it is false in itself."† While Lucas was living in chambers, "the old bond of union" continued between him and his former companions, and they used to meet on Saturday evenings at the rooms of one or other of the party. Lucas was the life and soul of those meetings; as Mr. Riethmüller says, "his flow of spirits was irresistible, and his very look a gleam of sunshine, while the freshness and originality of his views on almost every subject impressed the most careless listener with a sense of his intellectual power."‡

At this time, and indeed up to the year 1839, Lucas, his

* Life, i. pp. 4 *seq.*

† *Ibid.* pp. 8-9.

‡ *Ibid.* pp. 9-10.

brother tells us, "knew absolutely nothing of the Catholic Church. But the great event of his life, the most vital to himself and of so great importance to others, his reception into the Church, was approaching." His attention was first drawn to the subject by an article on Cathedral Establishments in the *Quarterly Review*. "To the ordinary reader," continues the author, "this article contains nothing to lead a man towards Catholicism. But to Lucas it opened the way to an unknown region; it suggested a new class of ideas, a new train of thought and investigation, which were stimulated by the Oxford Movement, and, as he tells us, by the unsatisfied longing for religious certainty.* But he made no conscious progress till near the beginning of 1839. Early in that year, in some conversations with Mr. T. C. Anstey, afterwards member for Youghal, the truth flashed upon his mind, and in less than a week he had satisfied himself that with the Catholic Church alone is lodged Divine authority on earth. . . . He was received by Father Lythgoe, of the Society of Jesus, and thus describes in simple and touching words the process through which he had gone, and the peaceful security of the haven which he had reached:—

As a child who has lost himself, he knows not where, far from home, returns weeping and weary to his mother's breast, so after long wandering in darkness, seeking for truth, but finding it not, because I could find no certainty, I have at length come, tired out with profitless labour, to find repose and consolation within that temple whose eternal gates are ever open to invite the weary and erring pilgrim to enter in. . . . I have accepted the invitation; I have entered in; and within I have found, not the mutilated limbs of Truth, but the glorious virgin herself in all her celestial radiance. †

When he had entered the Church, Lucas never for a moment wavered in his faith; "and it is," as his brother mentions, "related of him by those who were best able to judge, that, although some very deep questions came before him for discussion, he never from the moment of his conversion propounded a single principle at variance with Catholic doctrine." ‡

It was about this time that I first became acquainted with Lucas. I was introduced to him at an evening party at the house of the late Mr. John Selby, in York Place. I remember

* It is curious to notice the different issue of the longing for religious certainty in two first-rate men. In Lucas it led to belief. Lord Melbourne had the same longing all his life; but it is to be feared that he died in doubt.

† "Reasons for becoming a Roman Catholic," a pamphlet published by Lucas after his reception into the Church. It was addressed to the Society of Friends, and is quoted in the *Life*, i. p. 12.

‡ *Life*, i. p. 11.

very distinctly being struck with one of the qualities which has been noticed above—that is, his extreme shyness ; but along with that shyness there was a complete self-possession, and features and expression which denoted great power. I was then only nineteen years old, while Lucas was in his twenty-eighth year. At that time of life eight years makes a great difference between two young men. My acquaintance with him never dropped ; but according to my recollection, though I used to meet him not unfrequently, I did not become intimate with him until the beginning of the year 1844, when we met at the formation of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul in London.* From that time until Lucas went to Ireland at the end of 1849 I used to see him constantly, at certain periods almost daily, on various committees, at meetings, at the *Tablet* office, and occasionally at his own home. I have often conversed with him walking in the streets of London, and on his way to Kensington. I mention this in order that the reader may understand what my opportunities of knowing Lucas were, and may form his own opinion as to what my testimony is worth. The extreme correctness of his Catholic principles has been already noticed. To judge rightly in all matters connected not only directly but even remotely with the interests of the Church seemed to be instinctive in Lucas. His mind was beautifully attuned to the mind of the Church. He showed this from the first days of his conversion. In speaking to him I never felt what I often have felt in speaking to converts : that though they were very superior to myself in talent and variety of knowledge, yet in everything connected with religion I knew a great deal more than they did. Many who have been born of Catholic parents experience a certain difficulty in speaking to recent converts, arising from the fear of not being understood. The feeling is the same as that which a person thoroughly conversant with natural philosophy, would have in talking about levers and cog-wheels to one who had never studied dynamics. I never felt this difficulty with Lucas. I could always talk with him as with one who had been a Catholic from the time of his infant baptism.

In the year following Lucas's reception into the Church, on the advice of Father Lythgoe, he commenced the *Tablet* newspaper, and became its editor and part-proprietor along with two Catholic gentlemen of the name of Keasley. Two stamped newspapers, one called the *Phoenix* and the other called the *Beacon*, had consecutively preceded the *Tablet* by a few years, but both of

* Others besides myself will, I am sure, be anxious to admit that solid and lasting friendships were formed in the Society of St. Vincent de Paul which but for the meetings of that Society would never have existed.

them had run but a short course. The first number of the *Tablet* appeared on the 16th of May, 1840. Before speaking more about the *Tablet*, it will be well to put before the reader the state of the Catholic Church in England at the time it first appeared and for a few years after.

The decade between 1840 and 1850 was one of the most interesting and remarkable periods in the history of the Catholic Church in England; and it will probably be so considered to the end of time. It began with the coming of Dr. Wiseman to England, and the division into eight districts of the old four districts which had been formed in the reign of James the Second. It ended with the establishment of the hierarchy and the return of Dr. Wiseman, from a temporary visit to Rome, as Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster. At the commencement of the period a spirit of toleration for Catholics prevailed amongst the majority of the English Protestants. At the close of the period the whole Protestant population was in a fury of bigoted excitement against us, some of the effects of which are felt even to this day. But during those ten years there were influences at work which forced an enormous development of the life of the Church in England, and each of these influences originated with a distinguished man who was one of a number whose names will never be forgotten. From the passing of the Emancipation Act up to nearly the end of the fourth decade of the century, in all ecclesiastical matters the state of English Catholics had made slow progress. The reserve which had been necessarily practised in the outward show of religion during the days of the Penal Laws was only very gradually thrown off. The Catholic chapels continued to be built in the Methodist chapel style—mere rooms, large or small as the place in which they were erected required, admirably adapted to music, but not to the ceremonies of the Church. About the year 1834 a “chapel” with a tower was built at Redditch, in Warwickshire, through the munificence of Mr. Tunstall, a Catholic gentleman. For several years after, this was always alluded to in the Midland counties as an extraordinary event, as something which showed that Catholics were beginning to hold up their heads; and the tower, it was said, really entitled the building to be called a church.* The offices of the Church were generally maimed ceremonials: benediction was a rare service; many common Catholic devotions were unpractised, and often

* Mr. Tunstall some years after became a priest, and is still living. What was the origin of the designation “chapel,” both in Great Britain and Ireland, I do not know. It was in reality a false designation, as the difference between a church and a chapel does not consist in the style of architecture or size of the building, but in this: that a church is a public place of worship, whereas a chapel is private.

altogether unknown; the vestments and ornaments of the altar were usually in the most debased French style. The inside of a Catholic "chapel" fifty years ago presented little that was Roman, and less that was English. The outward manifestation of what vigour there was in the Church in England showed itself chiefly in a way which has completely gone out of fashion—that is, in public discussions in chapels and halls with Protestants of all denominations, including, as Mr. Parnell would say, those of no religion. No increase had been made in the number of religious Orders in England until the Cistercians came to Charnwood Forest in 1837, and the Sisters of Mercy to Bermondsey in 1839. But many influences had been gradually forming, and it was between 1840 and 1850 that they produced, in all the beauty of early spring, new objects, which excited enthusiasm at the time, but which now are looked upon as mere common and ordinary things. The epoch I am speaking of may well be marked by the coming of Dr. Wiseman to England in the year 1840. He urged everything forward; he gave the example of throwing off reserve except where true prudence required the covering to be kept; his principle was to put the Catholic Church constantly, openly, in every way and every where possible, before the people of England. He once said: "If I could write the words 'Catholic Church' at the corner of every street, I would do so." There were of course some who set down to imprudence a justified boldness, and who held back from a movement which Dr. Wiseman's words and example excited in so many others. The "Oxford Movement," however, was at this time exercising a great influence upon thousands of the upper class, and to know Catholics, to know about them, to talk about the feasts and fasts of the Church, had become fashionable.* While Dr. Wiseman was president of St. Mary's College, Oscott became the headquarters of those Catholics who were most keenly watching all that was going on at the universities; and the splendid hospitality of that house made it a temporary home to many who were left homeless by their conversion. At this time, also, Augustus Welby Pugin, the great restorer of Christian art in this country, was in the full vigour of his course, and inspiring thousands of Catholics with the desire to provide for the dwelling of God on earth something more worthy of His Divine Majesty than Methodist chapels and concert-rooms. In those days a church-opening in some pretty country district was looked forward to as a pleasant meeting of Catholics. It was not merely amongst the young and ardent that enthusiasm and joy were shown. Ladies

* Disraeli's novels, "Coningsby," "Sybil," and "Tancred," contributed a good deal towards making talk about Catholics fashionable.

of fashion and fox-hunting squires entered into the spirit of the times, and all seemed to be influenced by a new force bringing increased vitality and activity into Catholic life. Men congratulated each other that they were hearing for the first time the sound of a Catholic bell, or looking for the first time on a procession round the aisles of a church in England.* But one mind seemed to prevail amongst those who attended the meetings at church-openings. It was as if a gentle breeze from the twelfth or thirteenth century, passing over the intervening time, had been allowed to refresh for an hour those who had remained faithful to their God. And it not unfrequently happened on those occasions that some distinguished convert was present, generally a Protestant clergyman who had lately "come over," as the phrase was, and who had to run the gauntlet of his first Catholic introductions.† It was just in the middle of this decade that Dr. Gentili began that series of public missions (the first given in England) which, soon taken up by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, and by the Redemptorist and Passionist Fathers, have perhaps had a greater influence upon Catholics in England than any other of those many good things which God has bestowed upon us in these our days. It was during these ten years that the Irish came to England in greater numbers than before or since, enabling the Church in this island to show itself in all its strength and beauty by the renewed energy which broke forth amongst clergy and laity to provide the Holy Sacrifice, the Sacraments, instruction, and education for thousands where there had been only hundreds before. Then it was that the great movement to build and support schools began—a movement that will always be associated with the honoured name of Langdale. Another movement was also progressing—one which it would seem that Catholics should instinctively set on foot; one which costs no money; which, properly directed, is the most powerful engine for good on this earth; a movement, too, which, viewed by members of the Church believing in Providence and professing Catholic ordinary common-sense, was at the time about which I am writing producing effects to which it was impossible we could shut our eyes. This movement was the one for prayers for the conversion of England, and of which Father Ignatius Spencer was the apostle. This holy man had sacrificed all that the world most loves and esteems in order that

* The first outdoor procession of the Blessed Sacrament in England since the Reformation was, I believe, that which took place in the grounds of Prior Park College on the Feast of Corpus Christi in the year of Our Lord 1834.

† When the name of a convert appeared in the *Tablet*, he was said to be "gazetted."

he might live a poor and mortified life in the service of the Church and the poor. To all these influences I must add one which was beginning to develop itself about the year 1840. It was an intense desire on the part of hundreds of young Catholic men and young Catholic women to help on, as far as each one of them possibly could, the work of the Catholic Church in England. This was practically shown, not only in the ordinary conversation which took place between them at all social meetings, but by the encouragement which they gave, by becoming active members of them, to a variety of Associations which rose up in that early spring time. The extraordinary impulse given to devotion to the Blessed Sacrament when Bishop Wiseman first introduced the "Quarant' ore" into London, the efforts made by the clergy to provide schoolrooms and school support; the desire which so many Catholic men and women had to know more of the poor in order to relieve distress, together with other motives, caused the rise of many Societies which before those days had been unknown. If any Catholic in these days should think for a moment on the state of the Church in England, he will, amongst other things, notice the number of devotions and confraternities which there are in honour of Our Blessed Lord, of His Blessed Mother, and of His saints; he will see the universal desire to build and decorate churches worthy of the Sacrifice and Sacrament of the New Law; his attention cannot fail to be drawn to the untiring energy with which spiritual missions and retreats are being constantly given throughout the length and breadth of the island; he will stop with astonishment when he beholds the vast number of schools which have been provided for hundreds of thousands of children; he will remember that he hears every now and then of attempts to revive habitual prayers for the conversion of the English, and he may lament that not more are continually offered; he will know that there is not a country in the world where there are more books of devotion, more prayer-books, more books of instruction and of asceticism, more lives of saints, than in his own country; he will call to mind that in every church which he has visited he has heard hymns sung by Catholic children, and sometimes by the whole congregation; he will have to acknowledge that the beautiful services of the Church are carried out with care, and in large towns with splendour; he will see the working of a great number of Societies established to satisfy the desires of those who wish to do something more than merely escape a grievous fault against the Commandments of God and of His Church; and he will notice the number of conversions which take place. Then let such an one remember that all these good things either had their origin in the decade between 1840 and 1850, or received such a new life in that

period that it was equal to a second birth, and that they are all inseparably joined with the names of their originators or promoters—Wiseman, Pugin, Gentili, Langdale, Spencer, Newman, Faber, and Lucas; the seven last-named all, in some portion of their career, closely connected with, and all clustering round, the name of Wiseman.*

But the mention of the last-named in the above list, Frederick Lucas, well entitled as he is to honour merely for having been the first promoter of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul in the United Kingdom, and of other Associations in England, brings me to the only thing that was wanting to complete the realization of everything which between forty and fifty years ago could have been reasonably desired. This was a representative in the newspaper Press worthy of the Catholic cause. Such a representative was found in him whose Life has now been given to us. What his brother says of him as he was in the year 1843 may, I feel confident, have been said of him at an earlier period.

The wonderful grasp of Catholic principles and practices [writes the author] which he had acquired within four years from his conversion filled his fellow-Catholics with astonishment. He put to shame men brought up in the Church, whose whole surroundings had been Catholic, and whose peculiar associations should, in several instances, have made them familiar with the matters discussed. His activity and energy enabled him to accomplish with ease the labour of several men. There was a secret in this. He was a man given to saying a good many prayers; and, strangely as it may sound in many ears, his chief devotion was that of the poorest Irishwoman—viz., the recital of the Rosary.

This does not sound so strange as Mr. Lucas seems to think. In 1843, the Rosary, though by no means universally said, was not at all uncommon. Catholic practices made very rapid progress between 1840 and 1850; and I am inclined to think that a person who knew Lucas well would have been surprised had he heard that the editor of the *Tablet* did not practise the devotion of the Rosary.† In order to put before the reader the

* The influences favouring the growth of the Church in this country, which were all simultaneously at work forty years ago, are so remarkable that some have looked upon them as an earnest of the design of Almighty God to convert our fellow-countrymen, or at least as well calculated to fill us with hope that such may be His all-merciful design. This view was taken by Monsignor Patterson, now Bishop of Emmaus, in, if I rightly remember, a letter which his lordship wrote to the *Tablet* about twenty years ago.

† The Rosary had been regularly said, certainly so far back as the year 1830, by a large number of the boys at St. Mary's College, Oscott, during

state of mind in which Lucas was as the editor of a Catholic newspaper, I cannot do better than quote a passage which occurs in the "Statement," and which passage relates more particularly to his conduct in regard to Irish Catholic affairs.*

I am [he says], and I profess myself, an obedient son of the Church. I have engaged in politics from a religious motive and as a religious work. I have done so under the notion that in this business the Church and the clergy were the principal agents, and that I was their very humble assistant. I always believed that the work upon which we were engaged was primarily the work of the Church, and that from the necessity of the case laymen took part in it, but only a secondary part, in order to secure the rights of the Church and to help her to fulfil her duties. I held this opinion in the most perfect good faith, and, if it is a wrong opinion, I am prepared to change my course. In Parliament and in politics I have no secular objects to pursue; and if the Church should really proclaim that Irish Catholic politics are merely or mainly a secular business, a pursuit of secular ambition with which the Church has no concern, and in which the clergy have no right to meddle, I, and every man who shares my opinions, will, of course, feel that our function has come to an end, and that our desire to serve the Church makes us intruders in a field which is sacred to the designs of selfish and ambitious men.

Although the words just quoted had at the time a special application, they give a very good idea of the spirit in which Lucas undertook the defence of the Church, not only as the advocate of the Irish people in Rome and as a member of Parliament, but also as a Catholic journalist. When he consented to conduct a newspaper, he adopted this career as a means of gaining a livelihood; but he would not have so chosen it unless

their playtime; and I have no doubt the same thing may be said of all, or at least some, of the other Catholic colleges. So that the young Catholic men of 1840 were at least well acquainted with the Rosary. It may, I think, be said that the number of young men and women who said the Rosary in those days was about equal to the number of the older generation who still preferred the "Psalms for Sundays and Holidays," the "Penitential Psalms," and the "Jesus Psalter." But God forbid that any reader should suppose that I mean to insinuate anything against those excellent last-mentioned devotions. I will add that it is almost impossible for any one who was not living at the time I have mentioned, to understand the extraordinary impulse which was then given in England to all kinds of Catholic devotions which had for centuries been practised in Catholic countries. When the *Life of Cardinal Wiseman* shall come to be written, these things will be told, as far as they can be told, to another generation, and the people that shall be created shall praise the Lord.

* The "Statement" was a document which Lucas wrote, when he was in Rome, at the request of Pope Pius IX. It will be alluded to in a future page.

at the same time it had been a religious work. To be able to work for the Church was his primary reason for deciding as he did when the proposal was made to him by Father Lythgoe. If he, as editor of the *Tablet*, had not been able to serve the cause of religion, he would have remained in his chambers in the Temple; and with his great talents, his acuteness, his persuasiveness, supported by his unconquerable energy and perseverance, he would in all human probability have risen at last to eminence at the Bar. Had he, at any moment of his career as editor, been told by ecclesiastical authority that he was doing more harm than good, or that he was not doing enough good, or that for some reason or another his services were not wanted, he would have thrown up the work, in disgust no doubt, but still he would have thrown it up. But no ecclesiastical authority ever hinted any of these things to him; and for this reason, that, though he sometimes offended ecclesiastical authority by expressing his mind in words which were thought too plain, the soundness of his principles, the disinterestedness of his motives, the earnestness of his pleading for the rights of the Catholic poor, and his transcendent abilities as a journalist, formed a strong rampart around him which his superiors looked upon, not with fear, but with admiration and respect. On more than one occasion he very considerably, if I may use the expression, "riled" Bishop Wiseman; but if the reader will turn to the Life of Lucas, he will see the high estimation in which the servant of the Church was held by one of her most illustrious Princes. If ecclesiastical authority had wished to get rid of Lucas as a literary advocate of the Church, Pope Pius would have plainly told him so instead of giving him a gentle and friendly hint that the style of the writings in the *Tablet* might be softened down. I must here quote Lucas's own words about the hint to this effect which he received at his interview with the Holy Father. In a letter which he wrote to England, giving an account of the interview, Lucas says:

He [Pope Pius] then spoke about myself. He said I had two characters—that of an M.P., and a journalist—and that he took a distinction between these two. In my character of M.P. I had been "a true apologist of religion," and it was to mark his very high appreciation of my conduct in that capacity that he had that day given me his special benediction; that he regarded me as an independent man who neither hoped on the one hand nor feared on the other from any Ministry or party, and who looked only to the interests of religion; and "on this account, mon cher, I have given you my especial benediction, that you may be encouraged and strengthened to proceed in the same course;" but, he said, "I am afraid the editor of the *Tablet* sometimes exceeds the bounds of patience, and escapes from the kingdom of

moderation to that of impatience." The Holy Father said this with the most perfect kindness, smiling and half-joking. I took it in the same way, promised that his words should have as much effect as I could give them, and assured him that my object and wish were to conform myself entirely to his will, to carry out the instructions of His Holiness, and to obey his commands. It is proper to add that this little reproof about the *Tablet*, though evidently meant seriously, was lightly passed over, while the reference to the "especial benediction" was enlarged upon and repeated two or three times, and in a manner so heartily kind and gracious that I was inexpressibly affected, and indeed for a time hardly able to maintain my small part in the conversation.

Having thus put before the reader those principles which may be considered fundamental in a Catholic editor, and on which Lucas always stood, I may give a short account of his opinions in what are commonly called "politics." In the first number of the *Tablet*, in what he called "a brief confession of political faith," he told the public that, in his opinion, "legislative reforms and enactments, in any higher sphere than that of police, are very necessary to remove obstructions, and very powerless to effect much positive good." He therefore gave his readers to understand that he should not show indiscriminate admiration of, or hostility towards the measures of, either party in the State. Of the two parties he preferred a Whig Government, not so much, it would seem, because he preferred their measures, but because, on the principle of gratitude, "we should give our support to the party to whose exertions the triumph of the principles of toleration and justice is owing, rather than to the party on whose acceptance they have been forced." In the distribution of political, legislative, and administrative power, he did not think there was much difference between the opinions of Lord John Russell and Sir Robert Peel. "Many of Sir Robert Peel's followers," he says, "are not sane;" and he gives his reasons for saying so.* "On the subject of Irish politics," he says, "it is difficult to speak with moderation. . . . We are no Repealers; but we look upon the cry for Repeal to be the most natural for the inhabitants of a country which has been governed with such fatal disregard of all the plainest rules of justice and prudence."

* A reader whose political memory does not go so far back as the year 1840 must be told that by "Sir Robert Peel's followers" Lucas did not mean those men who were afterwards called "Peelites"—that is, Lord Aberdeen, Sir James Graham, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Cardwell, &c.; but he meant all those who willingly or unwillingly acknowledged Peel as their leader—that is, the whole Tory party, including Sir Robert Harry Inglis, Mr. Newdegate, and a long list of "nobodies" whose names used to swell the list of the minority in a division on the Maynooth grant.

It is interesting to know why at this time he was not a Repealer; and it must be remembered that about the time when the *Tablet* first appeared O'Connell began that celebrated agitation for Repeal which culminated in the year 1843, and may, indeed, be said to have completely collapsed with the State trials of 1844. Lucas looked upon absenteeism, and the strengthening of the hands of the Orangemen of the North by aid of their brother bigots in England, as the two great evils to remove which the Irish wished for an independent Legislature.

But we think [he writes] that no impartial person who considers the change which late years have introduced into the character of our Irish legislation, the immense stride that has been made from the more than Orange barbarities—if that be conceivable—of the last century to the mild and moderate injustice of the present day, can hesitate in believing that the troubled waters will work themselves pure—that patience (Heaven knows the Irish have been patient hitherto), moderation, and firmness will suffice for the accomplishment of what remains without giving up the country to the horrors of civil war—the inevitable result of any serious attempt to obtain the Repeal of the Union.*

When Lucas went over to Ireland in the year 1843, “he was,” as his brother tells us, “almost as speedily converted to Repeal as he had been to the Catholic religion; and within a few months he published a retraction of his formerly expressed opinions, declaring that he had written in ignorance of the real facts of the case, and expressing contrition for ever having given any countenance to a tremendous injustice.”†

In the independence which Lucas reserved to himself as an editor in order to be better able to defend the cause of the Church, we see a foreshadowing of the principle of independence applied to parliamentary tactics which caused the formation of the “Independent Opposition” of which Lucas was, in after-years, the chief originator, and which has proved such a tremendous engine of political power.

The reason of gratitude which made Lucas incline to the Whig party affected many others. For some years after Emancipation, by far the great majority—indeed, almost all the old English Catholic aristocratic families—were supporters of Lord Grey, Lord Melbourne, and Lord John Russell.‡ This arose

* *Life*, vol. i. pp. 33–4–5.

† *Ibid.* p. 36.

‡ The author, at p. 44 of vol. i., speaks of Earl John of Shrewsbury as the chief of the English Tories. This is a mistake. During nearly the whole of his life he belonged to the Whig party. If he ever declared himself a Tory, it must have been quite towards the end of his days. He died in the year 1852. But at no time could he have been said to be the

from the fact that from the days of Charles James Fox the whole Whig party had been the consistent and, as far as circumstances would permit, the constant advocate of the "Catholic Claims." It is true that some distinguished Tories—William Pitt, Castlereagh, and Canning—had been in favour of Emancipation, but they did not carry their party with them; and though Wellington and Peel eventually passed the great Act, it was because they were compelled by O'Connell to surrender, and allowed the Bill to go through its different stages in both Houses, supported by many of their own followers and by the whole strength of the Opposition. When, however, during this decade between 1840 and 1850, Lord John behaved very badly to Catholics by trying to exclude us from the education grant, and when he raised a No-Popery cry over the whole country on the establishment of the hierarchy in 1850, and when Lord Palmerston was encouraging rebellion in the Catholic States on the Continent, a large number of Catholics went back to the Tory party, which they had quitted about forty years after the battle of Culloden. Mr. Disraeli also exercised a great influence over many Catholics, who seem to have been particularly attracted to him, partly by his politics, in no small degree by several of his novels which immediately preceded "*Lothair*," and at a later period more particularly by his indignant refusal to do what all the other principal men of the country, even the late Lord Derby, did—viz., to pay court, on his visit to England, to Garibaldi, the chief of filibusters and the pet blackguard of Europe. The mention of the name of Lord Palmerston gives me an opportunity of putting the character of Lucas in a striking light, by contrasting it with that of another well-known Catholic living at that time, and who for many years was an intimate friend of Lucas. Thomas Chisholm Anstey entered Parliament for the express purpose of impeaching Lord Palmerston, and he had not been long in the House before he showed his preparations to go upon the forlorn hope. Anstey was a man of commanding abilities, but headstrong and uncontrollable. He had, however, another weak point in his character. Palmerston was a consummate politician, and skilful in the management of men. He very adroitly won over Anstey, and sent him as Attorney-General to Hong-Kong. When Lord Palmerston saw the kind of man he had to deal with in Lucas in Parliament, he began by being very civil to him. Lucas returned the civility, got out of Lord Palmerston all that he could, which

chief of the English Tories. He was a munificent benefactor to the Church and the poor, and his abilities were of no mean order. But I doubt if he had a single follower in politics, or in any other matter of opinion. In 1848 there was not one Catholic nobleman who was a Tory.

was a good deal, and remained at his post as a member of the Independent Opposition. Anstey had some talents in a greater degree than Lucas, but Lucas was the greater man. As editor of a Catholic newspaper, he possessed qualifications which it would be difficult to surpass, and I have already mentioned the most important of them. The editor of a Catholic journal, unless it be professedly merely the organ of the clergy, should be a layman of thoroughly independent character, but at the same time one who knows when he ought to submit, and who has a good-will to submit, to lawful ecclesiastical authority. The very words "Catholic newspaper" imply that it is set up and conducted as the advocate of those who have, as a body, separate interests. But the separate interests of Catholics affect matters of religion, and are sometimes so closely connected with religion that no layman can presume to decide what is right and what is wrong. Hence the necessity of submission when authority speaks. But the means to be taken in order to obtain a right or to redress a wrong are, in our Constitutional system, sometimes such as the clergy can take without the assistance of the laity, as, for instance, when a priest writes to the Home Secretary about a workhouse grievance; or they are means which both clergy and laity must adopt in combination, such as petitions to Parliament, public meetings, and deputations to statesmen; or, again, they are means which only laymen can use, like questions and motions in Parliament, and a good deal of the work which has to be done when Associations intended to be permanent or temporary committees are formed in defence of our rights as Catholics and as citizens of the United Kingdom. In practical cases where means to obtain rights have to be taken, a layman is generally a better critic than a clergyman as to the particular means employed or to be employed, for he is judging of things in which laymen, according to our English customs, have the largest share of action, and he is, from his position, more independent than an ecclesiastic would be. And, besides this, in those questions of political action where a layman is as good a judge as a priest or a bishop, he will have to criticize, with all due deference and respect, the actions of priests and bishops, and it is far more easy and better for a layman to do this than it would be for one of the same order as the persons criticized. It would indeed be difficult to find a man more qualified than Lucas was to act the part of an independent critic keeping strictly in the bounds within which a Catholic layman may with safety act. I shall have occasion later on to speak of his prompt submission to ecclesiastical authority. I will only allude now to one, and, I believe, the principal, objection which has been made to his style of writing. It has been said that he offended people by the

too great plainness of his written words. This was what Pope Pius made reference to when Lucas had his first audience of the Holy Father in Rome. The Pope had, of course, been told this by those who were not only offended by Lucas's expressions, but who were opposed to his views on the great question which took him to the Eternal City. Precisely the same charge was made against Dr. Milner, and by the same class of men. The difference in the result was that, whereas the layman received the kindest possible hint, the bishop was severely rebuked. And the judgment of posterity is no doubt the same in both cases—namely, that neither Lucas nor Dr. Milner would have effected the good they did if they had not used the words which at the time were said by their enemies to be too strong. But granting that occasionally he might have used milder terms, the strength of his expressions was not such as to justify those who opposed his policy in making use of the imperfection to discredit Lucas in the opinion of the Pope. He was a grand Catholic writer, grand both in the matter and in the form of his articles. It would be as unreasonable to deny him that character as it would be unreasonable to deny that Rubens was a great painter because in the noble sweep of his bold outlines there was not the elegant finish of Raphael or of Guido. As a Catholic writer he was more truly Catholic than Louis Veuillot; and as a newspaper writer he was as strong, definite, and incisive as John Lemoine.*

"The journal," Mr. Lucas says, "had not been long in existence before the editor gathered round him a number of kindred spirits delighted at the appearance of such a champion." Mr. Lucas gives us the names of five of them, all well-known men, and whose Christian names, by a rather curious coincidence, are all "Charles"—Charles Langdale, Charles Clifford, Charles Waterton, Charles Townley, and Charles Weld, the four first of whom were much older than Lucas, and the last was his own age. The author also mentions that Mr. Anstey "was much at the office of the paper," and that, "of the clergy, Bishop Briggs especially may be named." At this distance of time, and as I was then only just out of my teens, I cannot remember all the chief supporters of the *Tablet*. But I may

* In journalistic writing I think that no one has ever surpassed John Lemoine in most of his articles in the *Journal des Débats*. In point of mere newspaper style, they seem to me to be perfection. Lucas never would have assumed, in writing about matters of faith, the dictatorial tone of Veuillot. And, besides that, he had this great merit, that he had no unworthy prejudices against any nation; whereas Veuillot was as unprincipled and as unfair when he wrote about England as the *Times* is when it writes about Ireland.

mention the late Mr. de la Barre Bodenham, who was a very intimate friend of Lucas; the late Bishop Amherst, who was one of his first Catholic acquaintances; the present Mr. Whitgreave, of Burton and Moseley; and I believe I may add the present Mr. Maxwell Stuart, of Traquair. From this it would appear that some of the best known of the Catholic aristocracy were not men who in Catholic newspaper composition preferred what is commonly called "milk and water."

Lucas very soon began to show his strength as a writer. In the fourth number he attacked the *Times* for an account which that newspaper gave of an anti-slavery meeting at which, by a disgraceful conspiracy, O'Connell was prevented from speaking "contrary to the general wish of the meeting." As a short specimen of Lucas's style I will give a portion of the passage. The *Tablet* quotes the words of the *Times*, and says:

We don't quote these sentences for any other purpose than to draw attention to them as a work of art. In addition to the qualities which we have already described as necessary to the composition of a thoroughly good lie,* the sentences in question possess one to which we have not yet alluded. It is this—that every word in the paragraph is scrupulously true, but the whole paragraph is entirely false. If our space permitted, we would examine it clause by clause, but we may safely leave the discovery of its merits to the sagacity of our readers, merely drawing attention to what a great saving of raw material may be effected where a man understands his trade, and knows how to construct the largest possible falsehood by a little dexterity in putting together acknowledged truths.

Soon after the commencement of the *Tablet*, the peace of Europe was in considerable danger in consequence of the treaty which was signed in London on the 14th of July, 1840, by all the Great Powers except France. The object of the treaty was to prevent Mehemet Ali from pursuing his victorious progress to the gates of Constantinople. France sympathized with Mehemet Ali, and, when she found that a treaty had been signed behind her back, she was greatly enraged, and a war cry raised by the deluded Minister, Thiers, threatened a serious breach of the peace. The *Univers* shouted loudly for war against England, assuming "that France was the natural defender of Catholicism throughout the East, and on that ground wanted a religious war." The *Tablet* wrote as follows:—

Let the interests of Catholics be protected; we wish nothing better; but let the common law of independent States be respected, and the

* "The article in which these words occur may be entitled an essay on 'The Art of Lying.'"

just limits of national authority preserved. We cannot forget that the men at the helm of France are men who think little of the interests of religion compared with the power, the interests, and the aggrandisement of France. We cannot, therefore, consent to recognize in the religion of those for whom French authority is occasionally exerted a sufficient excuse for the departure from all known rules and principles by which the conduct of nations is, or ought to be, regulated. If our fellow-Catholics are protected, we shall rejoice at it; but we shall not the less, when there is need, protest against the spirit of encroachment which, in these as well as in other matters, occasionally marks the proceedings of the French Government. . . . Is France, after having for half a century and upwards done more than any other nation to propagate impiety and obscenity, and whose popular literature has even now hardly ceased to be an agglomeration of the worst and vilest corruption—is France now so thoroughly identified with Christianity as to say, “He that is not with me is against Christianity”? We apprehend that most of our readers will think not. . . . An English blockade of Syria to rescue the Catholics of these mountains from the infernal despot of Syria will, forsooth, be regarded by France as a declaration of war. If France hires a soldier, or hoists a sail, or wastes an ounce of powder to maintain Mehemet in his tyranny over Syria, she outdoes Nicholas himself. France the protector of Catholicity in this contest! France the promoter of civilization! England the ally of barbarism! Monstrous! So far as the interests of civilization are concerned in keeping the paw of Russia off Constantinople, France again is the enemy of civilization by declining to sign a treaty, and so leaving herself without any legal means of controlling and directing the manner of Russian interference. England, on the other hand, is the friend of civilization by taking the reasonable precaution of acquiring a right by treaty to say to Russia, “Thus far shalt thou go.” . . . It is not agreeable to us to have to enter thus warmly into a contest with our respected contemporary; but we perceive that advantage has been taken of articles in the *Univers* to implicate Catholics generally as accomplices, in wish at least, in the scheme of a propagandist war.*

This is forcible, spirited, impartial, and thoroughly English writing. About this time Lucas wrote an article, much spoken of at the time, entitled “Ancient Charity and Modern Poor Laws.” It is too long to quote in this review; a word about its object and a short extract from its conclusion must suffice. The article is given nearly entire in the first volume of the *Life*, and, as the author says, “it may very well be studied at this day.” It was written at a time of general distress in the country, when “the condition of the people was deplorable,” and “political economists were proving, to their own satisfaction, that it was quite right to take the labour of the poor at utterly

* *Life*, vol. i. pp. 41–2–3.

inadequate wages, and that the remedy for the universal selfishness was free trade in corn. Supply and demand was the sole consideration by which wages could be regulated."

To sum up all in one sentence [wrote the editor of the *Tablet*], the aim of the old system was to call out and develop the higher qualities of the mind by the kindly influence of the sun of beneficence; the aim of the modern system is to repress evil, to scourge imposture, and by the terror of famine, amidst frost and snow and all kinds of moral inclemencies, to call out the one dwarf plant of worldly economy. Though we acquit the authors and the instruments of this system of any other motives than those of a desire to do good and benefit the species after their own fashion, we must honestly say that their schemes remind us very forcibly of the legislators described by Burke: "In the groves of their academy, at the end of every vista, you see nothing but the gallows."*

We have seen that when the *Tablet* was started Lucas was not a Repealer. His chief reason, as a Catholic, for desiring a continuance of the Union was "the effect that Repeal would have upon the political power of the Catholics of the empire, as well in Great Britain as in the colonies."

We cry loudly for union; union, not to the injury of Ireland, but to the common benefit of us all; a union, in all possible ways and by all possibilities, among the votaries of a common faith, that our enemies may not triumph over us; a union for the benefit of Ireland, unless Irishmen care nothing for the thousands, or rather millions, of their countrymen who are peopling England and Scotland and every distant corner of the empire. Lastly, we cry loudly against the proposed disjunction, because it would amount to a breach of union among Catholics, while the power of their opponents would remain untouched, unbroken, and entire. . . . United, the Catholics are one-third of the empire, and more numerous than any other denomination. Separated, what are we? It is the old story of the bundle of sticks.†

Lucas's reason for not arguing the question of Repeal in the pages of his journal sooner than he did, was, to use his own words, because he was "unwilling to do anything unnecessarily to bring about a coolness between the Catholics of Ireland and those of England." He afterwards, as I have related, changed his opinion. He became convinced that the overwhelming argument in favour of Repeal was that it would free one race from a degrading subjection to another race whose motives in government were hatred of the Catholic Church and jealousy of the prosperity of Ireland. In consequence of the opposition of the *Tablet* to Repeal, Lucas had to measure swords with O'Connell.

* Life, vol. i. p. 55.

† *Ibid.* pp. 59-60-61-62.

But there was no abuse or anger on either side. The question was argued, both by the *Liberator* and the Editor, intellectually and well. "To the honour of O'Connell," says Mr. Edward Lucas, "he never abated one jot of confidence in the man. And, indeed, the opposition was in such marked contrast to the dishonest attacks, the vile and calumnious abuse, of the English Press, that all other feelings seemed to have been swallowed up in admiration."*

In the year 1842 a commercial dispute rendered it necessary for Lucas to issue his paper under the name of the *True Tablet*. He very soon beat his rival out of the field, but at considerable expense. This, however, afforded an opportunity of showing in what high estimation his writings were held. He was obliged to ask for contributions. His appeal was handsomely responded to, and bishops, priests, colleges, and convents sent in their subscriptions. Nor were the laity less anxious to support the editor. Amongst the names of the subscribers, those of Clifford, Stourton, Camoys, Wolseley, Langdale, Weld, Digby, Huddleston, Berkeley, Bodenham, Loughnan, Silvertop, and Tempest show in what estimation he was held. "Belgium and Portugal forwarded their quotas. Readers who disagreed with much that the *Tablet* contained wrote commendatory letters, declaring they could not do without it."† Every grievance under which Catholics suffered, whether in the United Kingdom or in any of "the colonies and dependencies thereof," was exposed and explained in the pages of the *Tablet*. Every right which Catholics have in common with all other her Majesty's subjects was clearly stated and proved. With Lucas everything was said and done openly and publicly, except where ordinary prudence demanded reserve. This conduct produced its effect, and Catholic agitation was thoroughly English. The spirit of the leaders was infused into those who worked with them, and a school of Catholic politicians was being gradually formed. Lucas, as I have noted at the beginning of this article, was essentially practical. He wrote nothing for mere effect; he would have scorned to throw dust in the eyes of his readers by representing himself or others to be doing something when they

* In those days the *Tablet* was not amongst the papers taken at the Reform Club. O'Connell, who was one of the most distinguished members of that Club, used to go into the library on a Saturday evening, and, before looking at the latest editions of the London evening papers, he took the *Tablet* from his pocket, and, judging from the time he was engaged with it, must have read at least all that was written by Lucas before he folded it up again.

† It used to be a joke in some families that those who spoke most against the *Tablet* were those who were most anxious to see it on a Sunday morning, and who kept it the longest from others.

were doing little or nothing. And when there was occasion for action, he engaged actively in the work himself, and he instructed others how work should be done on committees and in Associations, in words showing tact and wisdom, and not in those vague phrases which the present generation is content to listen to.

It is impossible, in the limited space which a writer in a Review can reasonably ask for, to give even an analysis of the whole of Lucas's career, and at the same time insert quotations from his writings sufficient in number to make the reader understand the greatness of the man. I must go very hurriedly over the years which preceded the return of Lucas for the county of Meath. He wrote a good deal of sound Catholic matter about the Oxford Movement. The author says :—"There is, I think, no instance in the life of my brother in which he showed more penetration and a more even balance of mind than in his treatment of the Tractarian Movement, and of the chief men concerned in it." * He attacked Sir James Graham's Factory Bill, some of the clauses of which would have placed "the education of factory children in the hands of the Anglican Establishment." The Dissenters, as well as the *Tablet*, opposed the Bill, and the education clauses were withdrawn. "The boldness of the *Tablet* roused the enthusiasm of the Catholic clergy and middle class throughout the country." † The majority of the upper class were not so enthusiastic; and I believe it was at this time that Lucas wrote the observation on the late Duke of Norfolk which, on his death-bed, he offered publicly to withdraw. In 1843 he went to Ireland. His description and denunciation of the terrible effects of English rule in Ireland need not be cited. Everybody now knows and believes it, and all honest men confess it. He was converted to Repeal by an argument used by O'Connell at the great "monster meeting" at Mullaghmast :—

O'Connell said that the Union had been passed by men who had no legal right whatever to barter away the Constitution of the country. They had been elected to make laws for Ireland, not to hand over that function to the British Government; to act under the Constitution, not to annihilate it. The delegation of the people was confined within the limits of the Constitution, and the moment Parliament went beyond those limits, and destroyed the Constitution, at that moment it annihilated its own powers. The Act of Union was, therefore, altogether beyond the legitimate functions of the Irish Parliament, and for that reason was, in law, null and void. Seeing the force of this argument, Lucas adopted it, and, in supporting it, said: "English common law, English practice, and one notable precedent in particular—that of Charles the Second's restoration—damn it [the Union]

* Life, vol. i. p. 87.

† *Ibid.* p. 121.

beyond redemption. A Legislature overthrown within the memory of men now living by a combination of force, fraud, and terror, the overthrow never for an instant having been acquiesced in by the nation, is not legally defunct and abolished."

Of O'Connell's trial in 1844 Lucas took from the beginning the correct view—namely, that everything would be arranged by the authorities to procure a certain conviction. Of the whole trial we may say what Lord Brougham said of a coroner's inquest in the West Indies over the bodies of eleven women who had been flogged to death: "The handmaids of Justice were present, though their sacred mistress was far away." * But, as all the world knows, in O'Connell's case just one handmaid was designedly kept away; but she made her escape, forced her way into the House of Lords, and upset the verdict.

Lucas wrote a series of articles under the title of "How to Set our House in Order." They went thoroughly to the root of the principles which should be the base of Catholic action. Let any one who cares to be of use in forwarding the cause of the Church in England turn to those articles, in a file of the *Tablet* if he can find one, if not, in the abstract given to us by the author. If the application of the principles is not in every case now as it was then, the spirit of the articles will impart sound Catholic strength and vigour. One immediate effect of the last of the series above mentioned was the formation in England of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. Lucas's connection with the Society has been already mentioned. If that had been the only public act of his life, the gratitude of many hundreds of members and many thousands of the poor should preserve the name of Frederick Lucas from being ever forgotten. † Lucas opposed with all his might the "Charitable Bequests Bill," "one of a series of measures deliberately intended to undermine the Catholic religion." ‡ The Irish bishops were unanimous against the Bill, and Rome was "adverse to it, and favoured the opposition." Nevertheless, several of the bishops consented to be nominated on the Board created by the Bill. The Government triumphed, and the Bill became an Act. "The passing of this Act, and

* Speech for the immediate emancipation of the Negro apprentices.

† There are some persons who are so inordinately afraid of the title "Laudator temporis acti" that, were the race of eagles to become extinct, mere human respect would induce them to maintain that the hawks were finer birds. Without the smallest intention of doing anything so absurd as to carry on the illustration beyond the last sentence, let any one compare the list of *active* members of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul in 1886 with the list in 1846, and then let him form his opinion on which list the Catholic young men of England are best represented.

‡ *Life*, vol. i. p. 169.

afterwards the action of a minority of the Irish bishops, gave occasion," says the author, "to some of the most forcible writing to be found in the *Tablet*." Catholics of the United Kingdom should study that "forcible writing," and learn how legitimate opposition on the part of a layman, especially a representative layman, to the conduct of ecclesiastics may exist, and how it may be expressed. I may here give an instance of the perfect submission of Lucas to ecclesiastical authority. In the year 1848 the Association of St. Thomas of Canterbury called a meeting to address the Holy Father, Pope Pius IX., on the subject of the "Diplomatic Relations Bill." The resolutions passed at the meeting condemned the Bill. The Vicar Apostolic of the London district, Bishop Walsh, was content that Catholics should express what opinions they pleased upon the measure; but Bishop Wiseman, who was Coadjutor Bishop to Dr. Walsh, was greatly displeased at the opposition to the Bill, and went so far as to issue a publication censuring the proceedings at the meeting.* A meeting of the Association was called to decide what was to be done under the circumstances. It was a difficult question for the committee to decide. The question was: Was the pamphlet a Pastoral, or was it not? It began with the words, "Nicholas, by the grace of God," &c. &c.; but it was not ordered to be read in the chapels, and was merely sent to the booksellers to be sold, and the title-page was similar to that of an ordinary pamphlet. Lucas was burning to answer it in the *Tablet*, but was stopped by the doubts of some of the committee as to the nature of the publication. It was agreed to adjourn the meeting in order to request the attendance of the late Bishop Morris that his lordship might decide the knotty point. Dr. Morris came, and, having heard both sides, gave his decision that it was a Pastoral, and could not be answered. Lucas was disappointed, but his obedience was perfect. I do not think he ever even alluded to the "Pastoral" in the pages of the *Tablet*. If Dr. Morris had decided that it was not a Pastoral, it would have had an answer that would not have been soon forgotten. Lucas opposed the establishment of the "godless colleges" in a series of articles which may be classed amongst his masterpieces, and, as his brother remarks, "it may truly be said that in no small degree the exertions of the *Tablet* at that epoch prevented the godless system from taking hold of the Irish people." On this question Lucas differed from the party in Ireland called the "Young Irelanders," a party which, though it made some mistakes, was undoubtedly the party which at that time held the true principles on which their

* The title of the pamphlet was, if I remember rightly, "Words of Peace and Truth."

country should be regenerated. Coming when it did, I believe the death of Thomas Davies was a greater misfortune to Ireland than the death of O'Connell. During the great and terrible famine of 1846-7 Lucas did all he could to urge the only method of relief which could stem the evil, against the cold-blooded application of those rules of political economy which were no more fit to arrest the awful calamity than a garden-pump is fit to save a mansion on fire. Besides this, he wrote what Mr. Edward Lucas calls "a lay sermon," which stirred the charity of English Catholics to its depths and produced a large sum of relief. This magnificent appeal is given at length in the *Life*.* Lucas served on the committee of the Catholic Institute during its last days. The history of this time has so lately appeared from the pen of Lucas's own nephew that I need not enter into those proceedings, one result of which was that the persevering energy of Lucas succeeded in establishing a new Association, called "The Association of St. Thomas of Canterbury," which but for untoward circumstances might have been an efficient organization for the despatch of Catholic business. The first draft of the rules of that Association was prepared by Lucas and Mr. David Lewis. The Association continued to flourish, and during about a year effected much good under the very active secretaryship of Mr. Henry Pownall, the honorary secretary. Without any symptoms of decay, the Association suddenly fell to pieces. As I have only here to speak of Frederick Lucas, I must add that the failure of the Association was not his fault.

The most distinguished of living Irishmen, and the man *facile primus* the most competent, on every consideration, to speak on Irish affairs, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, was imprisoned by the Whig Government in 1848. This "brought out Lucas strongly in defence of his friend."* When the *Life* of Sir Charles shall come to be written—but may that time be far distant—the biographer must not forget the eulogium passed upon him by one who knew him well, who never said a word in praise of any one which he did not know to be true, and who was one of the best judges in the world of the qualities of true Christian patriotism. The Irish insurrection, the Hungarian revolution, and other events induced Lucas to study military affairs. He wrote an article in the March number of the *DUBLIN REVIEW*, 1849, entitled "The Duke of Marlborough—Usages of War."

The latter part of the article concerned the conduct of the troops under Marlborough and Wellington, and the general theory of making

* Vol. i. pp. 236-42.

* *Ibid.* p. 321.

war support war. This had a very practical bearing on the question of the National Debt, and would seem to be of unabated interest at the present day, when the burden of taxation weighs more heavily than ever upon the country. A copy of the article was sent to Sir William Napier, the author of "The History of the Peninsular War." From him Lucas received a letter couched in very flattering terms. In this Sir William said he should have thought it almost impossible for a civilian so completely to have mastered the theory of war. This was high praise, coming as it did after Alison's two works, in which that writer exhibits the results of his peculiar study of military affairs. *

At the end of the year 1849 Lucas removed the *Tablet* to Ireland. It was chiefly in the service of the Irish people that Lucas was to live and to work for six years more ; it was in their service that he was to die.

At this time there was a good opening in Dublin for a paper conducted as the *Tablet* had been. In England there had not been sufficient circulation to warrant Lucas in continuing the paper here. He felt sure of a continued sale in England, and a very much larger sale in Ireland. Addressing his readers before changing the place of publication, he wrote as follows :—

"Those who think that my departure leaves an opening for some cowardly, truckling, time-serving, twaddling Government hack, whose congenial business it will be to indite falsehoods and betray the Church, are respectfully informed that no such individuals have the slightest chance of success, and, if I can make good my footing in Dublin, I will undertake to keep the field as clear of these pedlars and their packs as ever I have been able to do in London," and so he did.

"Although Lucas fully intended, on removing to Ireland, to direct his attention nearly as much as before to the general interests of the Church, he was soon too much engrossed with Irish affairs to be able to do so."† Famine, universal distress, workhouse horrors, wholesale evictions, rack rent, and absenteeism were desolating Ireland, and making the lives of those who remained on the soil miserable and in despair. This state of things gave the well-wishers of Ireland plenty to do. Amongst other things was formed the Tenant League, the first of those Associations the last of which will eventually free the whole of Ireland, as O'Connell's "Catholic Association," the last of a long series, succeeded in liberating Catholics from the most oppressive of Penal Laws. At one of the early meetings of the League, Lucas proposed and carried the following resolution :—

That our efforts will be ineffectual unless we have as representatives men of known honesty, who will withhold support from any Cabinet

* Life, vol. i. pp. 330-1.

† *Ibid.* p. 371.

that will not advance these principles [that is, the principles of the Tenant League].

"This," says the author, "was the beginning of what came to be afterwards known as the Independent Opposition in the House of Commons." Lucas has, therefore, the credit of forming that powerful band which, having in its early days been betrayed by perjurers and swindlers, re-formed its ranks, after six-and-thirty years turned out a Ministry on the very night when it announced coercion for Ireland, and which, being now in compact array, will, if it perseveres, before long carry the question of Home Rule. The *Times* newspaper, which had ignored the *Tablet* while it was in England, was obliged to notice it now that it was the mouth-piece in Dublin of Irish wrongs and Irish demands. Lucas forced that paper into a correspondence with himself on the question of tenant-right. I must pass over Lucas's defence of Pope Pius IX., and of the liberty of the Catholic Church in England, at the time when the Holy Father established the new hierarchy in England. One effect of the agitation was to produce the formation of the "Catholic Defence Association of Great Britain and Ireland." If Lucas could have directed the counsels of that Association, it might have done more good than any Association which has been established in the United Kingdom since the passing of Emancipation. It had the highest possible patronage; Cardinal Wiseman, Dr. Cullen (then Primate of All Ireland), many English and most of the Irish bishops, a large array of the nobility and commoners of both islands," and the Independent Opposition in the House of Commons all supporting it. But Lucas was carefully kept out of the management by a small band of men who were trading on patriotism for their own selfish purposes, who sold their country, sold their consciences, and eventually died in disgrace.

At the General Election of 1852, Lucas was returned for the county Meath, the Defence Association, or rather the band above mentioned, having done all they could to prevent his election. His success in Parliament was complete. He soon caught the ear of the House, and was attentively listened to, except during his first speech, which was unfortunately made when the House was unusually impatient for a division. What his brother calls "his first speech" was described by the *Liverpool Journal* as a "really splendid speech, careful, moderate, and complete." "Duffy," who was a member of the House, "wrote that Lucas had made one of the most powerful and convincing speeches it had been his good fortune to listen to; that he had done two things at one blow—advanced materially and computably the position of the tenant question, and achieved a parliamentary reputation for himself; adding, that the Tory party gave him perfect fair play and

bore willing testimony to his success."* The speech was on the Irish Land question. "Lucas's happiest effort in Parliament" was "his speech on the Madiai question." Those who wish to know the details of this matter must turn to the *Life of Lucas*. The most complete condensation of this speech, by severe analysis, may be expressed in the fine old saying, "Those who live in glass houses must not throw stones." A certain "Mr. Kinnaird moved an address to her Majesty asking her to take steps, in concert with the Governments of Prussia and Holland, to remonstrate . . . with the Grand Duke of Tuscany on an alleged case of proselytism;" but Lucas's speech compelled Mr. Kinnaird to withdraw his motion. If any English Catholic cares to know how the charges of proselytism made by Protestants against Catholics should be answered, let him turn to this speech. "While listening to the speech," says the author, "a stranger who sat next my father in the gallery asked who the speaker was, remarking . . . 'Why, he has blown them clean out of the water.'" In the session of 1853 Lucas again distinguished himself in the debates on Mr. Gladstone's Budget, the Convents' Inspection Bill, the grant for the repairs of Maynooth College, and the question of appointing Catholic chaplains to prisons. On this last subject he obtained from Lord Palmerston, then Home Secretary, not only compliments on his speech, but a concession of the right of Catholics to relief. In the session of 1854 he made one of his cleverest efforts on a motion for an inquiry into certain charges of venality and corruption against some of the Irish members. He also complained of sailors in the navy being compelled to attend Protestant services on board ship. He spoke again on the subject of Catholic chaplains in gaols; on the disestablishment of the Irish Church; and on the question of throwing open the University of Oxford to the Dissenters. But, with regard to this measure, he expressed his opinion that it would be extremely injurious to Catholic interests if Catholics were to take advantage of any right of admission which might be obtained. He also addressed the House on an Industrial School Bill, which he described as not so much an industrial as a proselytizing Bill. And "he placed on the books of the House three amendments to a Reformatory Schools (Scotland) Bill." Thus we see what a strong, vigilant, active, and persevering advocate the Church in England had when Frederick Lucas was a member of Parliament. In the autumn of 1854 he went to Birmingham to make inquiries bearing on the question of industrial schools, and while in the town he received an address from the Birmingham Catholic Association. The meeting to present the address was

* *Life*, vol. ii. p. 8.

held in the Bishop's house, the chair being taken by the President of Oscott College, supported on the right by his lordship the present Bishop of Birmingham. The address contained the following words :—

Let any one who is old enough to be able to make the comparison contrast the English Catholics of twenty years ago and the English Catholics of to-day; . . . it is impossible for him, if he be just, not to attribute a great share in these changes to the writings of Frederick Lucas.

It is difficult—it is, I think, impossible—to conceive what greater consolation a man could feel than to hear such words said of himself. Lucas had only fourteen months of life remaining. Those words seem to have been, by a special privilege, prophetic of other words which we may firmly hope he heard on the 22nd of October in the following year: “Well done, thou good and faithful servant.” Lucas's career in Parliament was now practically over. When next he went into the House of Commons, in the summer of 1855, he was so wasted and worn by illness that the door-keepers did not know him. It now only remains to tell the last and most heroic act of his life—an act of heroic patriotism and of devotion to the Church. But the space allowed to me obliges me to tell it in a few words. A vital question had arisen amongst the Catholics of Ireland :—Were the clergy of Ireland to use their legitimate authority in protecting their people from the tyranny of Whigs, Tories, and landlords; were they to direct and control their flocks in the use of those political rights which, without such direction and control, would inevitably end in riot and confusion; in a word, were the great bulk of the Irish people to use the franchise and all the other liberties of British subjects for the benefit of their country and their religion, or for the benefit of English politicians and Irish traitors? The highest ecclesiastical authority in Ireland forbade the clergy to attend public meetings. Lucas appealed to Rome, and himself carried the appeal to the Holy Father. I will here give some of Lucas's remarks on the order. They occur in the “Statement,” and have been given for the first time to the public in the volumes at the head of this article.

This command to the clergy to abstain from public meetings will either be obeyed or not. My own belief is, that, being altogether impracticable and unsuited to the circumstances of Ireland, it will hardly be possible to obey it; that the first persons to disobey it will be those who now clamour for it; that the next general election will see it broken and set at naught; that it will be taken merely as a party triumph achieved in Rome by the friends and clients of the English Government; that it will be used as an instrument for persecuting

good priests when their honesty becomes too troublesome; but that nobody who knows the state of Ireland dreams for a moment of enforcing any such rule. But suppose that by some strange accident it should happen to be obeyed, what would be the result? The first result would be to weaken still further than the Archbishop of Dublin has already weakened the strength of the Catholics in Parliament, to increase the numbers of our enemies in the House of Commons, and, by publishing our weakness, to stimulate against us their zeal along with their power. The second effect would be this, that, though priests might not attend meetings, meetings would still be held. They would be attended prominently in many instances by men smarting under the belief that the Church has abandoned the people, and from this circumstance prone to new and dangerous projects. Hitherto the presence of priests at public meetings in Ireland has been a powerful guarantee for the Church in all popular movements. It has checked the rashness of well-intentioned men; it has kept in awe those who in secret may have meditated evil things against the Church; it has infused a spirit of religion, wanting in too many other countries, into the popular politics of the time. But once exclude priests from all participation in popular movements; once tell the people that these things are so strictly secular that it is unfit for a priest to appear in them, depend upon it the people in the long run will take those who tell them so at their word—popular politics will *become* so secular that in very truth no priest *ought* to be connected with them. The rule will become a prophecy, and will insure its own fulfilment; and the guidance of popular movements, instead of being, as now, under ecclesiastical control, will fall into lay hands little careful about the Church, less and less imbued with the spirit of their faith, and more and more disposed to treat the Church as an impediment, if not as an enemy.

Some of the clergy in Ireland were actually suffering persecution for their devotion to the cause of the people, and Lucas hastened to Rome. On his way through London he received an address and testimonial from the English Catholics. To carry out this object Canon Oakeley and the Hon. John Arundell (now Lord Arundell of Wardour) acted as secretaries. "Adhesions came in from all sides—from the aristocracy, from the religious Orders, among whom," says his brother, "I may mention particularly the Society of Jesus, from English seminaries and colleges, from provosts, canons, prelates, chamberlains of the Papal Court itself, from the parochial clergy, from literary men and artists, and from the middle class."* With this grand testimonial ("the first," said the Hon. Mr. Arundell, "ever presented by the English Catholic body") Lucas was "cheered on his way to Rome." He had more than one long interview with

* Life, vol. ii. p. 105.

the Holy Father, at one of which he was ordered by His Holiness to prepare a statement of his case against the order which it was proposed to issue forbidding the Irish clergy to interfere publicly between the Catholic people and their oppressors. He remained in Rome to write the "Statement," which he had not quite finished at the time of his death. This "Statement" is one of the most valuable, if not the most valuable, of the State Papers relating to the affairs of the Catholics of the United Kingdom. Every Catholic who wishes to understand the "Irish Question" should read it. The facts related in it, with the exception of such as took place in Rome, are those which were notorious in Ireland. It is strong, but it is respectful; it is firm and independent, but it is submissive to authority. It is a splendid piece of pleading in the cause of liberty and of the Church. If any one reading it should be inclined to think that in some personal matters Lucas, as the phrase is, goes too far, let him remember that our hero was at the time what I may call the trustee of the freedom of the Catholic Church in Ireland; that he was the advocate appointed by the Holy Father himself to put before His Holiness a case in which Lucas firmly believed, of which he was the conscientious defender, and which, after a bitter experience and the lapse of years, is acknowledged by the whole Irish episcopate to be the only case which can be maintained with any regard to the well-being of the Catholic people and the Catholic Church in Ireland. Lucas was bound in conscience and in honour to say all that he did; and the voice of Catholic Ireland, without a note of discord which is not immediately drowned, proclaims that he told the truth. Even Cardinal Cullen, the chief opponent against whom Lucas argued, "long before his death discovered his mistake." *

In the course of his business with the "Court of Rome," Lucas discovered that the authorities there had not only an imperfect, but a very erroneous, notion of the nature of the "Opposition" in our parliamentary government. He found that it was looked upon as a wrongful opposition to a properly constituted authority. He had therefore to explain, in the "Statement," our whole parliamentary system. This he does in a masterly way. I do not suppose it has ever been done better; perhaps never so well and so clearly in a few words. If it were not for the length of this article, it would have been well to insert the whole of that passage.†

Lucas came back to England in the month of May, 1855, with his health completely broken. Everything that medical aid

* *Life*, vol. ii. p. 470.

† *Ibid.* pp. 264 *et seq.*

and the kindness of friends could do for him was done. But it was not the will of God that he should be spared to us. He died on October 22, 1855, in the house of his brother-in-law, Mr. Skidmore Ashby, of Staines. He was attended during his illness by the Very Rev. Dr. Robert Whitty, then Vicar-General of Cardinal Wiseman, now Father Whitty, S.J., and by Father Tracy Clarke, the Master of Novices at Beaumont Lodge.

When I consider the great qualities which Lucas had, his wonderful Catholic instincts, his firm and simple faith, his devotion to the Church and to the Holy Father, his sterling English character and strong common-sense, his love of truth and hatred of hypocrisy, his plain-speaking and entire freedom from all inordinate human respect, his indomitable courage, and willingness to suffer anything in the cause of his country and religion; that pleasing gaiety which never deserted him even in his last hours, and which, in a man of his unwavering belief, was a sign of an innocent conscience and of lively hope; when to this character, which certainly was his, I add all that he did by his writings, in his short term as a member of the Legislature, and in Rome, I deliberately think that if it had pleased God not to call him away in the midst of his days, but to allow him five-and-twenty years' more work, he would have gone down to posterity as the greatest English Catholic layman since the day of Sir Thomas More. When I was thinking over the character of Lucas preparatory to commencing this article, before I had read the second volume, and when I was trying to discover a man with whom to measure him, I could find no one till the martyred Chancellor occurred to me. It was, therefore, with surprise and joy that, in reading Father Whitty's account of the last days of our hero, I came suddenly upon the following words: "No one, I think, could have known him intimately without seeing a certain resemblance between him and Sir Thomas More." Can I be wrong in supposing that there must have been some resemblance when the likeness struck, quite independently of each other, two men who both knew Lucas well?

In concluding this article, I would suggest to the author, who has written his brother's Life, that, should the volumes see a second edition, it would be a very great improvement if he would add to them an index or at least a much more elaborate table of contents, and make in the body of the work more frequent allusions to dates. One other thing, too, I would propose—that some of the writings of Lucas should be collected under different headings, and published. We should then possess—and it would be a boon—a complete guide to Catholic political action; an easily accessible expression of sound Catholic

opinion, upon almost every kind of question that exists now or may arise amongst us, in Lucas's plain and sterling English.

For the rest, I do not wish to conceal that for many reasons the writing of this article has been a labour of love. The "editorial veil" has been drawn up; and if any reader should smile at what he may term "egotism," I can only say that, if such a supposed weakness has in any way helped to magnify the character of one whom I believe to have been very great, and whom, when living, I admired as a valued friend, I shall rejoice in any blame that may be imputed.

WM. J. ANHERST, S.J.

* The old Catholic Institute did a great deal of good by printing and publishing many small works, one of which (Dr. Baines' sermon on "Faith, Hope, and Charity"), it used to be said, had caused more conversions than any other work except Dr. Milner's "End of Religious Controversy." Why should not the "Catholic Union" apply for leave from those who have the copyright of what Lucas wrote, and employ some of its surplus money in giving such a manual to the public?



BRIEF OF POPE LEO XIII. IN FAVOUR OF
THE SOCIETY OF JESUS.

LEO PP. XIII.

AD FUTURAM REI MEMORIAM.

DOLEMUS inter alia, quibus cor nostrum in tanta rerum perturbatione angitur, iniurias et damna illata religiosis Regularium Ordinum familiis, quae a sanctissimis institutae viris, magno usui et ornamento tum catholicae Ecclesiae, tum civili etiam societati commodo et utilitati sunt, quaeque omni tempore de religione ac bonis artibus, deque animarum salute optime meruerunt. Propterea Nobis est gratum, oblata occasione, laudem quae iisdem religiosis familiis iure meritoque debetur, tribuere, et benevolentiam qua eas, uti et Praedecessores Nostri, complectimur, publice et palam testari.

Iamvero, quum noverimus pluribus abhinc annis novam inchoatam esse editionem operis, cui titulus "Institutum Societatis Iesu" eamque a dilecto filio Antonio Maria Anderledy Vicario generali eiusdem Societatis Iesu assiduo studio absolvendam curari, eisdemque operis adhuc desiderari librum, in quo Apostolicae litterae praefatae Societati, eiusque institutori sancto Ignatio de Loyola aliisque Praepositis generalibus datae habentur, hanc arripiendam censuimus occasionem exhibendi Nostrae erga Societatem Iesu, egregie de re catholica et civili meritam, voluntatis testimonium. Quare incoeptam operis praedicti editionem in decus utilitatenique eiusdem Societatis cesseram probamus, laudamus, eamque continuari et ad finem perducere cupimus. Utque vel magis Nostra in Societatem Iesu voluntas perspecta sit, omnes et singulas litteras Apostolicas, quae respiciunt erectionem et confirmationem Societatis Iesu, per Praedecessores Nostros Romanos Pontifices a felicis recordationis Paulo III. ad haec usque tempora datas, tam sub plumbo quam in forma Brevis confectas, et in iis contenta atque inde sequuta quaecumque, necnon omnia et singula vel directe vel per communicationem cum aliis Ordinibus Regularibus eidem Societati impertita, quae tamen dictae Societati non adversentur, neque a Tridentina Synodo aut ab aliis Apostolicae Sedis Constitutionibus in parte vel in toto abrogata sint et revocata, privilegia, immunitates, exemptiones, indulta hisce litteris confirmamus et Apostolicae auctoritatis robore munimus, iterumque concedimus.

Idcirco decernimus has litteras Nostras firmas, validas et efficaces existere et fore, suosque plenarios et integros effectus sortiri atque obtinere, et iis ad quos spectat et spectare poterit plenissime suffragari. Non obstantibus Apostolicis litteris Clementis PP. XIV., incipientibus "Dominus ac Redemptor" in forma Brevis die XXI. Iulii anno MDCLXXIII. expeditis, aliisque quibuscumque, licet

speciali et individua mentione ac derogatione dignis, in contrarium facientibus; quibus omnibus ac singulis ad praemissorum effectum tantum specialiter et expresse derogamus.

Sint hae litterae Nostrae testes amoris, quo iugiter prosecuti sumus et prosequimur inclytam Societatem Iesu, Praedecessoribus Nostris ac Nobis ipsis devotissimam, fecundam tum sanctimoniae tum sapientiae laude praestantium virorum nutricem, solidae sanaeque altricem doctrinae; quae graves licet propter iustitiam persecutiones perpressa, numquam in excolenda vinea Domini alacri invictoque animo adlaborare desistit. Pergat igitur bene merita Societas Iesu, ab ipso Concilio Tridentino commendata et a Praedecessoribus Nostris praeconio laudum cumulata, pergat, in tanta hominum perversitate contra Iesu Christi Ecclesiam, suum persequi institutum ad maiorem Dei gloriam sempiternamque animarum salutem; pergat suo ministerio in sacris expeditionibus infideles et haereticos ad veritatis lucem traducere et revocare, iuventutem christianis virtutibus bonisque artibus imbuere, philosophicas ac theologicas disciplinas ad mentem Angelici Doctoris tradere. Interea dilectissimam Nobis Societatem Iesu peramanter complectentes, Societatis eiusdem Praeposito Generali et eius Vicario singulisque alumniis Apostolicam impertimus benedictionem.

Datum Romae, apud S. Petrum, sub annulo Piscatoris, die XIII. Iulii MDCCCLXXXVI., Pontificatus Nostri anno nono.

M. CARD. LEDOCHOWSKI.

LETTER OF POPE LEO XIII. TO THE BISHOPS OF HUNGARY.

*Venerabilibus Fratribus Primati Archiepiscopis Episcopis Aliisque
Locorum Ordinariis in Hungaria Gratiam et Communionem
cum Apostolica Sede Habentibus.*

LEO. PP. XIII.

VENERABILES FRATRES, SALUTEM ET APOSTOLICAM BENEDICTIONEM.

QUOD multum diuque optabamus, ut litteris Nostris opportune liceret affari Vos, quemadmodum Episcopos ex aliis gentibus nonnullis affati sumus, eo videlicet proposito ut vobiscum consilia Nostra de rebus communicaremus, quae ad prosperitatem christiani nominis salutemque Hungarorum pertinere viderentur, id Nobis est per hos ipsos dies optima opportunitate datum, cum liberatam duobus ante saeculis Budam memori laetitia Hungaria concelebraret.—In domesticis Hungarorum laudibus haec quidem futura est ad perennitatem insignis, maioribus vestris contigisse ut civitatem principem, quam saeculi unius dimidiatique spatio hostes insederant, virtute et constantia recuperarent. Cuius divini beneficii ut et recordatio maneret et gratia, merito Innocentius XI. P. M. decrevit, ut postridie calendas Septembris, quo die tanta gesta res est, sacra solemnia in honorem sancti Stephani, primi ex regibus vestris apostolicis, toto orbe christiano agerentur. Iamvero satis est cognitum, suas

Apostolicae Sedi, nec sane postremas, fuisse partes in hoc, de quo loquimur, maximo faustissimoque eventu, qui velut sponte consecutus est ex nobilissima tribus ante annis de eodem hoste ad Vindobonam victoria: quae sane magna ex parte apostolicis Innocentii curis iure tribuitur, et qua parta debilitari Maomethanorum opes in Europa coeptae sunt.—Verumtamen et ante illam aetatem in similibus saepe temporibus Decessores Nostri augendas Hungariae vires curaverunt consilio, auxiliis, pecunia, foederibus. A Callisto III. ad Innocentium XI. plures numerantur Pontifices romani, quorum nomen honoris caussa hoc in genere appellari oporteret. Unus sit instar omnium Clemens VIII. cui, cum Strigonium et Vincestgraz e Turcarum essent dominatu vindicata, summa regni Consilia decrevere ut grates publice agerentur, quod derelictis ac prope desperatis rebus suis ille unus opportune et prolixè opitulatus esset.—Itaque sicut Apostolica Sedes Hungarorum generi nunquam defuit, quoties ipsis esset cum hostibus religionis morumque christianorum depugnandum, ita nunc, quando auspicatissimae memoriae permovet animos recordatio, vobiscum libens coniungitur iustae communionis laetitiae: habitâque dissimilium temporum ratione, hoc volumus, hoc agimus unice, confirmare in professione catholica multitudinem, pariterque conferre, quoad possumus, operam ad communia pericula propulsanda: quo ipso assequemur, ut a Nobis saluti publicae serviat.

Ipsa testis est Hungaria, munus a Deo nullum posse vel hominibus singulis vel civitatibus dari maius quam ut eius beneficio et accipiant catholicam veritatem et acceptam cum perseverantia retineant. In eiusmodi munere per se maximo inest aliorum bonorum cumulatâ complexio, quorum ope non solum homines singuli sempiternam in caelis felicitatem, sed civitates ipsae magnitudinem veri nominis prosperitatemque adipisci queant. Quod cum princeps regum apostolicorum plane intellexisset, nihil a Deo consuevit vehementius contendere, nihil in omni vita aut laboriosius curavit aut constantius egit, quam ut fidem catholicam toti regno inferret, ac stabilibus fundamentis vel ab initio constitueret. Igitur maturrime coepit inter romanos Pontifices et reges populumque Hungariae illa studiorum officiorumque vicissitudo, quam consequens aetas nulla sustulit. Statuit fundavitque Stephanus regnum: sed regium diadema non nisi a romano Pontifice accepit: consecratus auctoritate pontificia rex est, sed regnum suum Apostolicae Sedi oblatum voluit; Episcopales sedes non paucas munifice condidit, complura pie instituit, sed hisce meritis comitata vicissim est summa Apostolicae Sedis benignitas, et indulgentia multis in rebus omnino singularis. A fide, a pietate sua hausit rex sanctissimus consilii lumen, optimasque gubernandae reipublicae normas: neque alia re nisi assiduitate precandi fortitudinem animi adeptus est eam, qua vel nefarias perduellium coniurationes opprimeret, vel oblatos hostium impetus victor refutaret.—Ita, religione auspice, nata civitas vestra: eâdemque custode et duce, non ad maturitatem solum, sed ad firmitudinem imperii gloriamque nominis pleno gradu pervenistis. Fidem a rege ac parente suo, velut hereditate acceptam, sancte inviolateque Hun-

garia servavit, idque vel in summis temporum difficultatibus, cum populos finitimos a materno Ecclesiae sinu perniciosus error abduxit. Pariter cum fide catholica obsequium et pietas erga Petri Sedem in rege Apostolico, in Episcopis, in populo universo constans permansit: vicissimque romanorum Pontificum propensam in Hungaros voluntatem paternamque benevolentiam videmus perpetuis testimoniis confirmatam. Hodieque, tot et saeculorum et casuum decurso spatio, manent, Dei beneficio, necessitudines pristinae; et illae maiorum vestrorum virtutes haudquaquam extinctae sunt in posteris. Illa certe laudabilia, in Episcopalibus officiis consumpti nec sine fructu labores: calamitatum quaesita solatia: tuendis Ecclesiae iuribus collatum studium: conservandae fidei catholicae constans et animosa voluntas.

Haec quidem reputans, iucundo laetitiae sensu movetur animus; Vobisque, Venerabiles Fratres, et populo Hungarico meritam recte factis laudem libentes persolvimus.—Sed silere tamen non possumus, quod latet sane neminem, quam sint passim infensa virtuti tempora, quot oppugnetur Ecclesia artibus, quam in tot periculis metuendum, ne fides labefacta ibi etiam languescat, ubi maxime firma et altissimis est defixa radicibus. Satis est meminisse funestissimum illud malorum principium, *rationalismi* et *naturalismi* placita in omnes partes libere disseminata. Accedunt innumerabiles corruptelarum illecebrae: potestatis publicae ab Ecclesia aut aversa voluntas aut aperta defectio; sectarum clandestinarum pervicax audacia; iuventutis nullo ad Deum respectu instituendae inita passim ratio.—Atqui si unquam alias, profecto hoc tempore videre omninoque sentire homines oporteret quanta sit religionis catholicae ad tranquillitatem salutemque publicam non opportunitas solum, sed plane necessitas. Quotidianis enim experimentis constat, quo tandem respublicas impellere moliantur ii, qui nullius vereri auctoritatem, nec frenos cupiditatum suarum ullos perferre assueverunt. Scilicet quid spectent, quibus nitantur artibus, qua pertinacia contendant, nemini iam obscurum esse potest. Imperia maxima, respublicae florentissimae dimicare prope in singulas horas coguntur cum eiusmodi hominum gregibus, consiliorum societate et agendorum similitudine invicem coniunctis, unde periculum aliquod securitati publicae semper impendit. Contra tantam rerum malarum audaciam saluberrimo consilio alicubi perfectum est, ut auctoritas magistratuum et vis armaretur legum. Verumtamen ad prohibendos *socialismi* terrores una est ratio optima maximeque efficax, qua sublata, parum ad deterrendum valet poenarum metus, quae in eo consistit ut ad religionem penitus informentur cives, verecundiæque et amore Ecclesiae teneantur. Est enim religionis sanctissima custos, et innocentiae morum omniumque virtutum, quae a religione sponte proficiscuntur, parens educatrixque Ecclesia. Quicumque religiose integreque praecepta sequuntur Evangelii, hoc ipso longe a *socialismi* suspicione abesse necesse est. Iubet enim religio, uti Deum colere ac metuere, ita subesse atque obtemperare potestati legitimæ; vetat quippiam seditiose facere: vult salvas suas cuique res, salva iura: qui maiores opes habent, eos inopi multitudini benigne subvenire. Egenos prosequitur omni caritatis

numero, calamitosos suavissima consolatione perfundit, spe proposita bonorum maximorum et immortalium, quae tanto futura sunt ampliora, quanto aut gravius homo laboraverit aut diutius.—Quamobrem qui civitatibus praesunt, nihil sunt aut sapientius aut opportunius acturi, quam si religionem siverint, nulla re impediende, influere in animos multitudinis, eosque ad honestatem integritatemque morum praeceptis suis revocare. Ecclesiae diffidere, eamve suspectam habere, primum est aperte iniustum, deinde, praeter inimicos disciplinae civilis cupidosque rerum evertendarum, prodest nemini.

Ingentes motus civicos, turbasque formidolosae, quibus est alibi civitatum tremefacta quies, Hungaria quidem, Dei beneficio, non vidit. Sed instantia pericula Nos pariter ac Vos, Venerabiles Fratres, omnino iubent attendere animum ad cavendum, et maiore in dies studio eniti, ut istic floreat vigeatque religionis nomen, suusque institutis christianis honos permaneat.—Hac de caussa illud in primis optandum, ut Ecclesia toto regno Hungarico plena atque integra libertate fruatur, quali fruebatur alias, nec nisi ad communem utilitatem uti consuevit. Nobis profecto maxime est in votis, ut ea e legibus tollantur, quae cum iuribus Ecclesiae discrepant, et eius facultatem agendi minuunt, et professioni catholici nominis officiunt. Id ut impetretur, Nobis Vobisque, quoad per leges licet, constanter elaborandum, quemadmodum tot iam clari viri hoc eodem proposito elaboraverunt. Interea, quandiu sunt illa, de quibus loquimur, legum iussa mansura, vestrum est conari ut saluti quam minime noceant, admonitis diligenter civibus, quae sua sint in hoc genere officia singulorum. Aliquot indicabimus capita, quae perniciosiora ceteris videntur esse.

Sic, veram amplecti religionem maximum officium est, quod nulla hominum aetate potest esse circumscriptum. *Nulla Dei regno infirma aetas.* Ut illud quisque novit, ita debet sine ulla cunctatione efficere: ex efficiendi autem voluntate ius unicuique sanctissimum gignitur, quod violari sine summa iniuria non potest. Simili de caussa, eorum, qui curam gerant animarum, verissimum idemque permagnum officium est in Ecclesiam cooptare, quotquot matura ad iudicandum aetate, ut cooptentur, petant. Quamobrem si animarum curatores alterutrum malle cogantur, necesse est eos humanarum legum severitatem potius subire, quam vindicis Dei iram lacessere.

Ad societatem coniugalem quod attinet, date operam, Venerabiles Fratres, ut alte descendat in animos doctrina catholica de sanctitate, unitate, perpetuitate matrimonii: ut saepe in memoriam populi revocetur, coniugia christianorum soli potestati ecclesiasticae, suapte natura, subesse: quid Ecclesia sentiat et doceat de eo, quod *matrimonium civile* vocant: qua mente, quo animo catholicos homines istiusmodi parere legi oporteat: non licere catholicis, idque maximis de caussis, nuptias cum christianis coniungere a professione catholica alienis; quique id facere, non ex auctoritate indulgentiaeque Ecclesiae ausint, eos in Deum, in Ecclesiam ipsam peccare. Cumque haec res tanti sit, quanti videtis esse, universi, ad quos ea cura spectat, quantum possunt, diligentissime provideant ut ab eiusmodi praeceptis nemo ulla ratione discedat. Eo vel magis quod, si alia

in re, certe in hac, de qua dicimus, obtemperatio Ecclesiae cum salute reipublicae necessariis quibusdam est nexa et iugata vinculis. Etenim principia, ac velut elementa optima vitae civilis societas domestica nutricatur et continet: proptereaque hinc pendet magnam partem pacatus et prosperus civitatis status. Atqui talis domestica societas est, qualis exitu matrimoniorum efficitur: nec bene evenire matrimonia queunt, nisi Deo moderante et Ecclesia. His demotum conditionibus maritale coniugium, in servitutem redactum variarum libidinum, contra Dei voluntatem initum, itaque adiumentis despoliatum caelestibus iisque pernecessariis, sublatâ etiam communione vitae in eo, quod hominum interest maxime, id est in religione, fructus acerbissimos gignat necesse est, ad extremam familiarum civitatumque perniciem. Quamobrem bene, nec solum de religione, sed etiam de patria meruisse iudicandi sunt catholici viri, qui abhinc duobus annis cum Coetus legumlatorum Hungariae rogarentur, vellent iuberent rata esse christianorum cum hebraeis matrimonia, eam rogationem concordibus animis et libera voce repudiarunt, et ut antiqua lex de coniugiis probaretur, pervicerunt. Quorum suffragiis ex omnibus Hungariae partibus comitata est assentiens voluntas plurimorum, idem se et sentire et probare luculentis testimoniis confirmantium. Similis consensus et par animi constantia adhibeatur, quotiescumque pro re catholica dimicatio sit: iam erit consecutura victoria: minimum, experrectior et fructuosior futura vitae actio, pulso languore excussâque desidia, qua christiani nominis inimici omnem catholicorum virtutem utique consopiri vellent.

Nec minor manabit in civitatem utilitas, si recte ac sapienter instituendae iuventuti vel a primis puerorum aetatulis consulatur. Is est temporum morumque cursus, ut nimis multi nimioque opere contendant vigilantiam Ecclesiae saluberrimâque religionis virtute prohibere deditam litteris adolescentiam. Adamantur atque expectuntur passim scholae, quas appellant *neutras, mixtas, laicales*, eo nimirum consilio ut alumni in summa sanctissimarum rerum ignorance nullâque religionis cura adolescant. Eiusmodi malum quia et latius et maius est, quam remedia, propagari sobolem videmus bonorum animi incuriosam, religionis expertem, persaepe impiam. Tantam calamitatem ab Hungaria vestra, Venerabiles Fratres, omni, quo potestis, studio et contentione defendite. Adolescentes vel a pueritia ad christianos mores christianamque sapientiam informari, non modo Ecclesiae, sed etiam reipublicae hodie tanti interest, ut pluris interesse non possit. Id iam plane intelligunt, quicumque recte sapiant: proptereaque catholicos homines multis locis magno numero videmus de fingendis probe pueris vehementer sollicitos, in eaque re praecipuam et constantem operam, nec sumptuum nec laborum magnitudine deterritos, collocare. Non absimili proposito multos quoque ex Hungaria novimus idem eniti et efficere: nihilominus sinite, Venerabiles Fratres, ut episcopale studium vestrum magis magisque incitemus.—Nos profecto, rei gravitate perspecta, cupere et velle debemus, ut in publica adolescentium institutione integrum Ecclesiae sit eas explere partes, quae sibi sunt divinitus datae: nec facere possumus quin Vos flagitemus, ut operam vestram

huc studiose conferatis. Interea pergite etiam atque etiam patres-familias monere, ne a liberis suis eos celebrari patiantur discendi ludos, unde fidei christianae iactura metuatur: simulque effcite, ut scholae suppetant sanitate institutionis et magistrorum probitate commendabiles, quae auctoritate vestra et Cleri vigilantia gubernentur. Quod non solum de scholis primordiorum, sed etiam de litterarum maiorumque disciplinarum intelligi volumus. Pia veterum liberalitate, maximeque regum et episcoporum vestrorum munificentia, domicilia scientiis litterarum tradendis plura et nobilia constituta sunt. Floret apud vos memoria et praedicatione gratae posteritatis Cardinalis Pazmany, Archiepiscopus Strigoniensis, qui magnum Lyceum catholicum Budapesthinum et condidit et censu amplissimo ditavit. Iamvero pulcrum est recordari, tantae molis opus effectum, ab eo *pura et sincera intentione religionis catholicae promovendae*; idemque a rege Ferdinando II. confirmatum, *ut religionis catholicae veritas, ubi vigeat, inconcussa persisteret, ubi labefacta fuerat, repararetur, cultus divinus ubique propagaretur*. Perspectum Nobis est, quam strenue constanterque curavistis ut istae studiorum optimorum sedes, nihil mutata natura pristina, tales esse perseverent, quales ipsarum auctores esse voluerunt, hoc est *Instituta catholica*, quorum res familiaris, administratio, magisterium in potestate Ecclesiae et Episcoporum permanerent. Quam ad rem Vos magnopere hortamur nullam praetermittere opportunitatem, omniaque periclitari, ut honestum ac nobile propositum omni ex parte consequamini. Consecuturi autem estis, spectata Regis Apostolici pietate, prudentiaque virorum qui reipublicae praesunt: neque enim verisimile est passuros, ut, quod dissentientibus a catholico nomine communitatibus concessum est, id Ecclesiae catholicae denegetur.—Quod si ratio temporum postulabit, ut in hoc genere aut quaedam instituuntur nova, aut instituta augeantur, minime dubitamus quin patrum exempla renovare, religionemque imitari velitis. Immo allatum Nobis est, cogitationem iam Vobis esse susceptam de opportuna palaestra formandis magistris optimis. Saluberrimum consilium, si quod aliud, dignum sapientia et virtute vestra: quod ut celeriter, Deo adiuvante, perficiatis, Nos profecto et cupimus et hortamur.

Verum ad salutem publicam si tantopere pertinet institutio adolescentium in universum, multo pertinet magis eorum, qui sacris initiari volunt. Ad hoc quidem debetis, Venerabiles Fratres, nominatim attendere, in hoc maximam partem vigiliarum laborumque vestrorum consumere: sunt enim adolescentes clerici spes et velut incohata forma sacerdotum: in sacerdotibus vero quantopere nitatur decus Ecclesiae, et ipsa populorum aeterna salus, Vos plane cognoscitis.—Omnino in instituendis clericis sunt duae res necessariae, doctrina ad cultum mentis, virtus ad perfectionem animi. Ad eas humanitatis artes, quibus adolescens aetas informari solet, adiungendae disciplinae sacrae et canonicae, cauto ut earum doctrina rerum sana sit, usquequaque incorrupta, cum Ecclesiae documentis penitus consentiens, hisque maxime temporibus, vi et ubertate praestans, *ut potens sit exhortari . . . et eos, qui contradicunt arguere*.—Vitae sanctitas, qua dempta, inflat scientia, non aedificat, complectitur non solum probos

honestosque mores, sed eum quoque virtutum sacerdotalium chorum, unde illa existit, quae efficit sacerdotes bonos, similitudo Iesu Christi, summi et aeterni Sacerdotis. Huc sane spectant sacra Seminaria: Vosque, Venerabiles Fratres, non pauca habetis tum pueris ad clericatum praeparandis, tum clericis instituendis praeclare fundata. In iis maxime evigilent curae et cogitationes vestrae: efficit, ut litteris disciplinisque tradendis lecti viri praeficiantur, in quibus doctrinae sanitas cum innocentia morum coniuncta sit, ut in re tanti momenti eis confidere iure optimo possitis. Rectores disciplinae, magistros pietatis eligit prudentia, consilio, rerum usu prae ceteris commendatos: communisque vitae ratio, auctoritate vestra, sic temperetur, ut non modo nihil unquam alumni offendant pietati contrarium, sed abundant adiumentis omnibus, quibus alitur pietas; aptisque exercitationibus incitentur ad sacerdotalium virtutum quotidianos progressus. Ex industria diligentiaque in instituendis sacerdotibus posita fructus percipietis summopere optabiles, munusque vestrum episcopale multo sentietis esse ad gerendum facilius, ad utilitatem uberius.

Sed ultra tendant paternae curae vestrae necesse est, scilicet ut presbyteros in ipsa munerum sacrorum perfunctione comitentur. Sollerter et suaviter, uti vestram decet caritatem, videte, ne profanos spiritus unquam sumant, ne utilitatum suarum cupiditate, vel negotiorum saecularium cura ducantur: immo virtute et recte factis in exemplum excellant, de studio precandi nihil unquam remittendo, ad mysteria sanctissima caste adeundo. His erecti ac roborati praesidiis, quotidianos sacrorum munerum labores ultro deposcent, studioseque, ut par est, in excolendis populorum animis versabuntur, maxime ministerio verbi et sacramentorum usu. — Eorum vero redintegrandis animi viribus, quas continenter vigere infirmitas humana non patitur, nihil propemodum videtur aptius, quam quod est alibi in more positum, idque magno cum fructu, ut secedant identidem ad statas animi meditationes, Deo sibi unice per id tempus vacaturi. Vobis autem, Venerabiles Fratres, in obeundis pro potestate Dioecesis, sponte et percommoda sese dabit occasio cognoscendi ingenium et mores singulorum, pariterque videndi in re praesenti, qua potissimum ratione aut prohibere, aut sanare, siqua insederint, mala necesse sit. Atque ob eam causam, ne vis ecclesiasticae disciplinae frangatur, adhibenda, ubi opus esse videbitur, ad sacrorum canonum normas iusta severitas: omnesque intelligant, cum sacerdotia, tum varios dignitatum gradus non esse nisi utilium curarum praemium oportere, proptereaque iis reservari, qui Ecclesiae servierint, qui in curanda animorum salute desudaverint, qui vitae integritate doctrinaeque praestare iudicentur.

His ornato virtutibus Clero, non exiguum partem consultum erit et populo: qui, ut est amans Ecclesiae et religionis avitae perstudiosus, facile ac libenter sacrorum administris se dabit excolendum. — Sed tamen nulla Vobis praetermittenda earum rerum est, quae ad integritatem doctrinae catholicae in multitudine conservandam, disciplinamque Evangelicam factis, vita, moribus retinendam valere videantur. Date operam ut frequenter sacrae expeditiones in cultu-

ram animorum suscipiantur: eisque praeſcite viros probatae virtutis, Iesu Christi spiritu animatos, caritate proximorum incensos.—Opinionum vel cavendis vel evellendis erroribus, late in vulgus disseminentur salubriter scripta, quae cum rerum veritate congruant, et ad virtutem conducant. Hoc quidem tam laudabili frugiferoque proposito aliquot iam societates scimus coaluisse, nec frustra operam consumere. Eas igitur et augeri numero et maiore in dies fructuum copia florere valde cupimus.—Illud etiam volumus, excitari a Vobis universos, sed maxime qui doctrina, qui censu, qui dignitate, qui potentia ceteris antecellunt, ut in omni vita, tam privatim quam publice, impensius curent religionis nomen, Ecclesiae caussam, ductu auspicioque vestro, fortius agant, et quaecumque rei catholicae provehendae instituta sunt vel instituentur, adiuvare, amplificare ne recusent.—Similiter resistere necesse est fallacibus quibusdam opinionibus, ad tuendum suum cuiusque decus praepostere excogitatis, quae fidei morumque christianorum praeceptis prorsus repugnant, et multis perniciose flagitioseque factis aditum patefaciunt.—Demum necessaria contentio est assidua et vehemens adversus non honestas consociationes: quarum est antevertenda contagio rationibus omnibus, iis nominatim, quas litterae Nostrae Encyclicae alias indicavere. De qua re tanto a Vobis maiorem curam adhiberi volumus, quanto plus istic numero, opibus, potestate valent eius generis societates.

Haec habuimus, Venerabiles Fratres, quae Vobis, urgente proposito caritate, perscriberemus: quae toti Hungarorum genti prompta ad parendum voluntate acceptum iri confidimus.—Ut patres vestri de hoste teterrimo magnifice ad Budam triumpharent, non bellica tantum fortitudine perfectum est, sed virtute religionis: quae quidem vobis, quemadmodum vim magnamque imperii auctoritatem initio peperit, ita domi prosperitatem, foris gloriam in posterum pollicetur. Ista quidem vel ornamenta vel commoda evenire vobis cupimus, idemque precamur, opitulante magna Virgine Matre Dei, cui regnum Hungaricum consecratum est, a qua nomen etiam invenit: eademque de caussa opem suppliciter imploramus sancti Stephani, qui rempublicam vestram, omni a se beneficiorum genere ornatam et auctam, volens propitius, uti certa spes est, respiciet e caelis, firmissimoque patrocinio tuebitur.

Hac igitur spe freti, Vobis singulis, Venerabiles Fratres, et Clero populoque vestro universo, auspiciem caelestium munerum et paternae benevolentiae Nostrae testem, Apostolicam benedictionem peramanter in Domino impertimus.

Datum Romae apud S. Petrum, die xxii. Augusti An. mdccclxxxvi. Pontificatus Nostri Nono.

LEO PP. XIII.

LETTER OF POPE LEO XIII. CONSTITUTING AN
EPISCOPAL HIERARCHY IN INDIA.

LEO EPISCOPUS SERVUS SERVORUM DEI AD PERPETUAM
REI MEMORIAM.

HUMANAE salutis auctor Iesus Christus, cum nos sanguine suo de servitute redemisset, et in caelos ad Patrem proxime esset rediturus, iis, quos Apostolos nominavit, alumnis disciplinae suae, et testibus rerum quas Ipse fecerat et docuerat, imbuendum caelesti doctrina mundum commisit. Sanari enim oportebat, consilio gratiaque Dei, omnes homines: nec sanari nisi oblato veritatis lumine potuissent. Illi itaque nobilissimi muneris memores, accepta Spiritus Sancti virtute, in varias orbis partes magno animo abeunt, Evangelii sapientiam quacumque nuntiant, longius etiam progressi, quam quo arma domitoris terrarum populi penetrarant; ita ut vel ab Ecclesiae primordiis verissimum illud extiterit, *in omnem terram exivit sonus eorum, et in fines orbis terrae verba eorum.*

Apostolici muneris obeundi officium in latissimis Indiae regionibus Thomae obtigisse, memoriae proditum est. Hic sane, uti vetera litterarum monumenta testantur, Christo in caelos recepto, cum in Aethiopiam, Persidem, Hircaniam, ac demum in peninsulam ultra Indum migrasset, difficillima peregrinatione suscepta, gravissimisque exantlatis laboribus, primus eas gentes christianae veritatis luce collustravit, redditoque summo animarum Pastori sanguinis sui testimonio, ad sempiterna in caelis praemia evocatus est.

Exinde Apostolum praeclare de ea regione meritum colere India non omnino intermisit: in vetustissimis libris liturgicarum precum aliisque illarum ecclesiarum monumentis Thomae nomen et laudes celebrari consueverunt atque insequentibus saeculis, post ipsam errorum luctuosam propagationem, nequaquam est eius deleta memoria; itemque fides, quam ille disseminarat, tametsi intermortua iacuit, non tamen extincta funditus esse visa est. Quare, novis virorum apostolicorum excitata curis, latius manavit, egregiisque florens virtutum exemplis, et martyrum educta sanguine, gentes illas ab immiti feritate revocatas sensim ad humanitatem excoluit. Hac vero aetate christianum nomen tanta apud Indos prosperitate vulgatum est, ut Ecclesiae filii per universam peninsulam ad sedecim centena milia feliciter creverint: sacerdotes magno in honore habentur, catholica doctrina in scholis summa cum libertate traditur, iamque certa spes affulget copiosiores ex ea gente manipulos ad Iesum Christum accessuros. Itaque decrevimus firmiore ordine et modo rem Indorum catholicam constituere: ea enim, quantumvis magnum et constans Decessorum Nostrorum extiterit studium, nondum illam adepta est constitutionem ordinatam et stabilem, cuius tanta vis est ad tutandam vitae christianae disciplinam, salutemque populis pariendam.

Ut aliquid de praeteritorum temporum memoria perbreve attin-

gamus, inito iam saeculo XIV., antiquam fidem velut ab interitu vindicare conati sunt nobiles ex Franciscana et Dominiciana familia alumni : qui, auctoritate missuque romanorum Pontificum, ad Indias transgressi, plurimum operae in sanandis haereticorum opinionibus abolendâque ethnicorum superstitione posuerunt. Ubi vero expeditior per promontorium Bonae Spei patuit Europae gentibus ad oras Indicas transitus, una cum virorum apostolicorum adcursum salutares crevere fructus. Singularem laudem eo tempore consecuta est Societas Iesu : in primisque ad miraculum excelluit magnus Indiarum apostolus Franciscus Xaverius, qui incredibiles labores perpressus, et maximis periculis terra marique excelso animo superatis, Crucem sacrosanctam iis regionibus quasi triumphator intulit, et ingentem hominum multitudinem ne dum in ora Malabarica, sed et in Coromandelica et in Ceylanensi insula, immo et in remotioribus provinciis usque ad Iaponios, multiplici superstitione sublata, ad Iesum Christum adiunxit.

Ad tantam christiani nominis propagationem, praeter laboriosas Missionariorum curas, plurimum valuit illustrium Portugalliae et Algarbiorum regum opera : quibus merito contigit, ut ab hac Apostolica Sede per honorifice collaudarentur, quod *eorum ministerio tam lata orbis terrae pars antea ignotae Europae innotuisset : maxime vero quod Ecclesiae Dei per agnitionem christianae veritatis aggregaretur.**

In provinciis vero, quas vel in ora Malabarica vel in Coromandelica Lusitani obtinuerant, cum latius fides catholica manavisset, praecipua Pontificum maximorum cura fuit, sacerdotes ad sacra officia iis in regionibus obeunda undique advocare, aliaque sapienter et utiliter, praesertim quod ad christianorum regimen pertineret, constituere. Aucta vero Lusitanarum possessionum amplitudine, novae Dioeceses in iisdem coloniis constitutae sunt. In iis eminet Goana, quam Paulus IV. archiepiscopalis throni honore et iuribus auxit : accedit vero Cochinensis et Cranganorensis : item in ora Coromandelica Meliaporensis, quam in urbe Sancti Thomae Paulus V. instituit. Portugalliae vero atque Algarbiorum regibus, quod rei catholicae incrementis profuissent, nominatimque Dioeceses, quae commemoratae sunt, aere suo munifice dotassent, romani Pontifices grati animi causa ius patronatus in novensiles episcopales Sedes concessere. Quae quidem cum in veteris ac recentis christianorum societatis utilitatem provide decernerent, spe erigebantur, brevi futurum ut extremi Orientis gentibus lux Evangelii longe lateque affulgeret, quaeque ex illa sequuntur beneficia, tamquam abundantissimus amnis, in ipsam civilem societatem influerent.— Sed prospere coeptorum cursum fortuna retardavit. Coortis enim bellorum aliorumque casuum procellis, magna clades Ecclesiae apud Indos succrescenti imminere videbatur. Itaque ne Evangelii interciperetur propagatio, neu in tot hominum millibus sempiterna animorum salus periclitaretur, romani Pontifices ad regna illa amplissima, praesertim quae Lusitanis coloniis, nequaquam continebantur, providentiam suam transtulerunt, summaque cura studuerunt, quanto

* Leo X.—“Summam Nobis laetitiam,” 1513.

plures ex ingenti illa multitudine possent, ad instituta christiana traducere, item munire adiumentis iis quae ad excolendos animos pertinent, et haeretica pravitate depulsa in sancta religione retinere.

Quo autem cura difficilior ob immensa locorum intervalla, regionum latitudinem, incommoda itinerum, eo accuratius vel evangelicis operariis deligendis vel Missionum regimini ordinando operam dare magna cum libertate consueverunt. Saeculo XVII. et XVIII. praesertim operâ virorum religiosorum, quos sacra Congregatio christiano nomini propagando ad Indos miserat, plures christianorum communitates coaluere; linguae earum gentium variae per Missionarios perceptae; libri vernaculo populi sermone conscripti; plurimorum animi spiritu catholicae institutionis imbuti atque in spem caelestium erecti.—Quibus in rebus nobilitati sunt labores sodalium Carmelitidum, Capulorum, Barnabitudum, Oratorianorum, qui quidem in iis gentibus ad christiana instituta erudiendis non eodem omnes tempore, sed idem studium collocavere constantiamque parem.

Gubernandis interea fidelibus moderandisque sacrorum operariorum expeditionibus, idoneo antistitem regimine constituto, provisum est. Decessores autem Nostri singulari studio in id in primis animum intendebant, ut apostolici viri doctrinam christianam India tota sancte inviolateque servarent, nec ullo unquam ethnicarum superstitionum vestigio inquinari paterentur. Revera nemo ignorat quam vigilanter incubuerint ad evellenda radicitus vanarum observationum rituumque a fide christiana abhorrentium zizania ab inimico homine disseminata in novellis iis ecclesiae germinibus, quae praesertim in regnis Madurae, Mayssourii et Carnatici adoleverant: item quam provide studuerint, quaestiones omnes inter regionum illarum Missionarios in re gravissima excitatione pontificia auctoritate dirimere. De quibus ut Clemens XI. apprime cognosceret, Carolum Thomam Tournonium Patriarcham Antiochenum cum potestate Legati a latere in Indiis orientalibus Commissarium ac Visitatorem Apostolicum anno MDCCI. destinavit. Sapientibus Tournonii decretis Clemens XI. auctoritatis suae robur adiecit, eisdemque Innocentius XIII. Benedictus XIII., et Clemens XII., ut quam diligentissime obtemperaretur, graviter sanxerunt, Benedictus vero XIV., edita Constitutione *Omnium sollicitudinum** amotis dubitationum caussis additisque opportunis declarationibus, controversiam dimidio fere saeculo acriter agitatam sustulit.

Aliquanto serius, cum de Indiarum bono romani Pontifices plura cogitarent, tranquillitas Ecclesiae per Europam turbulentis est afflicta temporibus: quae tempora vel apud Indos christianae fidei incrementum prohibuere. Praeterea in provinciis peninsulae australibus plaga gravis accessit, auctore tyranno Mipou Sahib, qui catholicum nomen multimodis vexavit. Quamvis vero post id tempus apostolici viri pro nomine christiano multum et utiliter elaboraverint, tamen Gregorius XVI. rem omnem animo et cogitatione complexus, intellexit et declaravit, *regiones illas necessario requirere ut Apostolica*

* Prid. Id. Septemb. 1744.

*Sedes, mutatis temporum adiunctis, religioni in iis periclitanti succurreret, et ecclesiastici regiminis formam ea ratione moderaretur, quae obtinendae fidei incolumitati par esset.** Statimque ad rem aggressus, non pauca constituit christianis ex India hominibus salutaria, amplificandaeque per eos tractus religioni valde opportuna.

Verumtamen Apostolicae Sedis curas, utique communis saluti gratia susceptas, multis longe secus interpretantibus, cum funestum illud dissidium deflagravisset quod in maiora mala erupturum videbatur, Pius IX. cum Petro rege Fidelissimo semel atque iterum egit, ut quaedam communi consilio decernerentur, quae tot incommodorum remedium afferrent. Itaque conventio est inita anno MDCCCLVII.: cuius tamen conditiones quominus perficerentur, variae difficultates impedimento fuere.

Ubi vero Nos, summa Dei benignitate, Ecclesiae gubernacula suscepimus, de gravissimo hoc negotio diligentissime cogitantes, auctores fuimus regni Lusitani administris ut ea de re Nobiscum agere, novasque conditiones, quales tempora suasissent, scribere ne recusarent. Quod iis cum placuisset, mentem Nostram consignavimus litteris ad dilectum Filium Nostrum regem Ludovicum missis hoc anno, die VI. Ianuarii, explorataque eius aequitate cum concordiae studio coniuncta, conventionem rite pepigimus, per quam licuit plura utiliter communi sententia statuere, quae litteris, uti mos est, mandata sunt.† In primis vero ius patronatus regum Lusitaniae aequo modo definitum est: Archiepiscopatus Goanus dignitate Patriarchali ad honorem auctus, eiusdemque cum Dioeceses Suffraganeae designatae, tum iura cetera constituta. Praeterea convenit, ut gubernatores Lusitaniae singulis Dioecesibus supra dictis censum in tuitionem Canonicorum, Cleri, Seminariorum publice assignent: iidem operam suam cum Episcopis conferant ad scholas pueris, domos altrices pupillis comparandas, aliaeque pie instituenda, quae vel christianorum saluti prodesse, vel tollere ethnicorum superstitionem posse videantur.—His de causis cum animorum concordiam in christianis ex India populis tranquillam ac firmam fore non iniuria confidamus, idcirco maturitatem venisse censemus rei catholicae in universa cis Gangem peninsula constituendae, ut illae gentes ad montem domus Domini praeparatum accedentes, stabilis beneque ordinati regiminis beneficia sentiant.

Septentrionalis Indiarum tractus tres excipit Vicariatus, quod antiqua missio Indostana a Gregorio XVI. in duas partes anno MDCCXLV. divisa ‡ et a Nobis his postremis annis tripartita, § Agrae, Patnae et Punjabii veluti ecclesiasticas regiones separatas modo complectitur. Prior veteri territorio constat, exceptis partibus alteri assignatis: altera constat regionibus, quae appellantur Népal, Behar, parva provincia Sikkim, vetus regnum Ayadhya, Bundelkand; aliisque principatibus finitimis. Tertia vero Punjabensi regione continetur, cui regnum Cashmire deinde additum est.

* Litt. Ap. "Multa praeclare," die 24 Aprilis, 1838.

† Concord, an. 1886.

‡ Litt. Apost. "Pastoralis Officii," die 7 Febr. 1845.

§ Litt. Apost. "Intendentes," 21 Sept. 1880.

His subiacet ad Indum Missio Bombayensis, quam Pius IX. an. MDCCCLIV. bifariam dispertiens, regionem australem, seu Poonensem, a boreali seiunxit. Haec vero, praeter insulas Bombay et Salsette, habet provincias et regna Broack, Ahmedabad, Baroda, Guzerate, Marwar, Catch, Sindhi, Beluchistan usque ad Cabul et Punjab: australis autem regna et provincias Konkán, Kandeish et Delkkan usque ad terminos regnorum Nizam, Maissour et Canara Septentrionalis, exceptis ex utraque territoriis et provinciis Archidioecesi Goanensi nec non Archidioecesi Damanensi seu Cranganoris nuper assignatis. Subsequuntur per oram Kanarensis et Malabaricam praeter Archidioecesim Goanam Vicariatus tres inter montes Ghates et mare occiduum siti, nempe Mangalorensis, anno MDCCCLIII. a Verapolitano seu Malabarico separatus* per provinciam Kanarae ad flumen Ponany; Verapolitanus ab eo flumine ad terminos Dioecesis Cochinesis nuper a Nobis restituae, et Quilonensis ab eiusdem Dioecesis finibus ad meridiem sitis ad promontorium Comorinum usque pertingens, exceptis paroeciis Dioecesi Cochinesi assignatis.

Ad plagam peninsulae orientalem decem pertinent Missiones. In sinu Bengalico tres ad ostia fluminis Ganges nimirum Vicariatus occidentalis in Calcuttae urbe constitutus, et orientalis, ambo anno MDCCCL. ab unico Bengalensi derivati.† Qui autem ad iurisdictionem Episcopi Meliaporensis pertinere dicti sunt, ex numero subditorum utriusque Vicariatus excipiendi. His accedit in centro provinciae civilis Bengalensis Praefectura Apostolica anno MDCCCLV. erecta. Finitima est Vicariatui occidentali Bengalico missio vastissima de Vizagapatam nuncupata, quae universum territorium inter fines Vicariatus Bombayensis et mare Bengalicum usque ad flumen Godavery ad austrum comprehendit, et anno MDCCCL. a Madraspatana divisa est.‡ Hyderabadensis proxima missio per regnum Nizam et provinciam Masulipatam ad flumen Krichna protenditur, quam a Gregorio XVI. designatam, Pius IX. anno MDCCCLI. § ad dignitatem Vicariatus evexit.

In ora Coromandelica praecipua extat Madraspatana civitas quae ab anno MDCCCXXXIV. Vicarium Apostolicum obtinuit, cuius iurisdictio a flumine Krichna ad Palar inter fines missionis Bombayensis et mare extenditur, eo praerepto tractu qui nuper a Nobis Meliaporensi dioecesi assignatus est. Ad australes vero eius fines antiquus Vicariatus orae Coromandelicae in tres quoque missiones anno MDCCCL. divisus fuit,|| nempe Pondicherianam inter flumen Palar ad Septentrionem et flumen Cavery ad meridiem: Maysourensem ad regionem occiduam, huius no minis regnum et provincias Coorg, Collegal, et partem Winaad et Salem complectens: demum Coimbatourensem quae inter Missiones Verapolitanam, Man-

* Litt. Apost. "Ex debito," 15 Mart. 1853.

† Little. Ap. "Exponendum Nobis," 15 Febr. 1850.

‡ Litt. Ap. "Ex Pastoralis officio muneris," 3 Aprilis 1850.

§ Litt. Ap. "Ad universalis Ecclesiae," 20 Maii 1851.

|| Litt. Ap. "Pastorale ministerium," 3 Aprilis 1850.

galorensem et Maduræ ad orientem montium Ghates continetur. Extrema iacet ad austrum peninsulae magna Madurensis Missio quæ mari Coromandelico, montibus Ghates et fluminibus Cavery et Vettar clauditur, iis sublati regionibus et locis quæ Episcopo Meliaporensi tribuimus eamque anno MDCCCXLVI. paucis ante obitum diebus Gregorius XVI. in Vicariatum constituit.*

Ceylanensis vero insula in triplicem Vicariatum distinguitur, Columbensem, Jaffnensem, et Kandyesem : quorum priores ex unico antea extante, assignatis alteri provinciis occidentali et meridionali, alteri vero reliquis insulae territoriis, anno MDCCCXLIX. † a Pio IX. erecti sunt : tertius a Nobis, anno MDCCCCLXXXIII. ‡ separato ex primis in centro insulae territorio constitutus est.

Cum igitur in universis Indiae missionibus, quas commemoravimus, Evangelicorum nuntiorum studio et laboribus, eo iam res christiana provecta sit, ut non modo Salvatoris Nostri nomen summa cum libertate invocetur, sed Ecclesiae plures numerentur, eademque multis sapienter et utiliter instituti floreat, Nos quidem primum omnium Deo optimo maximo pro parta catholico nomini prosperitate singulares gratias et agimus et habemus. Deinde vero quod Decessoribus Nostri diu in optatis fuit ut ecclesiastica hierarchia in India atque in insula Ceylanensi constitueretur, id Nos ad efficiendum aggredimur. Quo facto consequutura bona, Deo iuvante, confidimus non pauca nec exigua, nominatim concordiae caritatisque incrementum, similitudinem et firmitatem disciplinae, populorum cum Episcopis maximeque cum romano Pontifice stabiliorem coniunctionem, expeditiorem catholici nominis propagationem una cum ampliore virtutum christianarum cultu.

Itaque rogata, ut negotii gravitas postulabat, Venerabilium Fratrum Nostrorum S. R. E. Cardinalium sacro consilio christiano nomini propagando praepositorum sententia, fuis in humilitate cordis Nostri ad omnipotentem Deum precibus, implorataque ope Immaculatae Dei Matris, sanctorum Apostolorum Petri et Pauli, sanctorum Thomae Apostoli ac Francisci Xaverii, qui eas gentes sicut olim ad Evangelii lucem traduxere, ita nunc patrocinio caelesti tuerentur ac tegunt ; motu proprio, certa scientia ac matura deliberatione Nostra, de Apostolicae potestatis plenitudine, ad maiorem divini nominis gloriam fideique catholicae incrementum, harum Litterarum auctoritate, in universis Indiae orientalis Missionibus Episcopalem hierarchiam ad canonicarum legum praescripta instituimus.

Porro Decessorum Nostrorum vestigiis inhaerentes, qui primum Archidioecesim Goanam eique suffraganeas sedes Cochinensem, Meliaporensis et Cranganorensis erexerunt, easdem iuxta eam rationem quæ in recenti conventionem cum illustri Portugalliae et Algarbiorum rege Fidelissimo inita significatur, confirmamus et in unam ecclesiasticam provinciam iterum coalescere volumus.

Praeterea omnes totius peninsulae atque insulae Ceylan Vicariatus

* Litt. Ap. "Exponendum Nobis," 19 Maii 1846.

† Litt. Ap. "Exponendum Nobis," 13 Aprilis 1849.

‡ Litt. Ap. "Quo satius," 20 Aprilis 1883.

Apostolicos, uti a Nobis supra descripti sunt, nec non Praefecturam in centro Bengalicae provinciae sitam, in Episcopales Ecclesias, auctoritate Nostra Apostolica, tenore praesentium erigimus et constituimus. Ex novarum vero Dioecesium numero quae sequuntur, nempe Ecclesiam Agraensem, Bombayensem, Veripolitanam, Calcuttensem, Madraspatanam, Pondicherianam et Columbensem ad Archiepiscopalis dignitatis honorem evehimus. Quod autem pertinet ad provinciales seu suffraganeas ecclesias designandas integrum Nobis erit quod magis expedire videatur statuere.

Archiepiscopi vero et Episcopi de suarum singuli Ecclesiarum statu, iustis temporibus, ad Nostram Congregationem de propaganda Fide referant: quae peculiarem de iis regionibus curam, uti hactenus gessit, ita in posterum geret, cognoscetque de iis omnibus quae sacrorum Antistites muneris sui caussa proposuerint.

Archiepiscopus vero Goanensis eiusque Suffraganei Episcopi de statu ecclesiarum ad sacram Congregationem negotiis Ecclesiae extraordinariis pertractandis referant. Iidem summa cura studeant res pie atque utiliter, iuxta memoratam conventionem instituere, fidemque Catholicam in finibus iurisdictionis quisque suae omni ratione tueri et amplificare.

Universis vero Indiae Episcopis integrum erit sensim ea decernere, quae ad inducendum commune ius, prout tempora siverint, conferre queant, quaeque ex generali Ecclesiae disciplina Episcoporum auctoritati permissa sunt. Nostrae autem et huius Apostolicae Sedis partes erunt, Episcopis in perfunctione munerum suorum opera, auctoritate, consilio adesse, et quaecumque ad animorum salutem utilia et opportuna videantur omni qua fieri poterit ratione adiuvere.

Reliquum est ut Clerus populusque universus, id quod vehementer hortamur, retineant voluntatum concordiam, inviolate servant caritatem, Episcopis atque in primis huic Apostolicae Sedi libentes atque alacres in omni vita pareant, virtutibusque christianis ita se ornatos atque auctos impertiant, ut qui adhuc a veritate misere deerrant, eos ipsi vel exemplo suo vocent ad admirabile Christi lumen et regnum.

Decernimus tandem has Nostras litteras nullo unquam tempore de subreptionis aut obreptionis vitio, sive intentionis Nostrae alioque quovis defectu notari vel impugnari posse, et semper validas ac firmas fore, suosque effectus in omnibus obtinere ac inviolabiliter observari debere, non obstantibus Apostolicis atque in Synodalibus Provincialibus et universalibus Conciliis editis generalibus vel specialibus sanctionibus, ceterisque contrariis quibuscumque, peculiari etiam mentione dignis: quibus omnibus, quatenus supra dictis obstant, expresse derogamus. Irritum quoque et inane decernimus si secus super his a quoquam quavis auctoritate scienter vel ignoranter contingerit attentari. Volumus autem ut harum litterarum exemplis etiam impressis, manuque publici Notarii subscriptis et per constitutum in ecclesiastica dignitate virum suo sigillo munitis, eadem habeatur fides, quae Nostrae voluntatis significationi ipso hoc diplomate ostenso haberetur.

Nulli ergo hominum liceat hanc paginam Nostrae erectionis, constitutionis, institutionis, restitutionis, dismembrationis, suppressionis, adsignationis, adiectionis, attributionis, decreti, mandati ac voluntatis infringere, vel ei ausu temerario contraire. Si quis autem hæc attentare presumpserit, indignationem omnipotentis Dei et beatorum Petri et Pauli Apostolorum Eius se noverit incursurum.

Datum Romae apud S. Petrum, Anno Incarnationis Dominicae millesimo octingentesimo octogesimo sexto, Calendis Septembribus, Pontificatus Nostri Nono.

C. CARD. SACCONI,
M. CARD. LEDOCHOWSKI,
PRO-DATARIUS.

VISA

DE CURIA I. DE AQUILA E VICECOMITIBUS.

Loco ✕ Plumbi.

Reg. in Secret. Brevium.

I. CUGNONIUS.



Notices of Catholic Continental Periodicals.

REVIEW OF GERMAN CATHOLIC PERIODICALS.

WE gladly welcome the "Jahrbuch für Philosophie und Speculative Theologie" (Paderborn: Schöningh. London: Williams & Norgate), a new Catholic quarterly periodical. It proposes to deal chiefly with questions of philosophy from a Thomist point of view, and with the "Science of Religion." The first number contains the following articles:—1. An Account of the Mystical Philosophy of Buddhism, *à propos* of Mr. Sinnett's "Esoteric Buddhism," of which the most interesting point is perhaps a vindication of the difference between Buddhism and modern evolutionary theories. 2. An examination of St. Thomas's teaching concerning the "Principle of Individuation:" the relation of his view to Hegel's, and the inconsistency of Suarez' and Palmieri's modifications with the rest of the Thomist philosophy, are very well brought out. 3. A very clear account of St. Thomas' theory of the Passions. This periodical seems likely to be useful in connecting modern German and Catholic philosophy.

By Dr. BELLESHEIM, Canon of Aachen.

1. *Katholik*.

An article in the July issue gives a general survey of the encyclicals of Pope Leo XIII. They are very appropriately commented on and explained with a view of bringing home their teaching to the intelligence of a wide public. This able article suggests to one the question whether the custom, which is adopted in more than one seminary, of explaining these important documents could not be introduced into every school of Catholic theology. It would be an easy way of making students acquainted with the principal errors of our age, and of showing the easiest methods of refuting them.

Professor Pohle, of Leeds Seminary, the favourably known biographer of Father Secchi, contributes two articles on the far-reaching question whether other worlds than ours are inhabited. He does not defend any such opinion as that other worlds than ours are in fact inhabited by men consisting of body and soul; but is only occupied in establishing the possibility of the existence of beings similar to men.

Professor Gutberlet treats of numerous modern theories of morals, amongst which we meet with Herbert Spencer's system of ethics which last year enjoyed the honour of being thoroughly examined and solidly refuted in Germany by F. Cathrein, S.J. Dr. Gutberlet declares Spencer's system to be the last issue of Darwinism, the philosophy of Hedonism, held centuries ago by Epicurus.

In the August number there comes an able article on the authenticity of the canonical Epistle of St. James. In the sixteenth century Luther wantonly attacked it, mainly because its author establishes the necessity of good works for obtaining salvation. Modern Protestants endeavour to establish a contradiction between the contents of St. James's Epistle and the doctrines of other acknowledged canonical books of the New Testament. The author of this cleverly written article refutes their objections, showing that the doctrines of our faith, as set forth in the Epistle of St. James, whether referring to God or man, are in full harmony with the teaching of the other canonical writings.

2. *Stimmen aus Maria Laach.*

F. Meyer continues his learned comment on the Pope's encyclical letter, "Immortale Dei." The subject of the State and Religion is ably handled according to the principles of St. Thomas; the boundaries are in fact fixed which no statesman transgresses who has at heart the people's true welfare. F. Rieth contributes several articles on modern unbelief and eternal punishment. F. Spillmann contributes a lengthened review of the late Canon Estcourt's "Catholic Non-Jurors of 1715," and holds up to the admiration of German Catholics the firm adhesion of English Catholics to the faith of their ancestors when severe laws were enacted against them by a Whig Government in 1715.

Catholic readers in England ought to be made acquainted with a great work in progress for some months past. It bears the title, "Monumenta Germaniæ Pædagogica." It gives a collection of the school rules and school books used throughout Germany from the Middle Ages to the present time. The first volume, just published in Berlin, by Dr. Kehrbach, contains the school rules of the city and country of Braunschweig. In the succeeding volumes will appear the history of the schools, colleges, and universities formerly conducted in Germany by the Society of Jesus.

3. *Historisch-politische Blätter.*

Cardinal Eberhard Nidhard.—A most interesting paper in the July number presents us with a biography of Eberhard Nidhard, who in his day became successively soldier, Jesuit, professor of philosophy, confessor of the Vienna Court, confessor of the Queen of Spain, general inquisitor, ambassador in Rome, and lastly, cardinal. In 1649 he accompanied the Archduchess Maria Anna on her journey to Madrid, where she was married to Philip IV. of Spain. The latter named him to the Pope for the Roman purple, but then without success. After the king's death, his natural son, Don Juan of Austria, strongly opposed the Jesuit who enjoyed the full confidence of the Queen Regent, and was made a member of the Supreme State Council. Don Juan tried every means he could to obtain the removal of the German Jesuit from Court. At last, the Queen, com-

plying with the desire of the State, nominated Nidhard her ambassador at the Court of Rome; and at Rome Clement X. in 1672 promoted him to the purple, notwithstanding the extreme reluctance of the humble father himself, who in full accord with the letter of the Constitutions, no less than with the spirit of his Society, strained every nerve to escape from the proffered honour. The Pope, when admitting Nidhard into the College of Cardinals, declared him to be a man of great virtue, sound doctrine, and large experience in conducting ecclesiastical business. Nidhard died in 1681, and made a bequest of his library to the College at Linz, in Austria, whilst his body found its last resting-place near the tomb of St. Ignatius. The fact deserves special mention, that this biography is a refutation of those unworthy attacks on Nidhard in which the late Professor Huber so wantonly indulged in his pamphlet, "The Order of Jesuits."

4. *Zeitschrift für katholische Theologie, Innsbruck.*

F. Svoboda traces the beginnings of the civil war of thirty years in Germany in the sixteenth century, and answers the query whether the Church erected by the Protestants in Klostergrab, Bohemia, might be shut up according to the law of the land. F. Knabenbauer, the author of a recent commentary on the Book of Job, contributes explanations on such topics of this book as present exegetical and antiquarian difficulties. F. Rattinger describes the downfall of the churches in Northern Africa in the Middle Ages in an elaborate article on "Cosmas, Venerabilis Archiepiscopus Africanus," whose remains were interred at Palermo in 1160. The author also argues that the archbishop possessed the See of Carthage at that date, and proves that the general opinion is false which assigns the downfall of the African Churches to the eleventh century, soon after the reign of Leo IX. (1053).

ITALIAN PERIODICALS.

La Civiltà Cattolica, 3 Luglio—7 Agosto, 1886.

Hypnotism.—Is Hypnotism, so-called, anything new? To judge by the excitement produced in Milan, Turin, and elsewhere by Signor Donato's exhibitions, the writer observes that it might be a question of some entirely novel discovery. This is, however, by no means the case. The like phenomena were produced by Mesmer more than a hundred years ago, when, in 1778, he began to magnetize the Parisians. Signor Donato indeed—his real name is Alfred D'Hondt, a Belgian by nation—calls himself a disciple of Mesmer, without adopting all his theories, especially that of an electric all-pervading fluid; but his opinions and programme virtually class him with the hypnotists, or physiological magnetizers, who, in contradistinction to the Thaumaturgists, repudiate all transcendentalism, and profess to confine their experiences within the limits of natural forces. The reviewers have undertaken to show, in a series of articles not yet brought to a close, that the phenomena

elicited by these modern magnetizers, so far from being a new discovery of true and physiological animal magnetism, belong to a system inextricably connected with the preternatural, which already in many of its parts has been condemned by human and divine science. They undertake to demonstrate that these practices are degrading to the dignity of human nature, imperil the health and deprave the conscience; that they are intrinsically immoral, irreligious, and anti-social, and therefore that it cannot be lawful (at least in the measure and mode so often adopted) to excite in others hypnotist phenomena, or to lend oneself passively to their excitement in ourselves. When in 1840 the Medical Academy at Paris condemned magnetism as it then existed, the French physicians withdrew from the practice, leaving the field to the patrons and students of clairvoyance with its accompanying train of marvellous results. The fraternization of magnetizers with the spiritists has served further to bring mesmerism into discredit with men of the most opposite lines of thought and belief. Catholics have shrunk from whatever fell under the Church's censure, while Materialists and Positivists disliked to admit the existence of any spiritual natures, whether good or bad. But, while magnetism was thus falling into evil repute with the medical and philosophic world in France, where at the close of the last century it had been seriously taken up, there was arising in England, in the person of Dr. J. Braid, of Manchester, the restorer and true founder of modern physiological magnetism, styled hypnotism. This physician, whom the reviewer designates as an honest, conscientious, and religious man, published his experiences in a work entitled "*Neuripnologia: a Treatise on the Nervous Sleep, or Hypnotism*," in which he described the means of producing magnetic sleep, and the physical phenomena which ensue. The author protested to have obtained nothing by his mere will or through a supposed electric fluid, but purely by the use of physical means, the effects also, and his whole medical treatment, being simply physiological. Such was in theory the magnetism to which Braid gave its present name of Hypnotism, and which has been kept alive ever since 1843, not by the magnetists, but by doctors in their clinical experiments, and by mountebanks on public stages. After a time it was again taken up by the profession in France and throughout Europe. The results obtained by scientific men, or exhibited for the diversion of the public, all clearly demonstrate, however, that modern magnetism is but a second edition of an old science, if we may call it by that name, the mesmerism of last century, *minus* the superior phenomena, which the hypnotists profess to repudiate.

An important question now arises. If modern hypnotism be thus identical with the old mesmerism, are the censures pronounced against the latter by both philosophy and religion available against its practice? Since hypnotism has renounced preternatural phenomena, is its practice therefore lawful, as is pretended by many scientific and well-meaning persons? The reviewer answers decidedly in the negative, because the hypnotic state is not one

simply of temporary nervous perturbation, but wears a most mysterious and perilous aspect, so that its phenomena cannot be judged, in frequent cases, to be mere natural effects, but point to the intervention of certain occult and evil sources. The writer proposes to prove this on a subsequent occasion. In the meantime, the reader may be referred to the articles which have already appeared for some very curious and, we may add, alarming instances of the power of suggestion as practised by Signor Donato and his associates upon those who yield themselves to hypnotic treatment.

La Rassegna Italiana, Giugno, 1886.

Portuguese Lyrical Poetry.*—The lyrical poetry which flourished in Portugal and much of the Iberian Peninsula in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries is beginning to attract more attention from the literary world than it has hitherto done, but which it so richly deserves. It has been very generally supposed that the Portuguese troubadours were but the imitators of their Provençal precursors. Thus Professor Rodolphe Renier, in a recently published work of his of considerable merit, says: "Troubadour Portuguese poetry began in imitation of the Provençal, and may be described as courtly in the strict sense of the word." This view has been shared by Baret; but other and higher authorities have judged differently. The illustrious Ernesto Monaci, for instance, so early as 1873 gave it as his opinion that the numerous troubadour songs of the Portuguese had sprung from the people, whence they had passed into literature. In 1875, Braga, who wrote a manual of the history of his country's literature, confessed that the influence of the popular genius was discernible in all these songs, previous at least to the reign of King Diónysius (1279-1325), himself a poet and patron of poets, but educated by a Provençal, which accounts for the bias of this "crowned disciple of the troubadours," as Baret calls him. In this same year (1875) to the slender stock already known of Portuguese lyrics was added, by the labours of Professor Monaci, the whole Vatican Codex 4803, containing about 2,000 songs, and these serve more abundantly to confirm the native originality of Portuguese lyrical poetry. The reviewer points out many of these striking characteristics, the collective evidence of which is irresistible. Further, to enforce his argument, he furnishes the reader with the opportunity of judging for himself, by giving him a selection of translations into Italian of these little Portuguese lyrics, appending to each the name of the composer and its number in the Vatican collection edited by Monaci.

Experiments on Atlantic Currents.—The scientific chronicle in the same number of the *Rassegna Italiana* gives an account of some experiments recently made on the Atlantic currents. The hereditary Prince of Monaco, an intelligent cultivator of natural

* "The Troubadours, and their Influence on the Literature of the South of Europe." By Baret. Paris, 1886.

science, having made a voyage of exploration in the Azores in his yacht the *Hirondelle*, in accord with and under the direction of Professor Pouchet, at whose disposal some funds had been placed by the Communal Council of Paris, with a similar object, took measures to investigate the course of the Gulf Stream by means of bottles carefully sealed up, barrels, and globes of copper, 250 in number, which were committed to the deep between 200 and 300 miles to the north-east of Corvo, the outermost of the Azores, on the American side. A paper, stating their object, &c., was enclosed in each of them, with a request that whosoever should find it would communicate it to the Government of his country, that it might be forwarded to the French Government, all possible details of the place, date, and circumstances of its finding being given. Some of them have already been picked up on the African side of the Azores, and what as yet we are led to infer is that the Gulf current in those parts runs at the rate of thirteen and a half miles daily, directing itself diagonally or circularly towards the African coast, without touching Europe. If, then, the comparative mildness of climate enjoyed by the western coast of Northern France and, we may add, that of Great Britain and Ireland, is owing to marine currents, these must be branches of the great Gulf Stream which separate from it above the point at which these bottles and barrels were let down into the ocean.

Carrier Pigeons.—The marvellous instinct which makes pigeons find their way back to their nests from the greatest distances, and even across the seas, remains as great a mystery as ever. Theories have been devised to account for it, but none are of any practical value, since facts do not accord with them. At last it was agreed to attribute it to a *sense of orientation*. But to invent a term is not to dispose of a difficulty. Some have fancied that the birds have recognized certain objects seen along the road during their removal, but the same thing occurs when they have been removed in covered cages. In this case, the pigeons appear for a moment to hesitate, but speedily take their flight in the right direction. An experiment made last August by the Philocolombe Society of Toulouse establishes this point beyond a doubt. The pigeons, eighty-five in number, were conveyed in covered cases and by night to a high elevation in the Pyrenees, surmounted by still more lofty peaks. When let out, at 8.30 A.M., the birds, after a short pause, simultaneously ascended, and after making a few circles, first took a north-westerly course, and descended into a deep valley. They then began to describe as they rose an ever-widening series of circles, all keeping together, though apparently they had no leader. Their resolution now seemed quickly taken, and they all flew off in the north-easterly direction, ascending and descending the intervening mountain ridges until the whole party disappeared in the direction of Toulouse, where they had all arrived by the middle of the day. Taking their circles into account, the earliest arrivers must have flown at the marvellous speed of 113 kilometres an hour, or between eighty-four and eighty-five miles. This rapidity adds greatly to the value of the carrier pigeon.

FRENCH PERIODICALS.

La Controverse, Juin, Juillet, Août, 1886. Lyons.

The Comparative Study of Religions.—In two articles that appear in the June and July numbers of *La Controverse*, Père Van den Gheyn, S.J., treats both historically and critically of the development in recent times of the so-called comparative science of religion; he traces what has been done in various countries, the establishment of professorial chairs in various universities for teaching it, &c.; and likewise the chief books written recently are described and critically estimated. He dwells, by way of introduction, on the importance of this new comparative science, properly prosecuted, as a part of Christian Apologetics. We ought, he says, to be alive to the fact that in the hands of modern incredulity this comparative mythology and history of religions has become a formidable weapon against revelation and its most fundamental dogmas. He laments the apathy of too many Catholic priests and educated laymen—whether from illusion, ignorance, or levity. In the face of professorial chairs and other tokens of activity in the work of teaching this dangerous and aggressive form of rationalism in such intellectual centres as Berlin, Brussels, Leyden, Paris, London, Geneva, and even Rome—where one of these chairs of the history of religions has just been founded—in the face of all this, what has been done on the side of religion itself by Catholics? There is the course of the “Institut Catholique” (of Paris) and its brilliant professor, the Abbé de Broglie, and there is little else; scarcely a work in refutation of Pfeiderer, Tiele, Kuenen, Réville, Emile Burnouf, Maurice Vernes, Max Müller, Gobilet d’Alviella, &c. It is time that our students and apologists concerned themselves with this present real and dangerous attack on truth. Dogma no doubt is solidly established and truth will prevail—some day; but “il faut songer aux âmes que l’erreur vient aveugler.” But the attack is by no means so formidable nor are its victories hitherto by any means so real as the loud vauntings of its votaries would have every one believe. A most important point on which the writer dwells is the keen necessity that every volunteer against the enemy should prepare himself; should be, by dint of study and wide reading, &c., a *competent* assailant or defender in the good cause. He quotes approvingly the late Père de Valroger: “Malheur à celui qui se jettera dans la mêlée sans études sérieuses et qui s’efforcerait plutôt de frapper fort que de frapper juste!” We can only indicate briefly what points the author dwells on. In the June article he shows that in this special matter, as in others generally, contemporary rationalism, in its onslaught on revealed religion, has been more fatal to every form of Protestantism than to Catholicism. He traces the evidences of this in Germany, Holland, France and England. He then proceeds to trace what has been done of recent years for the spread of the teachings of this new comparative science, in Holland by Tiele, in England by the origina-

tors of the Hibbert Lectures, and by others. In the July article is narrated what M. Maurice Vernes has done in France, since 1880, for encouraging the study of "Positive Theology" or "Hierography," and spreading the knowledge of its conclusions; as also how he has been aided by M. Paul Bert and others. The first and present occupant of the newly founded French chair is M. Albert Réville, of whom one has heard so much of recent months in the controversy in *The Nineteenth Century*, between himself, Mr. Gladstone, Professors Huxley, Drummond, and others. The writer also gives an account of the attempts made to surround the efforts of the Abbé Broglie with a cloud of insinuations and prejudices, and defends the Abbé both by direct contention, and by quoting the testimony of non-Catholic authorities to the high qualities and perfect competency of the Abbé, and by also a telling *tu quoque* against M. Gobilet d'Alviella. Lastly, there is a most interesting narrative of the efforts made by M. Réville at the College de France. The articles are valuable for the amount of interesting details which occur in the course of the historical narrative—itsself of considerable value—and also for the excellent criticism of the works of Tiele, the Hibbert Lecturers and others. Father Van den Gheyn knows his brief too well and is withal too scholarly to exaggerate, and he gives this as his conviction:—"The history of religions, as it is taught by rationalists at Leyden, Brussels, Paris, Berlin, Geneva, London, has one object, avowed or hidden—viz., to sap the foundations of Christian revelation."

The Antiquity of Man.—In an article in the July number, headed "L'Archéologie préhistorique et l'Antiquité de l'Homme," the Abbé Hamard, of the Rennes Oratory, takes into account and weighs the arguments of modern prehistoric writers in favour of the great antiquity of our race on this earth. The article is written with considerable knowledge of evidence, and in a judicial temper. On the one hand, the writer acknowledges that the date of man's appearance on earth is not absolutely settled by the Bible; this, however, is not an acknowledgment that the Bible has no chronological value in the matter. On the other hand, he protests against the assertions too often made in the name of science, when science in reality has nothing to show in proof. He groups the *soi-disant* proofs of the high antiquity of our race under five headings—topographic, geological, climacteric, zoological and industrial modifications. The first alone is dealt with in this number, and, the author deduces, in conclusion, that the modifications in the physical geography and outline of the globe since the beginning of the quarternary period in no way oblige us to enlarge the stretch of human chronology. The nature of the modifications within the historical epoch prevent us being surprised at what has taken place at a period which we are told was much more unsettled and stormy than our own—even Cæsar's description of the French coasts does not agree with the actual littoral.

In the three numbers before us, M. Paul Allard continues his

study of the persecution of Christians under Valerian. In the June number we may also note a contribution from the pen of M. Gairal, to the "Question Juive," now so keenly discussed in France. In the July issue we may note a very interesting sketch by Mgr. Ricard, headed "L'Abbé Maury, avant 1789," which is continued in August. Maury is lauded as a student, and there are many anecdotes of his early efforts as an orator, and much light thrown on the French clergy at the close of that eighteenth century. The August number gives in succession three articles which ought to be here named. "L'Apôtre S. Jean," by the Abbé Fillion, the Sulpitian Professor, is apparently a portion of the writer's Introduction to his forthcoming edition of the Gospel of S. John, in Lethielloux's Commentary; "La Croix chez les Chinois" is a reply to an article in the *Revue d'Ethnographie*, in which a writer strove to show that the Christian Cross was borrowed from Pagan China; and a pleasant article by the Count E. de Barthélemy, entitled "La reine Marie Leczinska d'après sa correspondance inédite," founded on the recently published "Lettres inédites" of the Queen, by M. V. des Diguères. (Paris: Champion.)

Notes of Travel and Exploration.

India Revisited.*—Mr. Arnold's intimate acquaintance with India gives the impressions received by him during his recent journey a far higher value than those of ordinary travellers. True, he only visited the more accessible localities, whose wonders have been familiarized to us by the commonplace tourist's admiration; but we are well content to have the beauties of the Taj Mahal of Agra, and the Kutab Minar, of Delhi, called up once more before our mental vision in the reflected glory of a poet's mind. Still more interesting is his description of "the rose-red city of Jeypore, with its beautiful streets and fairy-like palaces," seeming as though flushed with a perennial glow of sunrise.

The entire city [says the writer] is of one and the same tint—a delicate rosy-red, relieved with white. If a conqueror could dream of building a capital of rouge-royal marble or pink coral, this is how it would look. It is an interminable perspective of roseate house fronts, bathed by soft sunlight, nowhere ungraceful in style of building, and at many spots on either side of the way broken magnificently by stately fronts of palaces, and long lines of light pavilions, embellished with columns and cupolas, and enriched with floral or picturesque frescoes in all sorts of designs. The splendid street thus entered, runs on a perfect level from east to

* "India Revisited." By Edwin Arnold, M.A., C.S.I. London: Trübner & Co. 1896.

west more than two miles, always of the same grand breadth of one hundred and eleven feet, and so absolutely straight that throughout its entire length each house, each palace, each trader's shop, can be seen on either side, fading away in the long perspective of rose-red to the battlements of the far-off Mauck, or Ruby Gate. A gay and bustling crowd of citizens gives animation to the charming *mise-en-scène*, which is backed by mountains rising nobly to the pure blue sky, almost every peak of them covered with some commanding fort or fantastic pleasure-house. Two main roadways of the same rosy colour from end to end, and each of them as wide as the great central street, cross it at right angles, forming at the points of bisection two spacious piazzas, called the "Amber Chauk," and the "Ruby Chauk." These subordinate thoroughfares are each a mile and a quarter long, and have the same picturesque roseate lines of dwellings and shops, broken in a similar fashion by buildings of the strangest fancy and most elaborate ornamentation. It is true that the lovely pink flush which thus clothes the entire visible city is only a wash of colour laid upon the chunam, with which the rough masonry of the structures has been covered, but it beautifies the face of the capital almost as much as if Jeypore were really constructed of rose-tinted alabaster.

This unique "City of Victory," founded in 1728, is the capital of Rajputana, the home of the most interesting and chivalrous race in India. Of them, and all his other dark-skinned fellow-subjects, Mr. Arnold writes with a sympathy, which though rare among English travellers, might be expected from the author of "The Light of Asia."

Progress of the Transcaspian Railway.—Merv, the old "Queen of the World," is now in direct steam communication with Europe, the railway thither having been opened for traffic on July 14. A thousand Turcoman horsemen, headed by Colonel Ali-khanoff, met the first train which reached their remote oasis, bearing Generals Annenkoff and Komaroff, with other minor officials. The line is being rapidly pushed on to Bokhara and Samarcand, stations and distances being already accurately known for the entire distance of 1335 versts, or 890 miles. There will be altogether sixty-three stations, extending from Michaelovsk on the Caspian, across the deserts and oases of the Transcaspian Steppes, over the Oxus and through the Bokharian territory beyond it, to Samarcand in the heart of Russian Turkestan, and it will be possible to traverse this vast tract of Central Asia in a day, or a day and a half. The first considerable oasis reached, after leaving the Caspian, is that of Akhal Teke, with the celebrated fortress or entrenched camp of Geok Tepe as its capital; the second, that of the Tejend or lower Heri Rud, 628 versts from the Caspian; the third, that of Merv, about 100 versts farther east. Thence, for some 250 versts, the line traverses steppe and desert to Chardjui on the Oxus, which it will cross by a wooden bridge. A shorter route might have been taken by this portion of the line, reducing its entire length from 890 to 800 miles, but the Bokharian Government, whose territory is entered at the Oxus, did not consider it would be so serviceable to the country. After traversing 300 versts of the Khan's

dominions, the line enters Russian Turkestan, through which it runs to Samarcand, its terminal point. This and Askabad are its principal stations, but lodging-houses for travellers are being built at several others as well, where shelter, though not of the most luxurious kind, will be obtainable. The trains are timed to run twenty versts (somewhat less than fourteen miles an hour), and in case of war, as many as twelve may be run in the day.

Water and Fuel Supply.—The supply of water has been one of the difficulties to be overcome, and it has been met in various ways. At Michaelovsk, Nobel's apparatus for distilling fresh from salt water is in use; artesian wells have been successfully bored at many points, and at others large cisterns have been constructed, to be supplied either by pipe lines or by water trains. Only liquid fuel will be burned, and this will be furnished in abundance by petroleum sources in the Transcaspian, already connected with the main line by a short branch. No English traveller will be allowed to travel on the line without special permission, as it is entirely under official control.

Provincial Rivalries.—The extension of the line of Central Asian communication by way of the Caspian, places the newly opened territories under the control of the Government of the Caucasus, which thus supplants that of Turkestan as the pioneer of Russian progress and annexation. Hence, the officials connected with the latter province have been violently hostile to the railway scheme, and General Tchernaieff, ex-Governor General of Turkestan, has especially signalized himself by his opposition to General Annenkoff, its chief promoter. As the former went the length of writing, in April last, a letter to the *Novoe Vremya*, asserting that it would take two years to transport 200,000 men by the new line, he was removed from his place at the Military Council Board, and finally sent into retreat by Imperial decree, thus terminating a brilliant career in failure and disgrace. (*Times*, July 26, 1886.)

Reclamation of part of the Merv Oasis.—Other improvements follow on the track of the railway, and the Russian Government have sanctioned the scheme of the engineer, M. Poklevsky Kozell, for the restoration of the dam of Sultan Beg on the Murghab above Merv, destroyed by Shah Murad, of Bokhara, nearly a century ago. The estimated expense is 283,000 roubles, an outlay which it is hoped to recover by the cultivation of cotton on the reclaimed land.

Volcanic Eruption in New Zealand.—Details received of the terrific outburst of Mount Tarawera in the North Island of New Zealand on June 11 last, show the catastrophe to have been even more violent and destructive than the first telegraphic accounts indicated. Mount Tarawera, a curious truncated mass 2000 feet high, standing on the lake of the same name, in the great volcanic district of the Hot Lakes, suddenly burst into eruption, and as in the case of all long extinct or quiescent volcanoes, inaugurated its new phase of activity by a vast discharge of ashes, mud, cinders, and other volcanic débris. In this, and in many of its features, the eruption resembled that to which Pompeii and Herculaneum owed

their annihilation, the convulsion by which the long inert crater, in these and similar cases, clears itself of all extraneous matter being invariably much more widely destructive than the subsequent and periodical lava discharges. Successive shocks of earthquake beginning at midnight on the 9th were the precursors of an appalling concussion at a little after 2 A.M. on the morning of the 11th when the volcano, with a portentous roar, shot up a pillar of flame and smoke 1000 feet into the air. From the dome-shaped canopy of black cloud surmounting it, meteors darted in every direction, and a series of heavy detonations from the crater accompanied the discharge of fiery projectiles from its throat. The principal sufferers were the people of Wairoa, close to the mountain, a favourite halting-place for tourists, upon which fell a rain of fiery cinders and boiling mud. Many of the inhabitants, including the schoolmaster and his family, as well as two English tourists, perished here, as the igneous deluge in many cases overwhelmed the houses, crushing in the roofs, and suffocating the unfortunate inmates. The Maoris, who had settlements round Lake Tarawera, suffered still more heavily. At Wairoa alone, forty are known to have perished with their chief, and over 100 altogether are believed to have been suffocated under the mud and ashes.

Widespread Devastation.—Over an area of about sixty miles the effects of the disturbance were sensibly felt, and when the sulphurous pall, which made a midnight darkness until eleven o'clock in the day, gradually lifted, the country presented an appalling aspect of desolation.

For many miles around [writes a correspondent in the *Times* of July 27, 1886] it was covered with the ashes, mud, and volcanic débris, in some places to the depth of several inches, in others to as many feet. All vegetation was completely destroyed; the trees and the beautiful tikitapa bush uprooted, and not a blade of grass to be seen. At Wairoa, the ashes and mud were ten feet deep. All the houses, hotels, and buildings were injured, some being completely wrecked. Relief parties were promptly despatched from Rotorua and Wairoa, and every assistance rendered the survivors of the calamity. During Thursday and Friday the eruption from Mount Tarawera continued, but gradually it exhibited signs of abatement. The earthquake shocks were at first at frequent intervals, and extended along the coast from Tauranga to Wellington, and the glare from the volcano was visible at night at Auckland, 180 miles distant. Half the mountain of Rotomahana has been blown away, and the lakes of Rotomahana, Rotokohokito, and Kakarema are one seething boiling mass.

Destruction of the Silica Terraces.—Among the disastrous effects of the eruption must be reckoned the destruction of the fairy wonder of the southern hemisphere, the Pink and White Terraces of Lake Rotomahana. These exquisite semi-amphitheatres of gleaming silica, the one white as Parian marble, the other pink as coral, rising in curving ledges from the lake, are now a thing of the past, and nature has herself destroyed one of her own masterpieces. The terraces have disappeared in the Stygian ruin that has

effaced many other features of the landscape, and a yawning crater now fills the place of the lake on which they stood.

Destruction of Khartoum.—The last refugee from the Soudan, Wassif Bey, reports the total destruction of the ill-starred capital of Nubia, which, according to him, has been razed to the ground, only a few European-built houses on the river being left standing. Omdurman, the site of the Mahdi's camp, has grown into a considerable town, and some Europeans are settled there, endeavouring to carry on a trade in cloth with the interior. Slatin and Lupton Beys are in the enjoyment of a certain amount of freedom, being allowed to ride about the town unrestrained. The once flourishing province of Dongola is a desert; and the inhabitants would everywhere welcome the restoration of Egyptian sovereignty, which could be easily effected, as the Mahdi's followers are split into hostile factions, at war amongst themselves.

The Niger Basin.—The "Journal" of the Manchester Geographical Society publishes a valuable description, by Mr. Joseph Thomson, of a trip to Sokoto, on the Upper Niger, whither he went as the envoy of the National African Company, in order to obtain commercial concessions from the principal Sultans of those regions. The traveller was much struck by the comparative civilization, as well as the commercial activity prevailing in the great negro kingdoms of the Central Soudan, whither invading Mohammedanism has carried with it a certain amount of social and literary culture. In the Hausa States eastward of the Niger, the great trade route connecting Timbuktu and the Western Soudan with Bornu and the basin of Lake Tchad, was marked by increasing density of population and greater industrial activity. Camels, horses, oxen, donkeys, and porters jostled each other in the streets, laden with articles of traffic from Tripoli, Morocco, Senegal, Sierra Leone, Dahomey, and Timbuktu. Nor is the life of these remote places without its picturesque aspect, supplied by native cavaliers with flowing garments, mounted on gorgeously caparisoned steeds, by wild and ragged Touaregs, the savage spearmen of the Sahara, looking down from their camels with fierce glaring eyes showing above the national litham or black veil that hides their faces, and by women jealously shrouded from view in the heavy draperies of the Mohammedan East. The towns, which are walled and fortified, present from a distance rather the appearance of an enclosed wood, as trees are thickly planted inside, and every house or hut stands in its own fenced or palisadoed yard.

Central African Markets.—The scene within the town [says Mr. Thomson] is no less interesting than outside. You pass picturesque groups sitting on mats discussing the affairs of the nation, who salute you with grave Moslem courtesy. But clearly there are few who can afford to spend their time so easily. Animated sounds of work meet the ear everywhere. Here in one yard domestic work is seen going on, women pounding corn in the egg-cup shaped mortars, so common in Africa, others grinding flour between two stones. Cotton is being cleaned, and with spindle and whorl turned into thread. Farther on weaving in all its primitive simplicity is proceeding, the shuttle being

thrown from hand to hand with marvellous celerity and admirable results. Here gowns are being made up or embroidered with silk; there saddles and their trappings are being manipulated. The clang of blacksmiths' shops fills the air in one quarter, as various useful articles are being manufactured, while in another leather-workers more silently make shoes, sandals, bags, and other requirements of the trade. At one place deep circular pits are utilized for dyeing, an art for which this region is justly famed. For hours you may wander about noting industrial scenes like these, showing to what a length their advance in civilization has increased their wants and produced a necessary division of labour into weavers, dyers, blacksmiths, brass-workers, saddle-makers, tailors, builders, horse boys, agricultural labourers, domestic servants, soap-makers, shop-keepers, traders, and a host of others.

But the scene above all which interests a stranger is the market-place, with its busy throng of buyers and sellers. Many of these market-places are attended by thousands of men and women. You cannot but be astonished at the variety of goods exposed for sale. The whole extent of Africa, north of the line, seems to be ransacked to stock the booths and shops. You see not only the necessaries of daily life, but numerous articles of luxury, pigments to dye the skin and nails, spices for food, perfumes for the clothes and body, brass vessels and vases for purely ornamental purposes, and scores of other things. In everything around you see evidences of a society differentiated into rich and poor, a class living in sufficient affluence to indulge in what is pleasing to the senses as well as what is necessary for daily life.

Mr. Thomson's mission was thoroughly successful, treaties, written in Arabic, were signed and sealed by the Sultans of Sokoto and Gandu, giving the Company, in consideration of a yearly subsidy, full possession of both banks of the Binue and its tributaries for a distance of thirty miles inland, and of the Niger from Lokoja to near Timbuktu, with an absolute monopoly of all trading and mineral rights throughout the contiguous regions.

The Newest State of the American Union.—The "Journal" above quoted gives some interesting particulars of the progress and growth of Dakota, the most recently admitted member of the North American Republic. Situated to the west of Minnesota, it resembles that State in soil and climate, but has the additional advantage of possessing vast mineral resources, principally contained in the isolated mountain group of the Black Hills. With an area of 147,700 square miles, its population, which had risen from 14,188 in 1870, to 135,177 in 1880, was numbered by the census of 1885 at 415,664. The number of farms, which in 1880 was but 17,435, is now 82,467, and in wheat production it already ranks as the eleventh State of the Union, having produced 500,000,000 bushels in 1884. Its wheat, moreover, is of a specially high productive quality, very rich in albuminoids, particularly the small hard grain known as Hard Daluth, which commands a high price in the English market. The wheat districts are in the northern portion of the State, and in the south Indian corn is the staple crop. Cattle ranches are also very numerous on the slopes of the hills, and stock-raising is said to be very lucrative. The buffalo is almost extinct, the last specimen having been killed in 1882.

The soil is a deep loam, very rich, and yielding crop after crop without fertilizers, while agriculture is facilitated by a distinctly defined rainy season. In addition to the great waterway of the Missouri, the State is traversed by a number of railways, in the north by the Northern Pacific and its branches, and in the south by the Chicago and North-Western, and Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, which connect it with the great grain-markets of Lake Superior and the Missouri.

Another Navigable River in Africa.—Lieutenant von Nimptsch, of the German Army, has published a report, giving interesting details of his exploration, in company with Herr Wolff, one of the agents of the Free State, of the Kassai, a tributary of the Congo, which he regards as of greater commercial importance than the main stream. It traverses the tract of country embraced by the great northerly bend of the Congo, and flows through wide plains calculated for agriculture and pasture, alternating with forests of palms and gutta percha trees. Many villages stud its banks, where the travellers were met with courtesy by the inhabitants, and ivory was so plentiful that it was freely exchanged for empty tins and boxes.

An Important Affluent.—Several minor affluents were met, giving a navigable aggregate length of some 250 miles, but "the most important," says the report, "is that which Herr Wolff explored in the steamer *Vorwärts* during the months of February and March. He ascended this stream to a distance of 430 leagues from its mouth, and one of its northern affluents brought him to within a week's march of Nyangwe. He might have gone still further had his steamer not met with an accident, for there are no cataracts in this river. All this network of navigable water, extending over more than 3000 miles, is most admirable, and in future it will be possible to travel eastward from the Atlantic, reaching Nyangwe and then Lake Tanganika by leaving the Congo at the mouth of the Kassai, without being obliged to ascend the whole of the former stream, thus avoiding the Stanley Falls."

Biblical Remains in Egypt.—Mr. Flinders Petrie's latest discovery in Egypt throws light upon an interesting episode of Jewish history. The name Kasr-bent-el-Yahoudi (Castle of the Jew's Daughter), applied by the natives to a shapeless mound of ruins at Tell-Defenneh, the "Pelusiac Daphnae" of the ancients, now near the Suez Canal, was a clue to its story, which was not lost on the enterprising archæologist, and excavation on the spot brought to light the foundations and lower chambers of what had once been a royal palace and fortress. The tablets buried under the angles of the walls record its erection by Psammetichus, who lived about the middle of the seventh century B.C., and it was one of three great frontier-fortresses built by him as a defence against the Arabs and the Syrians. Its connection with Jewish history took place a little later when, after the destruction of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar, the daughters of the captive king Zedekiah and the remnant of the Jewish people, took refuge in Egypt contrary to the advice of the prophet Jeremiah, the reluctant companion of their flight. Pharaoh

Hophra assigned them as a residence for the royal stronghold of Psammetichus, styled in the sacred narrative "Pharaoh's house in Tahpanhes," a locality easily identified with Daphnae and Defenneh. There is, then, no room for doubt that in the great square ruin, like a mediæval castle, unearthed by Mr. Petrie, we have the actual dwelling-place of the Hebrew princesses, within whose precincts Jeremiah stood and prophesied the further misfortunes that were to come upon them. Nay, in the "area of continuous brickwork, resting on sand, about 100 feet by 60," in front of the main entrance, brought to light by Mr. Petrie, we have probably the very pavement or levelled space where the inspired seer predicted that the King of Babylon should pitch his tent, and under which the prophet buried great stones with his own hand as a record and witness of the prediction. Large unhewn stones, actually found in this position, may possibly have been the identical blocks placed there by Jeremiah, but they bear no inscription or mark confirmatory of the idea. Of the fulfilment of the prophecy there is no reasonable doubt, though no details exist of Nebuchadnezzar's subsequent campaign against Egypt, but the signs of deliberate and violent destruction, still traceable on the ruins of the tower, were probably wrought by the conquering army of Babylon. Some humble details, nevertheless, of domestic arrangements have been gleaned among the ruins, and Pharaoh's kitchen and scullery, with ledges in the wall for plates, and his wine-cellar, with fragments of amphoræ bearing the royal seal, have escaped the wrath of Nebuchadnezzar, and survived to link our own day with that remote antiquity.

A Central Asian Switzerland.—The *Times* of August 18 gives some interesting details of Wakhan, an Alpine province of Afghanistan, consisting of two valleys on the Panjah, or southern branch of the Oxus. The English Mission, composed of Colonels Lockhart and Woodthorpe and Mr. Ney Elias, has been hospitably received by the present ruler, whose predecessor declared in 1874 that "he would be always glad to see the English, that even a dog of theirs would be welcomed, and that he would himself rise in the night time to see food cooked for it."

Situate on the slope of the Pamir, or "Roof of the World," it has no village situated lower than 8000 feet above sea-level, and Sarhadd, at its eastern extremity, stands 3000 feet higher. Its sparse population of only some 3000 souls are of pure Aryan race, and may represent the parent stock which sent its migratory swarms so far afield. They themselves claim Greek origin, but would find it difficult to make good their legendary pretensions. They are a hospitable people, good-looking, and fairly intelligent, much addicted to sport, and deriving their subsistence from flocks bred on the mountain pastures. The capital, and residence of the Mir, is Kila Panjah (Five Forts) on the north of the Panjah stream. It has been recognized as part of Afghanistan since 1872, but its northern frontier may be a matter of dispute, as it is difficult to define which of several streams is to be classed as the true Oxus, diplomatically

regarded as the boundary. Should the Panjah, or extreme southern branch, be considered in that light the most valuable portion of Wakhan, including its capital, would be severed from Afghanistan, and the English contention might fairly be that the Murghabi, or northern affluent, is the main stream, particularly as it coincides with the ethnological boundary between Iran and Turan.

Across Central Africa.—Lieutenant Gleeup, a Swedish officer of the Congo State, has arrived in Europe after completing the transit across Africa under novel conditions. Finding himself short of provisions and otherwise straitened in his position at Stanley Falls, the extreme eastern station of the Free State, he was desirous of making his way to Zanzibar, and applied to Tippoo Tib, the great Arab slave-raider of those parts, for assistance. This was furnished in the shape of canoes, men, and letters of recommendation to leading Arabs along the way, armed with which the traveller set out in the lightest possible marching order, with two rifles, and accompanied only by a Zanzibari and a boy. By canoe on the river he reached Nyangwe and Kassongo, proceeding thence on foot to Lake Tanganika, taking very interesting notes of his journey, and discovering a new fall on the Congo between Nyangwe and Ukassa. Tippoo Tib's letters proved invaluable. Received as an honoured guest in every Arab village, he was provided with all requirements for his journey, including a donkey, a tent, porters, goods and food, finally reaching Zanzibar, *via* Ujiji and Tabora, in six months from Stanley Falls, after having spent altogether two years and a half in the interior of Africa.

A Caucasian Eden.—The Russian journals are at present writing up an uninhabited Paradise on the Black Sea, rivalling the Riviera in climate, and far surpassing it in the exuberance of its semi-tropical vegetation. Valleys and mountains clothed with rhododendrons and azaleas, fruits in profusion and perfection, vines not only gigantic but prolific, an indigenous tea-plant calculated to rival that of China, hops, tobacco, cotton and cereals of all kinds, are among the tempting products enumerated. A grain of maize will multiply a thousand-fold, mulberries flourish for the benefit of future silkworms, and aromatic flowers for that of bees. Yet this region, called Cocaizore, is still untenanted, offers of free grants of land to families, and larger tracts at the rate of four roubles an acre, having failed to attract settlers. It is now proposed to rescind all grants that have not been turned to account, and introduce Cossack colonists, the best pioneers among the subjects of Russia. The project has the further political advantage of creating a Christian March between the Mussulmans of the interior and those subject to Turkey, and of garrisoning with a warlike and hardy race a frontier which has always been a weak one, liable to incursions and depredations by sea and land.—(*Times*, August 23, 1886.)

New Debateable Land on the Afghan Border.—The fresh difficulty in the delimitation of the Afghan frontier has arisen at the extreme eastern end of the line to be laid down, whose limit was defined by the preliminary agreement on the subject as Khoja Saleh

on the Oxus. It now seems that a place of this name exists only in the imagination of geographers, and that it is a corruption of the name of a local shrine, Ziarat-Kwaja-Salor, vaguely applied also to the adjoining district. The shrine itself is twenty-five miles from Kham-i-ab, where the frontier recognized by the chiefs and tribes on the spot is found, and where it was marked in 1873 by the officials of Afghanistan and Bokhara. The Khoja Saleh district, which is not devoid of fertility, is occupied by Karkins and Ersaris. The former are not a Turcoman tribe, and the latter, though Turcomans, are not nomads, but a stationary people, who till the soil and have always paid tribute to Afghanistan.

Eclipse Expedition.—The scientific expedition sent to the island of Grenada to observe the solar eclipse visible there on August 29, was sufficiently favoured by the weather to secure valuable results. One of its members writing in the *Times* of September 7, gives some interesting details of the island, of whose beauty and luxuriance he says "it is impossible to give an idea." The mahogany tree, the mango, the cocoa shrub, varieties of palms, and such flowering trees as the begonia, fifty feet high, and the gorgeous flamboyant, are conspicuous in the forest, and form a scaffolding for a network of creepers and parasitic plants not less beautiful. This vegetation grows almost to the water's edge, separated from it only by the silver selvage of sand washed by an almost tideless sea, whose rise and fall rarely exceeds a foot. The island is now fairly prosperous, having substituted cocoa for sugar as an export, and the negroes are cheerful and industrious, even to the extent of laying by money to purchase land.

Gold in Western Australia.—The Kimberley Gold Field is reported as promising considerable productiveness, and the rush has already set in thither from other parts of Australia and New Zealand. The diggings are in a remote part of the colony, some 400 or 500 miles from Perth, the capital, in a region where water is scarce, and food difficult to procure. The finding of gold in large quantities here or in the new gold fields in South Africa would, in the opinion of economists, tend to create a revival of trade from depression due in great measure to scarcity of the precious metal.

Petroleum in Saghalien.—The reported discovery of petroleum in Saghalien, would, if on a large scale, be an event of some political importance, as it would enable Russia to adapt her entire navy to the use of liquid fuel, and render her independent of coal in the Pacific and elsewhere. The Caspian Fleet is already fired with oil exclusively, that of the Black Sea will soon be worked on the same plan, and the new discovery would furnish a supply for all the naval stations in the East.

Notes on Hobels.

The Heir of the Ages. By JAMES PAYN. Three vols. London :
Smith, Elder & Co.

IT is to be feared that this must be pronounced a dull novel. Mr. Payn, in spite of one or two happy inspirations, has never excelled in invention ; and his humour, though very genuine of its kind and very delicate, is not copious and spontaneous enough to leaven the mass of three volumes. This tale has a literary heroine, who is just managing to become interesting when she has a mysterious brain-fever and loses her "power of creation ;" and not only does that, but becomes suddenly rich "beyond the dream of avarice," by the violent expedient of a landslip and a revelation of buried treasure. She ultimately recovers her "creative" gift ; but by that time we have lost all solicitude about her. She falls in love with an odd man of genius, old enough to be her father, who has assisted her early efforts towards fame ; but the reader never really believes they are in love. They talk most excellent "literature," but the subsequent love-business is so clearly and impertinently conventional that the reader resents it as a fraud. The lady, Miss Elizabeth Dart, is represented as a most surprising genius. This being so, it is a mistake of Mr. Payn's to give us an actual specimen of one of those powerful and brilliant articles which made Society talk about her. The reader who reads it at second-hand in the pages of her chronicler remains provokingly cool under what the *Times* is made to call its boldness and vigour. Here is a sample of its boldness :—"In these days, our duty to the State is the very last thing which is considered, even by moderately honest folks. . . . I have observed of late years that even those notifications in the newspapers from the Chancellor of the Exchequer concerning conscience money have disappeared." And the following is described as not only vigorous but audacious :—"To judge by the way in which it is commonly spoken of, our very form of government would seem to have become of more consequence than the commonwealth itself for which governments exist at all." It would have been more artistic to represent transcendent genius indirectly by cheques from editors and brilliant offers from eminent publishing firms. The "intrigue" of the story is helped on by a country squire and his wife, a wicked major (who is the most amusing person in the book, and that is not saying much), an eccentric and obtrusive antiquary, an aunt of an angelic disposition, a young man who is a cripple and writes beautiful poetry, a young lady in love with the cripple, and a doctor who is introduced with such a flourish and is given such herculean limbs and thews that it is a distinct artistic blot that he does nothing whatever in the story. But the truth is, there

is not much story of any kind; and what there is the author so overloads with tiresome reflections and useless analysis that the reader learns quite a lesson in judicious skipping by the time he reaches the third volume. There are bright passages—as for example, the chapter entitled “Literature,” in which Mr. Payn reminds us of his best work, his “Literary Recollections;” and a few moderately good epigrams and witticisms are sprinkled up and down the book.

Norah Moriarty. By AMOS READE. London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1886.

WE have here a series of scenes of recent Irish life, strongly realized and drawn with considerable power and pathos. The author, keeping within the bounds of literal fact, has chosen his incidents among those still fresh in the minds of the public, which have made the daily papers during the past few years such painful reading for all who take an interest in the Irish people. The subject is treated in a spirit of perfect impartiality, and full justice is done to the primitive virtues of the peasantry, who are made throughout objects of pity rather than reprehension. Norah's devotion to her old employers, and loyalty to former ties at the risk of her life, could be paralleled in the records of many an Irish family, and recall the fidelity of the Indian ayas to their European charges during all the horrors of the Sepoy rising. Warm-hearted and faithful, courageous yet with considerable powers of dissimulation, used in her case for good ends, she is a thoroughly representative type of the best class of Irish peasant-women. The murder of the young heir is told with vivid power, and the nocturnal burial of his remains, escorted by a file of soldiers, is a dramatic incident taken from life. The grief of the venerable priest, who returns after an absence to find his flock gone astray and his influence over them gone, is also a familiar, but touching episode. The literary merits of the book are unequally distributed, and perhaps its least successful portion is the somewhat melodramatic ending, of which the abduction of the baby Earl, and his eventual restoration to his widowed mother, form the subject.

The Professor's Wooing. By ELSA D'ESTERRE-KEELING. London: Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. 1886.

MISS D'ESTERRE-KEELING, in her brilliant comedies of continental life, has achieved the difficult feat of striking out a new line for herself among English novelists. “The Professor's Wooing” marks a distinct advance on her previous work, as her style has gained in finish and piquancy, and her constructive faculty in the power of marshalling the actors on her little stage. The plot, it is true, is of the slightest, but is skilfully adapted to its function as a framework for the series of minute events developed from it.

The peculiar art of the authoress consists, indeed, in the power of trifling to an indefinite extent over the veriest nothings, and creating a series of diverting episodes out of materials as filmy as the texture of a soap-bubble. A racy sparkle of drollery throughout, an effervescence of playful raillery which finds the ludicrous in the commonplace, holds the reader's interest fast bound while the authoress philosophizes with mock gravity over the lifting of a soup-tureen, or the laying of a table-cloth. The characters are sketched with that keenness of superficial observation which gives its foundation of truth to caricature, and Professor La Mie and his lady admirers at the two Pensions at Les Plans, where the scene is laid, have each and all sufficient distinctiveness to give them vitality. There are many shrewd epigrammatic touches here and there, like the said Professor's theory that genius and talent combined confer greatness on their possessor; talent without genius, popularity; and genius without talent—nothing; and the statement that what the Germans mean by *Gemüth* is the faculty of saying *Ach!* appropriately.

A Fallen Idol. By F. ANSTEY. London: Smith, Elder & Co.
1886.

MR. ANSTEY still continues to work successfully the new vein of fiction started by him in "Vice-Versâ." His works bear the same relation to ordinary novels that the extravaganza does to the legitimate drama, and the popularity of the farcical travesty is in both cases a symptom of the decline of the more serious branch of art. The present volume is in every sense an improvement on its immediate predecessor, "The Tinted Venus," as the supernatural grotesque of its motive is carried out with more subtle humour and less attempt at broad caricature. The misfortunes of the young artist, afflicted with the incubus of a malignant Indian idol, appeal more thoroughly to our sympathies than the embarrassments of the cockney hairdresser persecuted by the resuscitated goddess; and the element of broad comedy is more happily introduced in the person of the Scandinavian adept in the new system of theosophy, although his distorted English becomes sometimes a little fatiguing to the reader. But the vagaries of esoteric Buddhism offer so inviting a field for caricature that we are quite willing to allow a little latitude in the manner of travestying them, and Mr. Anstey has caught very happily the tone of sentimental credulity which provides so many ready-made dupes for every fresh system of imposture.

Kidnapped. By R. L. STEVENSON. London: Cassell & Co.
1886.

MR. STEVENSON'S latest work may be classed as a companion volume to his inimitable "Treasure Island," among tales of adventure, fascinating to readers of all ages. The scene is laid in Scotland, in the troubled year 1751, when the embers of the

Jacobite rising were being trodden out, and not even the Wizard of the North himself has given us so vivid a picture of the state of society in the Highlands during that epoch. The hunted lives of the fugitive chiefs, the incorruptible fidelity of the clansmen, the mixture of meanness and chivalry, of cunning and recklessness, in the typical Gael, are conveyed in the course of the narrative, in touches swift and light as those by which a consummate artist sketches the leading lines of his subject. The adventures of the hero are realized with that graphic intensity of presentation which made the strange transformation of "Dr. Jekyll" seem perfectly credible to the reader, and the characters of Ebenezer Balfour and Alan Breck are masterpieces of creative power. The terse brevity and directness of the style are in perfect accord with the autobiographical character of the narration, yet its apparent simplicity is the result of the highest finish, producing the desired effect on the imagination with the fewest and least recondite words. The description of the boy's approach to his unknown uncle's dwelling, the gradual foreshadowing of the surprise awaiting him in the various answers to his inquiries, his reception by the miser, and the character and surroundings of the latter, form a picture worthy of the greatest masters of fiction.

Disenchantment. By F. MABEL ROBINSON. London : Vizetelly & Co. 1886.

MISS MABEL ROBINSON'S second work has been awaited with interest by the public, who saw in "Mr. Butler's Ward" considerable promise for her future as a writer of fiction. Nor will the general expectation be disappointed, for the present volume shows that she has developed in the direction of strong, though sombre realism, with an advance in the power of depicting the harsher aspects of life. The "Disenchantment" of the title is that undergone by the heroine in her married life, in the terrible experience of a drunkard's wife. The details of this central situation are followed out with uncompromising realism, and the sufferings of the unhappy victim of an hereditary tendency portrayed with grim fidelity. A moral is pointed by the horror of the picture called up, but the analysis of the mental and physical penalties entailed by a degrading vice must always be a painful if not a revolting study, and is, we think, scarcely a healthy subject of contemplation for the reader. Nor are the interests of morality served by representing the ghastly climax of suicide as the easiest solution of the despairing riddle of such a life, with its increasing burden of woe to all within its sphere. A higher artistic as well as moral truth would have been enforced by representing the poor wretch's never-ceasing struggles against his terrible temptation as crowned by repentance on a death-bed, which need not have been thus robbed of all hope. The two principal female characters are delicately discriminated and contrasted; the one a solemn self-conscious girl-prig, whose soaring views do

not prevent her from being an egotist in action ; the other hiding a spirit of self-abnegation under a sparkling vivacity of manner, lending an added charm to her conscientious fulfilment of duty. Both are unintentionally rivals for the affections of the hapless hero, an Irish member of Parliament and writer for the Press, whose good looks are his sole recommendation. The fate of the disappointed maiden neglected by him is certainly far preferable to that of the successful candidate for his hand.

The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains. By CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK. London: Chatto & Windus. 1885.

THIS book is in one respect a phenomenon. The masculine alias on the title-page conceals the identity of a girl barely twenty-two years of age, whose works, which have taken the American public by storm, seem to us the most remarkable hitherto written by a woman's pen at so early a period of life. If they are feminine, it is only in exquisite delicacy of feeling, which detracts nothing from the masculine intensity of portraiture and vivid picturesqueness of description. With all Mr. Bret Harte's power of evoking for us the scenery and population of the wild American border-lands, they combine a vigorous grasp of character beyond anything shown in his later works, and have indeed a tragic force that comes near sublimity, combined with the most direct simplicity of narration.

The Great Smoky Mountains are on the borders of Tennessee, and here the heroine, Dorinda Cayce, has her lot cast among rough and lawless surroundings, where her native nobility of character and susceptibility to all beauty and goodness are an inevitable source of suffering to her. Her affections are set upon a wild young mountaineer, Rick Tyler, and she undergoes a bitter heartbreak when he falls short of her standard of uprightness by refusing to clear an innocent man of an unjust charge. The spiritual ideal of her lofty but untutored nature is found in Hiram Kelsey, the "Prophet" of the title-page, whose character is powerfully conceived and drawn. His rude eloquence as a preacher springs from fervent religious conviction, yet his inner life is a constant struggle against sceptical doubts and temptations to unbelief. The riddle of his perplexed soul is solved by the sacrifice of his life in substitution for that of his enemy, and he dies the victim of murderous hatred for another man, on the part of Dorinda's father and brothers. These blood-stained outlaws stand out in the shadow of their life of crime with the weird force of an etching by Rembrandt, while their deeds of violence are in strange contrast to the kindness of their relations with the women and children of their fireside. Dorinda is spared the knowledge that the guilt of the "Prophet's" death lies at their door, as the secret of the fatal error is kept to the end. A high moral tone elevates the poetic sentiment of the book, making it one to be recommended on all grounds.

A Prince of Darkness : A Novel. By FLORENCE WARDEN. London : Ward & Downey. 1886.

TO the lovers of sensational literature this novel furnishes an ample banquet. They will not find the *menu* deficient either in the number or in the rarity of the dishes served up for their delectation. They can revel in the mystery that shrouds the darkest crimes, and enjoy the numerous complications introduced by disguised identities. The character who gives the title to the work is, of course, pre-eminent in wickedness, and fairly maintains the reputation of his prototype ; but there is not much virtue to be found among any of the others, except perhaps the very feeble Gerald Staunton.

A dissolute but accomplished villain—the central star of Parisian life—maintains for many years his extravagant outlay by a well-planned system of robbery and murder. In addition to this rôle of dandy, thief, and murderer he fills that of a quiet and apparently respectable merchant near Calais, where he occasionally repairs for the purpose, presumably, of keeping “out of the way.” Here he disguises himself so effectually that he is never discovered by intimates or servants to be anything but a feeble old paralytic. He has a confederate in his schemes of plunder, in the person of a confidential clerk, who, during his absence on his raids, assumes the disguise of his master and fills his place. Both of these men have in turn been married to the principal female character, who throughout the work figures as the wife of a General de Lancey, and brings ultimate vengeance on the heads of her false and unworthy husbands.

Love's Martyr. By LAWRENCE ALMA TADEMA. London : Longmans, Green & Co. 1886.

THIS short story, which is we believe from the pen of a young lady, is full of vigorous conception of character, and gives promise of still better work in the future. The dialogue is racy and strong, occasionally indeed degenerating into language of immoderate strength, and possesses the great charm of a vivid presentment of individual character which keeps the interest of the reader untired from beginning to end.

The work is so fresh and original that we regret to find a fault where there is so much to praise ; but we must confess that the conventional method is unnecessarily violated by the inartistic disclosure, on the very first page, of the sequel of the story. Miss Alma Tadema contemns the ordinary device of exciting the reader's curiosity by concealment of what is about to happen ; but after all the old plan, which follows nature, of keeping the future as closely veiled as possible, is in our opinion the better one. The authoress acting on her principle of full disclosure conducts us at the outset to the tombstone of her heroine, and reads for us the inscription thereon. From this we are made aware of the marriage which is the climax of the narrator's life, and accordingly regard with some

indifference his preliminary difficulties. To be told at the commencement of a love-affair that the lady was subsequently discovered to be a flippant and heartless flirt does not tend to increase our sympathy with the lover in many pages of assiduous courtship. But this is what Edward Field—who tells the tale—discloses to us at the very beginning of his attachment for Miss Anne Merry. The transference of his devotion from her to the very untidy and weird Rosamond, for no other reason apparently than that he saw that Sebastian Erle was in love with her, is too sudden and violent; but it may be that the narrow limits of the work (some 200 pages) furnishes an adequate excuse for the want of development at this critical epoch.

The Right Honourable. By JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M.P., and Mrs. CAMPBELL-PRAED. London: Chatto & Windus. 1886.

THE system of joint production in novel-writing might in theory be pronounced doomed to failure, did not so many instances prove that it can be practised with success. The present case is no exception, and the partnership in intellectual capital is so united a concern that no traces of dualism are apparent in the result.

The heroine is an Australian, bearing the strange name of "Koorali," but it is in England, amid fashionable and political society, that the drama of her life is played out. Married early to a man whose base and shallow nature proves utterly repellent to her, she finds too late a dangerous affinity in a great English statesman, who, under the name of Sandham Morse, is portrayed as the leader of the Radical party. In this individual, though warned in the preface against personal identification of the *dramatis personæ*, we cannot help recognizing at least the political position of the member for West Birmingham, placed of course in totally imaginary circumstances as to his private and domestic life. The heroine's husband, come to England to throw himself on a career of political adventure, deliberately "runs" his wife as a fashionable beauty to aid his projects by the influence of her charms, and thus encourages the friendship between her and the powerful Radical leader. Koorali is never indeed a willing instrument in his schemes, but acts in her painful circumstances as a thoroughly conscientious woman, and finally, when cast off in anger by her husband, returns with her two boys to her father in Australia.

The plot here outlined is enlivened by animated sketches of political salons and fashionable characters in London. Lady Betty's gatherings have their prototypes in those of more than one leader of society, where celebrities of all grades and hues jostle each other in somewhat promiscuous contiguity. A remarkable anticipation of subsequent fact is the narrative of the Socialist riot in London, not only, as we are assured, written, but printed, before that of the 8th February, of which it might well pass for a slightly varied description. The character of the Socialist leader, Masterman, who must inevitably suggest Hyndman, is finely conceived, and his death,

while striving to stem the anarchy he had let loose, at the moment when all his illusions were shattered and dispelled, is full of genuine pathos. Politics are treated throughout without any spirit of partisanship, unless indeed it be intended seriously to imply that the Conservative party accepted office in June, 1885, on the speculation of forcing on a war with Russia and gaining popularity by so doing. There is no plea for such an insinuation, but granting this to be intended as fictitious history required by the necessities of the story, all other polemical questions are dealt with in a spirit of good-humoured geniality not always easily attained by contemporaries.

In a Silver Sea. By B. L. FARJEON. London: Ward & Downey. 1886.

MR. FARJEON'S wild and fantastic tale reveals an order of power very unlike the more commonplace sensationalism of "The Sacred Nugget" and "The Mystery of Great Porter Square." In the "Silver Isle," the sea-bound Arcadia in which the scene of his new romance is laid, we have a world as far removed from real life as the Island of Laputa, yet described with sufficient imaginative power to persuade us to accept its marvels in good faith. A romantic legend of crime and penitence forms the prologue, which has, however, little connection with the events that follow, unless it be to attune the mind to their strangeness. They are principally enacted by visitors from beyond the sea, the crimes and tragedies of whose past lives find a solution among the crags and precipices of the mysterious island. Treasure caves with reefs of gold, mountains burrowed through by subterranean passages and escalated by swinging chains, furnish a series of perilous adventures to the *deus ex machinâ* of the book, a beneficent hunchback, through whose agency the complications of the plot are gradually unravelled. Although these form when taken together a tissue of improbabilities, the narrative has sufficient power to give it a fascination, and secure it a place of its own among the literature of the day.

My Friend Jim. By W. E. NORRIS. London: Macmillan & Co. 1886.

THIS is one of a class of novels which always suggest the inquiring whether the designs of artful and unscrupulous beauty are invariably crowned with triumphant success, and if heirs to titles and estates be really the easy prey that romancers represent them. Experienced chaperones tell a different tale, and portray this desirable section of humanity as extremely wary and suspicious of the feminine snares laid for them. Mr. Norris's wicked heroine, Hilda Turner, is, however, victorious all along the line; first over the amiable imbecility of "My Friend Jim," whom she jilts; next over the facile conscience of his friend, the dissipated viscount, whom

she marries ; and finally, as Lady Bracknell, over every man whom her vanity or self-interest mark out as an advantageous conquest.

There is, of course, an amiable and devoted heroine waiting to console the hero in the third volume, as soon as the difficulties created by parental authority and a semi-engagement to another can be disposed of.

The author's buoyancy of style makes the disentanglement of these complications pleasant reading ; and the male characters are happily, though slightly, sketched. Their relations to each other are feelingly and sympathetically drawn, and there is a touch of pathetic truth in the survival of boyish friendship over all the rivalries, hostilities, and even betrayals of later life.

Science Notices.

Hydrophobia and M. Pasteur.—The experiments of M. Pasteur have raised some grave issues in the medical world, and the public are beginning to suspend their judgment on the whole case. We cannot but think that the learned professor of the Rue d'Ulm has held his ground, and proved the beneficent nature of his discovery. A few words on the method of inoculating against hydrophobia will perhaps not be unwelcome to our readers. The whole discovery, if discovery it be, has been wrought out of experiments on living animals, a fact which will naturally account for the bitterness of many of M. Pasteur's opponents. The first attempt to discover the microbe of the disease was made from the saliva of a child who had died of hydrophobia. Out of four rabbits inoculated three succumbed rapidly ; the fourth recovered. Five other rabbits were inoculated with the saliva of one of the diseased, and all rapidly died within a period of twenty to thirty hours respectively. Having arrived at this point, M. Pasteur endeavoured to find other living subjects in which to cultivate the virus. A curious result ensued. While the disease propagated from rabbit to rabbit was exalted in intensity, in passing through different generations of the monkey it became gradually less virulent. Once in possession of an attenuated virus, M. Pasteur proceeded to practise upon a number of dogs. Twenty-three dogs were first inoculated, and then exposed to the bite of mad companions, and, strange to say, all escaped the disease.

Human Inoculation.—In the meantime Joseph Meister, a young Alsatian, had been severely bitten by a dog that bore all the marks of madness. He was considered hopelessly doomed to hydrophobia, and the doctors begged M. Pasteur to try upon the poor victim the experiment of his new discovery. Young Meister received thirteen

inoculations, the last in the series being very virulent and capable of conveying the disease in the most aggravated form had the system not been protected by the previous injections. It is now more than a year since this happened, and the young Alsatian is in good health and has completely recovered from the effects of the bites and the inoculations. Since that date a stream of patients has besieged the laboratory of the Rue d'Ulm, and the papers last July give 1500 as the probable number of those who had presented themselves for M. Pasteur's inoculations. In this number there must necessarily be many who are the victims of imaginary fears, but there still will remain a considerable number who had been veritably exposed to all the horrors of this terrible complaint, and have been saved by the genius of the great biologist. The moral effects of the treatment cover a wide field, and have not received sufficient justice at the hands of M. Pasteur's opponents. Granting, as some contend, that hydrophobia is nothing more than a disease of the nervous system brought about by mental fear and overwrought susceptibilities, we cannot but recognise the beneficent and soothing effect of a treatment which by inspiring confidence allays the excessive timidity and gloomy anticipations of the patient, and inspires a confidence that is most powerful in restoring a state of health.

The Age of Bronze in Europe.—Dr. S. Müller has studied the remains of Mycene, explored by Dr. Schliemann, and claims for the old inhabitants a civilization far superior to the primitive Greek art. Many objects are found here that were unknown to early Greece; glass, porcelain, ostrich eggs, and ivory. The ornamentation bears an Oriental character, partaking both of Assyrian and Egyptian, or, better still, of Phœnician type. The funeral rites are Oriental, not Greek. All the metal work is in bronze, no iron is found. It is extraordinary how widespread is the civilization that is distinguished by the use of bronze as metal. The researches of Dr. Schliemann at Tiryns, have brought to light the ruins of a gigantic fortress or treasure house. The walls of the palace, constructed of enormous materials, are sometimes from forty-five to fifty-one feet thick, and enclose a staircase, three corridors, and eleven vaulted chambers. There are unmistakable traces of apartments for men and women, porticoes, and outer courts. Beautiful vases worked with geometrical patterns have been exhumed, and point unmistakably to a Phœnician origin. And all this cyclopean masonry was put together by tools of bronze or stone; for iron is most markedly absent. In the Caucasus, too, most interesting discoveries have been made, and all referable to the same phase of civilization. Without doubt there is a common origin to the age of bronze. We can trace three distinct streams that have invaded Europe, by the Black Sea, by the Mediterranean, and by Asia Minor, and these all point to Asia as a common source. From his studies on the antiquities of Mycene, Dr. Müller places the age of bronze at about 2000 years B.C., and consequently anterior to the poems of Homer.

Formation of the Basin of the Atlantic.—Sir W. Dawson's address—as President of the British Association this year—was confined to that branch of science of which he is a past master. It might be best defined as a charming monograph on the basin of the Atlantic. One of the most startling results achieved by the *Challenger* expedition was to establish the permanent nature of the great ocean basins. We are glad to see that Sir. W. Dawson lends the great weight of his name and authority to the new hypothesis. It is impossible to look upon a map without being struck by the marked position of the most ancient rocks of the earth—viz., the Laurentian series. In America the long lines of this old mountain chain extends along the Labrador coast and the north shore of the St. Lawrence. In Europe a similar feature is reproduced in the Highlands, the Hebrides, and the Scandinavian mountains. The Malvern hills in England are the single survivors of this far-off time. The president holds that within the Laurentian period the earth's crust began to rise above the general surface, and the subsidence thereby caused formed the bed of the Atlantic, and these broad features have roughly subsisted to the present day. This high land would be subject to erosions and denudations; the detritus thus produced would be carried to the ocean shores, and further mountains be formed by these great lines of deposition. This portion of the crust becoming weighed down, would become more liable to shrinking and lateral pressure. The permanence of the ocean bed is accounted for in this wise. The sediment accumulated along the shores would hold back the heat of the earth, and thus intensify the internal throes, while the ocean floor, constantly bathed with currents of cold water, would be more rapidly cooled, and would become thicker and stronger. We should have thus on the shores greater folding and elevation, produced by the hard thick ocean floor as it settles downward squeezing upward and plicating all the soft sediments deposited at its edges. The theory is as ingenious as it is satisfactory.

Professor Bonney on Shore Formations.—The foregoing views received further and powerful support from Professor Bonney's masterly address. Sediment from rivers, he contends, is deposited comparatively near the shores of continents. Even in the case of very large rivers only the finer sediment is carried far from land. The *Challenger* soundings have shown that 150 miles is about the maximum distance from land within which any important quantity of detrital material is deposited. Hence the coast is fringed by a zone of sediment which, after passing a maximum of thickness within a short distance from the shore, gradually thins away. This detrital fringe is probably now here more than seventy or eighty miles wide; the coarser sands do not usually extend for so much as a quarter of this distance. The inertia of the mass of the ocean water quickly arrests the flow of even the mightiest river, and reduces it to a mere superficial current. Hence the great ocean basins are regions where rock-building is carried on slowly and chiefly by organic agency.

Persistency of Floral Types.—Professor Carruthers, in the Biological Section, drew attention to the great antiquity of the present Egyptian flora as evidenced by an examination of hitherto unopened tombs. Happily the exploration was made by no less distinguished a botanist than Dr. Schweinfurth. The plant remains were included within the mummy wrappings, and, being thus hermetically sealed, have been preserved with scarcely any change. These specimens, four thousand years old, supply means for the closest examination and comparison with their living representatives. It is difficult to realize the wonderful state of preservation in which the flowers that were employed as garlands still are. The colour of the petals of the poppy, and the occasional presence of the dark patch at their bases, present the same peculiarities as are still found in this species growing in Egyptian fields. The petals of the larkspur not only retain their reddish violet colour, but present the peculiar markings which are still found in the living plant. A garland composed of wild celery and the small flowers of the blue lotus, fastened together by fibres of papyrus, was found on a mummy of the twentieth dynasty about three thousand years old. The cereals, too, are good specimens of the species still cultivated. This observation is true also of the cultivated grains belonging to prehistoric times. The wheat found in the purely British portion of the ancient village explored by General Pitt Rivers is equal to the average of wheat cultivated at the present day. The wheat from the lake-dwellings in Switzerland are also fair samples. Grains of maize from the prehistoric mounds in the valley of the Mississippi and from the tombs of the Incas of Peru represent fair samples of this great food substance of the New World. The early peoples of both worlds, then, had under cultivation these important cereals, and it is remarkable that in our own country, with all the appliances of scientific cultivation and intelligent farming, we have not been able appreciably to surpass the grains harvested by our rude ancestors two thousand years ago.

The late Cold Seasons.—It is seldom we have had to chronicle such persistent low temperature as during the past twelve months. The highest number of weeks in which the temperature was above the average was twelve in the north-east of England, and only six in the Channel Islands. November, 1885, is the only month in which the resultant temperature for the whole of the British Islands was above the average, and then the excess amounted only to one degree. Of the remaining eleven months, one was up to the average, one fell a degree below, four fell two degrees, three had a deficiency of three, and two a deficit of four degrees. The excess of heat in the north-east of England and its deficiency in the south-west would almost point to the fact that the sea breezes which bring the latter locality so much genial warmth, for some cause or other have been robbed of their heat during the past twelve months.

Notices of Books.

The Clothes of Religion. A Reply to Popular Positivism: in two Essays and a Postscript. By WILFRID WARD. London and New York: Burns & Oates.

WE are the more glad to welcome this addition to our scanty philosophical literature, because we inadvertently omitted to notice Mr. Ward's former contribution to a like controversy. Our neglect of "The Wish to Believe" is somewhat excused by our knowledge that Catholic readers will have certainly made acquaintance for themselves with that work. They will be aware that, in anything that comes from Mr. Ward's pen in defence of the truths of natural religion, they may expect telling arguments, enforced and illustrated with an abundance of apt illustrations. They will not be disappointed in the little volume now before us. Mr. Ward intervened in a controversy between Mr. F. Harrison and Mr. Herbert Spencer at precisely the point where he had most scope for employing his talents in the service of truth, and he did so with excellent effect. Events move so quickly at the present day, that the general reader will probably be glad to be reminded of the general bearings of a discussion which attracted a good deal of notice more than two years ago. Mr. Spencer had argued that "the Unknowable," which he had set up as his divinity, was the true object of worship and reverence, and legitimately satisfied those cravings for a religion, of which he fully acknowledged the existence and importance. Mr. Frederic Harrison had no difficulty in demolishing any such pretensions on the part of "the Unknowable," and in showing that it had no right to be regarded with religious feelings, or indeed with any feelings at all. But he then went on to explain that true religion consists in the worship of Humanity; and it is this point which Mr. Ward takes up. He proceeds to show that Mr. Harrison's arguments against Mr. Spencer's religion are equally valid against his own. Each of them has appropriated "the clothes of religion," and has dressed a phantom with them; when we strip off the clothes, we find nothing remaining. What his arguments are in detail, how he applies the threefold test—that it should guide life, support in affliction, and give hope in death—to the religion of Humanity, we must leave our readers to learn from Mr. Ward's own pages. Any analysis would be unfair, as not exhibiting the fertility of illustration which makes them such easy and attractive reading.

The best proof that Mr. Harrison felt the force of Mr. Ward's arguments is that, in a subsequent article on "Agnostic Metaphysics," he considerably modified, really if not verbally, his original position. In his second article, Mr. Ward pointed out that these modifications amount to a virtual abandonment of his previous

position. Humanity is explained to mean no more than the human race; worship is reduced to a mere "rational regard" or esteem, and the whole practical outcome of Comte's system amounts to no more than a recommendation to altruism or general benevolence. Mr. Ward very happily compares this non-natural use of words, which are disowned as soon as their meaning is pressed, to the custom "of a certain club of high repute in the early part of this century," and stamps the whole with the name of "Pickwickian Positivism." Such is a very bare outline of the ground these two essays cover. If we have any quarrel with Mr. Ward, it is that he should have republished them in their original form. Several points are of such importance that they would bear, and deserve, considerable expansion. For instance, he points out, with great truth, that Mr. Spencer and Mr. Harrison really "divide the clothes of religion between them." The feeling of awe, corresponding to the ideas of Infinity, Eternity, and Power, fell to the former's share; while the latter came in for the larger quantity—the garments rather of Christianity than of Natural Religion. Here is material enough for several pages, in which the thought might have been drawn out, with great benefit to the ordinary reader. If this be a fault, it is one that can be readily amended hereafter, when (as we trust) Mr. Ward next intervenes as a Catholic in the controversies of the day.

Memoir of Lieutenant Rudolph de Lisle, R.N., of the Royal Naval Brigade on the Upper Nile. By the Rev. H. N. OXENHAM, M.A. London: Chapman & Hall. 1886.

MR. OXENHAM has given us a charming book, which fittingly commemorates the brave son of a distinguished father. Lieutenant de Lisle's life would have been deeply interesting were it only for the fact that he was of the brave band who fell gloriously at Abu Klea, one among the victims sacrificed by that Government which was always "too late." The poor fellow's own words read very touchingly now: "If only the Government could have made up their minds six weeks or two months sooner." But to Catholics the interest of the book goes far beyond that fact, seeing that we have, and delightfully told too, the career of one whose catholicity, drunk in at his mother's breast, grew with his growth, trod step by step with his advancing manhood, was the inspiring motive and the crown of every duty.

As a cadet on the *Britannia*, though none of his school-fellows were of his own faith, "he did not flinch for a moment from the consistent practice of his religious duty." And a little later, just having entered the service,

his brave spirit often showed itself in the manner in which he stood up for his religion. Seeing on one occasion the men of his ship going on shore to attend the Protestant service, it struck him that some Catholics might be amongst them, who, for the pleasure of going ashore, were

willing to go to the Protestant Church. So he said aloud, "I expect, Captain, that some of the men are Catholics, and by the regulations ought to be allowed to go to Mass." The Captain was not pleased, but, not being able to contradict the truth of the assertion, he called out that if any of the men were Catholics they should stand out apart. Twelve men accordingly fell out, and were sent on shore to the Catholic Church under the charge of Rudolph, who was then only a midshipman.

And again later on, we cannot forbear quoting :—

There was a French man-of-war stationed not far from his ship in one of the harbours of the Pacific Ocean, and as there was Mass on board this ship Rudolph thought it best to take the men to hear Mass there, rather than go on shore. Leave was asked and obtained; so a quarter of an hour before the time he arrived with his men. He himself was invited by the officers at once into the cabin, where they showed him every politeness. But by-and-by, the quarter of an hour being expired, Rudolph, looking at his watch, said, "Ah, I see it's Mass time now." These French officers were Catholics, but lived, as too many of the French do, in total disregard of religion. They never expected the young English officer would himself go to Mass, but that he would only see that his men did. So when Rudolph said, "It is Mass time," they replied, "Mass! surely you are not going to Mass?" "Yes, I am," said Rudolph, and, at once taking leave, he went off and entered the place where Mass was to be said. About the time of the Sanctus, one of the French officers slunk in. The next Sunday two or three came in; the Sunday after the whole of the officers attended Mass from the very commencement, and they continued to do so for the six weeks longer that the two men-of-war were within easy reach of each other.

The memoir is full of similar illustrations of Rudolph de Lisle's manly, practical catholicity. But the peculiar value of his example is in his graceful, unaffected blending of religion with daily life. And yet he was neither Puritan, prig, nor sentimentalist; but was on the contrary essentially robust, bright, and sunny, courageous and cheery, with little or nothing of *merely* religious phraseology in his many letters.

Mr. Oxenham, with excellent taste and judgment, supplies the thread of necessary narrative, but wisely leaves Rudolph's letters themselves to tell the main incidents in his life. These letters, written "On the *Britannia*," while "with the Flying Squadron," when "Four Years on the *Cameleon*," while "Cruising in the Mediterranean and Pacific," and finally his "Letters from the Nile," apart from their pleasant personality, are attractive reading as a record of travel and shrewd observation of men and things. With an artist's eye for form and colour, Lieutenant de Lisle united a graphic and vivacious style, often giving fresh interest to scenes familiar from previous description.

When at Esquimalt, Vancouver Island, he gives a curious description of the consecration of the new Anglican cathedral at Victoria, to which all the officers in the ship were invited. But the point of interest lay in the Dean's sermon, which was "very appropriate for the occasion," and the scene which followed :—

He expressed his utmost joy at seeing the change the Church of Eng-

land was making every day; he rejoiced to witness the return of the Church to her real doctrines, maintained the necessity of outward show, or in other words, choirs and church music, to impress the congregation, and finally maintained the truth of the Real Presence. He had hardly uttered the last words before he was interrupted violently by the Archdeacon, who poured forth such volleys of abuse that the ladies most of them left the church; the matter was referred to the Bishop, and the sermon abruptly terminated. After the service was over the Dean, Archdeacon, &c., had it out in the sacristy before the Bishop, who took the Dean's side, and sharply rebuked the Archdeacon.

The book is illustrated by two portraits of Rudolph de Lisle, and also contains two of his own sketches. We have had no better and hardly so attractive book of Catholic biography for a long time.

The Rule of our Most Holy Father St. Benedict. Edited, with an English Translation and Explanatory Notes, by a Monk of Fort Augustus. London: Burns & Oates. 1886.

FOR the third time within fourteen years we have the Rule of St. Benedict translated into English. More easy and flowing than its predecessors, which appear to have been judiciously consulted, the Fort Augustus translation yet leaves some little to be desired in accuracy of rendering the Latin text. "By the light which is given us" is not quite the same as "*Per hanc lucis viam*," and the editor's "dashed them down at the feet of Christ" is a different conception from St. Benedict's "*allisit ad Christum*," paraphrased from Ps. cxxxvi., St. Benedict making of Christ the rock on which they (the *parvuli cogitatus*) have to be broken. Despite a few slight liberties of this nature, the translator's work has been very well done. His notes and preface will be useful to the lay reader. Rather too hastily, however, he has affirmed of a certain erroneous orthography (Note N.), that it is found in *all* the MSS. The Ratisbon editors of 1880 (*Vit. et Reg. S. Ben. Ratisbon* p. 38) give the correct spelling from the Tegernsee codex (sæc. viii.), and seem to have found it in six out of the fifteen they collated. Note B. contains some critical remarks on the practice of silence. As St. Benedict allots to every hour of the day its own proper occupation, thereby leaving no time for conversation, so the most accurate comment on this passage is contained in the following words of St. Hildegarde: "*S. Benedictus licentiam hanc (loquendi) statuta hora in qualibet die non præfixerat, sed eam in potestate sua quemadmodum oportuit habebat. . . . Idem Pater in potestate et discretione Abbatis permittit quemadmodum alia plurima ei concedit, ut discipulis suis horam competentem provideat qua ipsi . . . ad invicem loquantur.*"

Life of the Ven. Mary Crescentia Höss, of the third Order of St. Francis. By Father IGNATIUS JEILER, O.S.F. New York : Benziger Brothers. London : R. Washbourne. 1886.

ALTHOUGH by no means partial to such biographies of saints as cut up their subject into the three theological and the four cardinal virtues, we have found much of striking interest in this life. The Venerable Crescentia was born in the little town of Kaufbeuren, in Bavaria, and died in 1744, in the Franciscan convent of Mayrhoft, at the same place. Her terrible trials and the persecutions she suffered from the Evil One remind us of what we have read of the Venerable Curé of Ars. Gifted with the spirit of prophecy and the power of working miracles, her reputation in Germany was such that from 1772 to 1779 it has been computed that no fewer than 350,000 persons went in pilgrimage to her tomb, and the Votive Offerings for graces received might be counted by many thousands. She was declared Venerable by Pius VII. in 1801. The life is both interesting and edifying, but something might be done to improve its English dress. We pass over such Americanisms as "donated," &c., but we demur to transforming a Professor of Canon Law into a professor of "canonical rights." However, such slips are not frequent, and the translation reads fairly well.

Doria et Barberousse. Par le Vice-Amiral JURIEN DE LA GRAVIERE. Paris : E. Plon, Nourrit et Cie. 1886.

THE fall of Constantinople and the battle of Lepanto mark one of the most eventful periods in the history of the world. It was the age of the Renaissance, the Discovery of America, and the Reformation. During this time, too, the Christian and the Turk were fighting their final struggle for the mastery. In the beginning the chances were in favour of the Turk. Half-way through, the Protestant revolt increased these chances, yet at the close the triumph of the Christian was assured. The power of Islamism was at its greatest height in the reign of Soliman the Magnificent. The sieges of Constantinople, Belgrade, and Rhodes proved that the infidels were the first artillerymen and engineers of the day. Their supremacy in the field had been acknowledged since the battle of Varna. Nothing now was wanting but the command of the sea. But the fleets of Venice and Genoa had long swept the Mediterranean, and the navy of Spain was fast rising in importance. Soliman was not daunted by these difficulties. He had at his command all the vast resources of the East. A fleet therefore might soon be constructed. But where was he to find an admiral? It was vain to seek one among the Turks. They were soldiers, not sailors. His sage vizier, Ibrahim, bade him look towards the West, where war had long been waged against the Christians by the hardy seamen of Northern Africa. An Algerian corsair was summoned to Con-

stantinople, and in a few years the Crescent had secured the supremacy of the seas.

The greatest Christian admiral at this time was Andrew Doria. A Genoese by birth, he had at an early age joined the Pope's Guard, and had successively served the King of Naples, his native Republic, Francis I., and Charles V. Strange to say, his early fame had been gained on land. He was forty-four years old when he fought his first naval battle. But he soon distanced all his Christian rivals, and found no worthy foe among the infidels until he encountered Barbarossa. Khizr—known among the Turks as Khaïr-ed-din, and among the Christians as Barbarossa—was the younger son of a potter of Mitylene. The elder, Aroudj, was taken prisoner by the Knights of St. John, and, being a robust youth, was chained to the oar. After a time he effected his escape and obtained command of a Turkish galley, in which he inflicted great loss on the Christian shipping. Meantime Khizr had also taken to the sea, and had gained a great reputation as a corsair. The two brothers now joined their forces and took possession of Algiers. Aroudj was proclaimed king, but did not long enjoy his honours. He perished in an ambuscade, and was succeeded by Khizr, who became Captain-Pasha of the Turkish fleet and the dread of the Christian world.

Around these two men, Doria and Barbarossa, the naval history of the period is grouped. Admiral de la Gravière tells his story with wonderful dramatic power. His book is filled with dates and facts, and yet we are carried along as though by an interesting novel. The characters and portraits of his two heroes are well drawn, but he is at his best when he is describing a sea-fight. It is worthy of note that he over and over again insists that the untiring energy of the Popes saved the world from the yoke of Mahomet. We hope that the gallant and learned writer will soon complete the history of the naval struggle between the Christians and the Turks by giving us the story of Don John of Austria, the hero of Lepanto.

T. B. SCANNELL.

Sermons of the Rev. JOSEPH FARRELL, late C.C., Monasterevan. With an Appendix containing some of his Speeches on Quasi-Religious Subjects. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1886.

THESE sermons do not appear to have been intended for publication. They are the work of one who was a successful student, an able professor, and an indefatigable fisher of men. His early death was a loss to his country and to the Church of God. Whilst we cannot but admire the proofs of talent contained in this volume, we must confess that we do not quite see the necessity for adding it to the immense stock of sermons already in print. However, there are some good and practical sermons in the volume, which might serve for spiritual reading. The work contains a sermon for nearly every Sunday in the year, with three well worked out speeches on extraneous subjects. The following extract gives an

idea of Father Farrell's style. In his sermon on Religion he says :—

Suppose I said to you : you must all become saints, you would be very apt to think that I was asking too much. We are apt to draw a wide distinction between those of God's servants whom we call "the saints" and ordinary Christians like ourselves . . . but let not the distinction blind us to the common likeness that must exist between the saints and our poor weak selves, if we ever enter heaven. We all hope to be saved ; but has it ever struck you that the only claim you will have to heaven is the title that you, too, are saints ? There will be no human being in heaven who is not a saint. Hence, if you want to avoid hell and gain heaven there is just one way—be saints. [Father Farrell then goes on to show that it is not necessary to do great things to be a saint, and ends this part of the sermon by saying :] Suppose, in short, you found you could make yourselves saints by just doing the work you have to do every day, if you only did it rightly, would not this encourage you to begin at once and try to be saints on such easy conditions ? Now this is just the case. The saints, however they differed in gifts or graces, all showed one thing in common—they did rightly, they did for God the duties of their state of life, whatever it happened to be.

Christian Patience, the Strength and Discipline of the Soul. A Course of Lectures. By Bishop ULLATHORNE. London : Burns & Oates. New York : Catholic Publication Society Co. 1886.

THIS volume, which will be cordially welcomed, completes a series and crowns a most important work. "The Endowments of Man," "The Groundwork of the Christian Virtues," and "Christian Patience" form together what may be called a body of "Spiritual Institutes"—that is, they lay down, in a scientific manner, the groundwork of that spiritual teaching which every director, every religious superior, and also every preacher and confessor must know how to impart to souls. There are numberless books on the spiritual life, but this *opus* of the venerable Benedictine Bishop is distinguished from all that has gone before in two ways : it deals chiefly with principles, and so differs from those detailed expositions of the various writers which are not uncommon ; but it uses in its treatment of principles the hortatory and effective style of the retreat-giver, and does not profess to be a mere manual of Christian ethics, like Schram, for instance. Another distinguishing "note" of these books is the individuality of the style, a style which has not been formed on any model, but which follows the working and the imagery of the writer's intellectual process, as the wrinkles and folds of the earth are the result of the forces of the earth's interior, a style which sometimes misses giving to the thought the full effect which might have been secured by a writer more accustomed to analyze style as style, but one which fully compensates for any losses of this kind by the sense of deliberation, of maturity, of weight, and of reality which it impresses upon the reader. You

may sometimes have to read some of these paragraphs twice over ; but it is worth while to do the cracking which the hard nuts require for the sake of a kernel which the flimsier sort can never rival.

The main view of this third part, which the author has called "Christian Patience," is that patience is both a particular and a universal virtue ; and it is especially to set forth its relations as a universal virtue—as the discipline and the strength of the whole soul—that the book has been written.

Whenever the will separates from the foundation of its strength by departing from God, the instruments of the will—be it the mind, the hand, or the tongue—lose their patience, and, in losing their patience, lose their wisdom and skill. The thoughts wander from their purpose, the imagination seduces and carries away attention, the hands relax in their work, the tongue becomes imprudent, the sense of duty is enfeebled, and duty itself lingers on its way, or is imperfectly done. . . . As it is obvious that all the wishes and the whole condition of the soul are enfeebled by the fever of impatience, it must be equally obvious that the whole soul is strengthened and made healthy by the discipline of patience (p. 47).

Whilst, then, the primary object of patience is to keep the centre of the soul recollected and protected in its recollection, the second is to govern the exterior life from that recollected centre, whether in action, speech, or demeanour, so that the strength, calmness, and moderation of the soul may shine out in our exterior conduct in a way that may commit us to nothing but what is peaceful and edifying. The remoter objects of patience are the evils, trials, temptations, and disturbing influences that come against us without our will or choice. . . . If we suffer these outward causes of trial to enter into us and take possession of us, they break down the strength of patience, throw us into disorder, and defile us with their vices. But if these evils are kept outside the soul . . . the endurance of them will strengthen and increase our virtue and prepare us for the rewards of endurance (p. 56).

What do we find so difficult as to keep ourselves in our own possession, so that no part of our nature shall slip away from the command of the will or from the empire of charity (p. 7).

Next to the virtue of humility, there is no Christian virtue that stands more in need of careful exposition than the virtue of patience. Although wellknown in a popular way, and on the surface, as it is opposed to anger, or as our sustainer under sufferings, it is but little understood as a fundamental virtue of the soul, and that only by truly spiritual persons who are well exercised in interior self-discipline, of this virtue is the basis (p. 9).

The author tells us that, in treating of patience as he has done, he has found much less assistance from the Father of the Church and the great spiritual writers than in his two former volumes. The truth seems to be that the Bishop has given a meaning to the word "patience" which is more or less novel. He calls "patience" what ordinary spiritual writers would call recollection, or attention, or resolution of will, or self-denial, or trust in God, or diligence, or meekness, as the case might be. The text, which is not only the motto of the volume, but which gives also the key of its whole

purport—"In your patience you shall possess your souls" (Luke xxi. 19)—was surely not intended, in its literal and primary use, to mean more than that the faithful, by patient endurance of suffering, should gain or hold fast their lives, or themselves, as against the losing of their lives by yielding; for it was spoken by our Lord of the tribulations which should attend the last days of the world. And although the Fathers and spiritual writers have never scrupled to use the words "possess your soul" in the sense of interior peacefulness, yet the word "patience" in this text has, as far as we know, been universally applied to exterior perturbations, or perhaps also to interior sufferings. St. Thomas, as the Bishop more than once points out with great intellectual honesty, sets down patience as a special virtue subordinate to fortitude; and the whole reasoning of the article in the *Secunda Secundæ* goes to show that if patience, as St. Gregory calls it, is the "root" and "cause" of other virtues, it is only indirectly so, that is, by removing obstacles to virtue. But the fact that patience is employed in these pages in a somewhat novel sense really detracts not at all from the value of the book. The Bishop is probably right in thinking that we wanted a word of the sort, capable of expressing that gift of holding one's self well in hand which the word fortitude implies, but which we can hardly express by fortitude, because fortitude is such a very dignified word and seems out of place except in view of the stake or the rack, or of very heroic sufferings indeed. And he groups around the word so many instructive passages of saints, so much philosophy, so much pregnant instruction, that, after all, if he has invented the word, one can see that the thing is as old as the Christian life itself. The first two chapters of the book are on patience in general, and contain much admirable exposition. The third chapter lays down the view of which we have just spoken—that patience is a universal virtue. The fourth explains its relations to fortitude; and this chapter and the ninth contain a very useful dissertation on the gifts of the Holy Ghost in general and on fortitude in particular. The sixth chapter is a pendant to the fourth, and carries out the idea of patience as a general discipline of the soul. There are three very practical chapters, in which the general teaching of the book is applied first to daily duties (Lecture vii.) and then to Prayer (x., xi.). There is an excellent chapter on the patience of our Blessed Lord (v.); and the work ends with a chapter on cheerfulness.

THE WORKS OF ROSMINI BEFORE THE HOLY SEE.

Letter of Pope Leo XIII. to the Archbishops of Lombardy and Piedmont, January 25, 1882.

IT happens that being known to not a few as Procurator in Rome of the Institute or Order of Charity founded by Rosmini, the writer of these lines is often asked: "What is the actual position of Rosmini, and especially of his Philosophy, before the Holy See?"

Many have heard of the long controversy between the followers of Rosmini and a certain School of learned Doctors, but few know anything accurately on the subject. Some have heard that "Rosmini's works have been condemned," more have been told that they "were just going to be condemned;" and this prophecy has been repeated in one form or another, nearly every fortnight for the last thirty years in a certain well-known periodical. The facts which I am going to give, I have to repeat so often to those who ask, that I have begged and obtained the kind permission of the Editor to tell them in print, to any who care to know, in the pages of the DUBLIN REVIEW.

My first quotation is from the *Introduction* to Rosmini's *Short Sketch of Philosophies*, &c., which I printed a few years ago:

Many accusations having been laid before the Holy See against Rosmini as a theologian and philosopher, Pius IX. appointed a Special Commission of the Congregation of the Index to report on his works. A most searching examination was instituted, of more than three years' duration, made by twenty Consultors of the Index, all bound under oath to study thoroughly all the inculpatated works, independently, without consultation with others, and in relation to the special charges, more than 300 in number, that had been brought by the school or party opposed to his system. In the month of June, 1854, Pius IX., presiding personally over the Congregation of Cardinals and Consultors of the Index, and having heard the opinions of all the Consultors and their unanimous verdict of acquittal, pronounced the following Decree:—"All the works of Antonio Rosmini Serbati concerning which investigation has been made *must be dismissed—omnia opera . . . dimittantur*; nor has this examination resulted in anything derogatory to the good name of the author, or to the praiseworthiness of life and singular merits before the Church of the Religious Society founded by him."

To the Decree was added at the same time the following "Precept of Silence": "That no new accusations and discords should arise and be disseminated in future, silence is now for the third time enjoined on both parties by command of his Holiness."

Two-and-twenty years after this, some periodicals and journals in Italy having renewed the attacks on Rosmini's orthodoxy, the Congregation of the Index republished the "Decree" and "Precept of Silence" of June, 1854, adding that "The seeds of accusations and discords are sown by traducing the works of Rosmini, either as not having been sufficiently examined, or as suspected of errors which were not seen, either before or after so extraordinary an examination; or as if these works were dangerous; or by using expressions which take away all the value, or diminish excessively the force and authority of a judgment pronounced with so much maturity and solemnity by the Supreme Pastor of the Church."

The document goes on to require "a retraction" by the editors of those journals of all they had said in disparagement of the doctrines of Rosmini and of the sentence of acquittal. It concludes by saying: "By this it is not meant that it would be unlawful to dissent from the philosophical works of Rosmini, or from the manner in which he tries to explain certain truths, and even to offer a confutation of

them in the Schools and in books, but it is not lawful to conclude that Rosmini has denied those truths ; nor is it lawful to inflict any theological censure on the doctrines maintained by him in the works which the Sacred Congregation has examined and dismissed, and which the Holy Father has intended to protect from further accusations in future." This document was issued by the Cardinal Prefect of the Congregation of the Index on June 10, 1876.

Notwithstanding these admonitions from the authorities in Rome, the adverse party have never ceased in their periodicals and journals to circulate as widely as possible the most unfavourable charges against the doctrines of Rosmini, denouncing them as *heretical* and *pantheistic* ; so that Leo XIII. issued a *Letter* in January, 1882, to the Archbishops of Lombardy and Piedmont, desiring them to do their best to prevent Catholic journals from discussing " questions which endanger peace among Catholics, concerning the doctrines of an illustrious philosopher (Rosmini), one of the most renowned among modern writers." The Holy Father continues :

As regards philosophical studies, We have already declared in Our Encyclical *Æterni Patris* of August, 1879, directed to all Bishops, Our desire that youth should be instructed in the doctrine of St. Thomas, which has been found of the greatest use in the wise cultivation of human minds, and is admirably adapted for confuting false opinions.

The suggestion of Our Encyclical was sufficient to have easily kept all minds together in harmony, had not too great subtlety been used in its interpretation, and if that moderation had been observed in the investigation of truth, without any sacrifice of faith and charity, which learned men on both sides of questions have been accustomed to use in their controversies.

But since We have observed, not without anxiety, that too much party spirit has been stirred up, it is a matter of public interest that some restraint should be placed on this excitement of minds ; hence, seeing that for the treating of these subjects much study and tranquillity for the forming of calm judgments is required, it is to be desired that Catholic journalists should abstain from discussing these questions in the daily Press.

The Pope then continues :

The Apostolic See is ever solicitous to perform its duty, and especially in such grave matters as regard the soundness of doctrine, it does not omit to direct its watchful and prudent care to controversies, whether old or new, when they arise, making use of such prudent counsels as should satisfy every Catholic with the decision arrived at. . . . We would not, however, on this account, that any injury should be done to a Society of Religious men who take their name from Charity, and which, as it has hitherto, according to its institute, usefully directed itself to the service of its neighbour, so We hope it will continue in future to flourish and bring forth every day more abundant fruit.

The Holy Father exhorts the Bishops

to do all they can to second Our counsels, and to promote concord among Catholics, and this all the more, since the enemies of religion increase in their number and in their bitterness every day ; so that it is necessary for our whole strength to be directed against them, and not weakened by division, but augmented by union among Catholics.

The case, therefore, of Rosmini before the Holy See, to judge from the Roman documents above cited up to 1882, would seem to stand thus :—The Holy See has acted with manifest consistency throughout the whole controversy, under Gregory XVI., Pius IX., and Leo XIII. It has submitted Rosmini's works before the tribunal of public opinion, in the Schools, and by the press, during a space of fifty years ; it has uniformly defended them from unjust censures ; it has condemned nothing ; of course it has not, however, endorsed his philosophy with its own authority. It has not given to the works of Rosmini an authority like that of the works of St. Thomas, which enjoy before the Church the prestige of six centuries ; therefore the Holy Father has frequently declared, as he said to me in an audience some years ago, "I wish St. Thomas to be the textbook." His Holiness added : "Rosmini may be read like any other author, to throw light on questions. It has been said that in my Encyclical, *Æterni Patris*, I intended to condemn Rosmini. This is untrue. In that Encyclical, every word of which I weighed, there is not a word that applies to Rosmini." Thus, while St. Thomas is the textbook, Rosmini is left to be read by those who approve his principles, or to be rejected by those who do not—*only* those who reject them are "*forbidden to affix any theological censure on the works which have been examined and acquitted,*" seeing that nothing has been found, after stringent examination by public authority, censurable in his writings.

It has been objected that two of Rosmini's works, the *Cinque Piaghe* and the *Project of a Constitution for Italy*, were placed on the Index under Pius IX. To this the Rosminians reply that no propositions in these works were pronounced *censurable*, but that they were placed on the Index for prudential reasons, because they had a political aspect. The Roman Revolution and the flight of the Pope to Gaeta had taken place between the time that they had been read and approved by Pius IX. in Rome, and the time they were placed on the Index when the Pope was an exile at Gaeta, and a change of policy had been forced on Pius IX. by the action of his revolutionary subjects. It is certain that in making his submission to the Decree of the Index Rosmini offered to retract any doctrinal error in the works, if they should be pointed out to him ; this, however, was not done, and he was only required to submit to the Disciplinary Decree. He did so at once, withdrawing the works from circulation. To the Decree of the Index was added, at the time of publication, the honourable testimony : "Auctor laudabiliter se submitit"—"the author has laudably submitted." The official letter he received at the same time, enclosing a copy of this Decree, stated that "it was impossible for an author to have done more than Rosmini had done to show his submission to the Holy See." Since 1882 the Holy See has been again and again importuned by the adverse party to review the sentence of acquittal, or to allow the posthumous works of Rosmini to be examined officially. More than one non-official or private examination, by Consultors of the Index, has been instituted to see whether any new accusations had

been brought forward, not contained among the 300 charges that had been examined and rejected thirty years ago. This not being the case, the demands for a revision of the sentence of acquittal have been rejected, thus adding force to the original sentence of *dimittantur opera*, of 1854. This has been emphasized by a Declaration of the Index in 1883. A question had been put in the name of some Bishops of Italy, how the case of Rosmini actually stood, and the reply was: "Standum in decisis"—"What has been decided stands good."

Another objection has been raised, that the Sacred Congregation of the Index made a Declaration two or three years ago in answer to interrogations from the opposite party; that "the sentence *dimittantur opera* was equivalent to *non prohibentur*;" but this is all that the Rosminians claim, *only* they say when works so inculcated, after fifty years of trial before public opinion, and after rigorous examination by the authority of the Holy See, are declared not to *deserve* any of the censures that had been brought against them by private authors, this is very nearly equivalent to the Decree *nil censuræ dignum*—the highest sentence ever given by the Sacred Congregation of Rites concerning the writings of canonized Saints.

In a note in the "Introduction," quoted above, we read: "The Congregation of the Index according to the Constitution given it by Benedict XIV. in his Bull *Sollicita et provida*, is empowered 'to pronounce' one of three sentences, 'pro merito' (*i.e.*, according to deserts) on works submitted to its examination, *viz.*, *prohibeantur corrigantur*, *dimittantur*, so that the sentence of *dimittantur* is the highest sentence ever given, and means that nothing has been found in the works demanding *prohibition* or *correction*, but that they are pronounced to be dismissed or acquitted after having been thoroughly sifted *pro merito*, according to their deserts, and are thereby declared free to be read by the faithful." This matter is treated more fully in the "Life of Rosmini," which will be ready by Christmas.

S. Etheldreda's, Ely Place,
Oct. 1886.

WILLIAM LOCKHART,
Writer of the Life of Rosmini.

Catholic Hymns, with accompanying Tunes: being a Musical Edition of St. Dominic's Hymn Book. Edited by A. E. TOZER, L.R.A.M. &c. London: Burns & Oates; Novello, Ewer & Co.

THIS useful collection of some seventy English hymns, with music and organ accompaniment, appears under the editorship of Mr. A. E. Tozer. There are a few new settings, and the arrangements of old ones have in many cases been revised. The medium between making hymns too difficult and making them too commonplace is fairly preserved both in the accompaniments and in the new settings. Choirmasters and the clergy will find it worth while to get the book (which is clearly printed and very cheap), if it be only to provide themselves with a few new ideas. They will find most of the popular favourites here, words and airs; and the

alterations in the settings will not be objected to. The work contains all the usual Dominican hymns; it is a pity the poet of the Order has not made them a little more adapted for singing. Such lines as

Thou who hero-like hast striven—
Still O Dominic, the preaching—
Turns him to Christ's banded foes—
Flower of innocence, St. Thomas—

are collections of British syllables which no arrangement of muscles can do justice to. There are some harmonies which many will not like; as, for instance, the chords which are given to the second Gregorian mode at p. 72. Mr. Tozer's setting of "Faith of Our Fathers" (p. 90) is not bad; but the refrain is a little too suggestive of "Ah! che la morte!" Some of the hymns go too high. E natural is certainly the highest note which a congregation can produce with edification.

* * * *We much regret to find, at the last moment, that a quantity of Book Notices, in type, have necessarily to be held over.*

Books of Devotion and Spiritual Reading.

1. *The Way of Salvation and of Perfection.* By St. ALPHONSUS DE LIGUORI. Translation, edited by the Rev. EUGENE GRIMM, C.S.S.R. The Centenary Edition. Vol. II. New York: Benziger Brothers.
2. *A Companion to the Catechism.* Designed chiefly for the use of Young Catechists and the Heads of Families. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1886.
3. *Golden Sands.* Fourth Series. Little Counsels for the Sanctification and Happiness of Daily Life. Translated from the French by Miss ELLA M'MAHON. New York, &c.: Benziger Brothers. 1886.
4. *Little Month of St. Joseph.* St. Joseph according to the Gospel. By the Rev. Father MARIN DE BOYLESVE, S.J. Translated by Mrs. EDWARD HAZELAND. London: Burns & Oates. New York: Catholic Publication Society Company. 1886.
5. *The Children's Mass.* Containing Morning and Evening Prayers, Catholic Hymns, and Benediction Service. By the Rev. C. MAHER. Dublin: James Duffy & Sons.
6. *Eucharistic Hours.* By the Author of "Legends of the Blessed Sacrament." London: R. Washbourne. 1886.

7. *Conversations on the Blessed Sacrament: a Preparation for First Communion.* Edited by the Very Rev. J. B. BAGSHAW, D.D. London: St. Anselm's Society.
8. *The Life of St. Olave, Martyr and King, and Patron of Norway.* By the Rev. S. M'DANIEL. London: R. Washbourne. 1886.
9. *A Simple Prayer-Book.* London: Catholic Truth Society.
10. *The Rite of Conferring Orders.* Translated, with Annotations from the Roman Pontifical. Roehampton: Manresa Press, 1886.

1. **T**HE second volume of the "Centenary" edition of the translation of St. Alphonsus's works contains what is known as "The Way of Salvation," followed by several shorter spiritual treatises. The translators, following the French editors, have confined the designation "Way of Salvation" to a single work—viz., those Meditations, ninety-seven in number, which are called by the Saint, "Meditations suitable for all times of the year." But the Italian editions of an earlier date make the "Via della Salute" to consist of three distinct parts—viz: 1, the Meditations we have named; 2, Meditations for "certain particular occasions;" and 3, "The Rule of a Christian Life." The present volume will be found quite as well done as its predecessor. We have noted a few slips; for instance, on page 23, the word translated "region" is really "palace (*reggia*)"; at page 186, "mortal" sin is a mistake for "venial;" and at page 415 it is not the mule which "sets" Sister Seraphine "weeping," but the poor animal is touchingly said to have shed tears itself when the servant of God lamented that it had not the power of knowing and loving its Creator. The contents of the volume, besides the Meditations which give it its name, are as follows:—"Pious Reflections on Different Points of Spirituality," a set of delightful considerations in which the holy author unconsciously describes his own soul to the life; a treatise on "Divine Love;" short reflections on "The Passion;" "Conformity to the Will of God;" "The Way to converse familiarly with God;" a short treatise on "Prayer;" "Interior Trials;" "Sure Signs by which we may know when we have the Divine Love in us;" and the abridged "Rule of Life." Many of the Saint's spiritual poems are translated metrically in this volume, and there is a short alphabetical index which will be of great service to preachers. If there is a complaint to make about this carefully edited series of volumes, it is that they are rather heavy and clumsy for holding in the hand—a fault they share with a large number of American publications, which are printed on a paper much more solid, and also much more strong than what we use in England.

2. No author's name is attached to this work, but it follows the Maynooth Catechism, and is approved by the Archbishop of Dublin. In a series of instructions, extending over from three to four hundred pages, this catechism, that is, its questions, answers, terms, and statements, are explained and developed, by reason,

Scripture, and authority. The book is very full, very careful, and very prudent, and will be most useful to preachers and catechists. Explanations of the catechism are not easy to make, and they just as often sin by excess as by defect. There is such a thing as letting a question alone—a very useful way of treating it sometimes. Our author explains, among other matters, the duties of servants to their masters, and he quotes in enforcement of his views the well-known passage 1 Peter ii. 18. Perhaps some one could tell us how the lady-help, or the young persons who in these days contract to give their services for a consideration, relish the having applied to them a text which St. Peter addressed to slaves.

3. This translation of the fourth series of "Golden Sands" is well done, and the pretty little book will no doubt serve the good purpose of strengthening and intensifying piety in the hearts of the girls for whom it is written.

4. A well-executed translation, prettily got up, of a month's meditations on St. Joseph, by Père Boylesve, with anecdotes, prayers, and devotions.

5. The "Children's Mass," by Father Maher, is too well-known to require description or commendation. This edition contains, besides the words and music, full directions for conducting a "Children's Mass," in the manner made popular by the Redemptorist Fathers, together with other useful matter. The simple yet effective music to which Father Maher has set the words has always appeared to us admirable; but perhaps in some instances the key of the accompaniment is pitched too high. This seems especially true of the very beginning, where the words, "In the Name of the Father, &c.," have to be shouted out on C—a very high note for recitation where children are concerned.

6. "Eucharistic Hours" will be welcomed as a pleasing and somewhat novel book of devotion. It is divided into thirty chapters, for as many days; and in each chapter we have extracts from the Fathers of the Church, passages of Holy Scripture, a legend, and sometimes a hymn on some particular aspect of the Blessed Sacrament. The feature of the book is the citations from the Fathers, which are not by any means common or hackneyed, and have been carefully done. The verses, too, many of which are by the compiler, Emily Mary Shapcote, will be found to be melodious and devotional. This handsome volume of some 260 pages contains a great deal of instruction on the Eucharistic mystery, mingled with much devout reflection; and its freshness and earnestness make it a very desirable addition to a spiritual library.

7. The writer of the "Threshold of the Catholic Church" here presents us with an elaborate course of instructions in preparation for First Communion. They are in the form of dialogues, the interlocutors being a lady, her two daughters, and another young lady—a "distant relation"—who is a Protestant at the beginning of the book, but succumbs to Mrs. Hamilton's exposition about page 147. There is a certain "real life" flavour about the work, the introductory chapter sketching the widow lady, the Protestant

relative (an orphan, within three months of coming of age, and "something of an heiress"), Ursula, the eldest girl, aged sixteen, and Catherine, aged eleven, who figures throughout the dialogue as Kate, and supplies various traits of a lighter character for the purpose of relieving the seriousness of the discussion. It is not easy, with this particular literary form, to present the exact medium between perfect colourlessness and irrelevant gossip. Canon Bagshawe, however, has managed to impart an air of reality to his instructions which will prove by no means a drawback to the popularity of the work. Miss Kate is sometimes even what may be called pert. "I always felt sorry for Agar and poor Ismael!" she says. "They had neither of them behaved well," replies Mrs. Hamilton, rapidly dismissing the subject. But, to come to the substance of these instructions, they are divided into four parts—the first treating of Scripture types of the Eucharist, the second being Controversial, the third dealing with the New Testament, the Mass, &c., and the fourth being a more immediate preparation for Holy Communion. Thus, it will be seen that the manual furnishes materials for every part of that widely-extending preparation which ought to be always given, if possible, whether to children or to converts, before they are admitted to a participation in the Sacrament of the Altar. Canon Bagshawe has some admirable remarks in his preface. Besides accurate catechetical instruction, he says, young people require to have such instruction "put before them by degrees and placed in different lights, and to have it frequently repeated and dwelt upon, and to see it supported by collateral matter, and illustrated by the thoughts naturally arising from it." There could not be a better description of this book. We ought, perhaps, to say that Canon Bagshawe does not acknowledge himself as the author; he calls himself simply "the editor." It is published by the St. Anselm's Society.

8. A short life of the Norwegian King and Martyr, St. Olave, is here given by the Rev. S. M'Daniel, the well-known and laborious priest of Melior-street, Southwark. St. Olave's is the ancient parish in which he has laboured. There is an appendix containing a brief history of the mission and church of Our Lady of La Salette and St. Joseph, Melior Street.

9. The "Simple Prayer-Book," published by the Catholic Truth Society at the price of a penny, is what its name expresses, and may be recommended for distribution.

10. A translation of the Ordination Service of the Roman Pontifical, well executed, annotated where necessary, and presented in a handy form in clear type. It should be widely distributed whenever there is a public ordination.

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